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TWO HUNDRED AND NINE DAYS;

OR,

THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER

ON THE

CONTINENT.

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Whiting, Printer, Beaufort-house, Strand.

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THE JOURNAL

OF A

TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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JOURNAL, &c.

A PERSON is apt to imagine, that when he enters Rome for the first time, he is to have his head full of Romulus and Remus, of Julius Cæsar and the Gracchi; this perhaps would be the case, if mankind would let one another alone; but as they have never done so, and I fear never will, it is not easy to think much of the Gracchi, of their mother Cornelia, or of any thing else. At the gate began the inquiries about passports; we were next taken to the custom-house, where we were detained a long time, and every thing was pulled about with much rudeness and incivility; my books were taken away, and I was told to come for them the next morning. I found all the hotels full, but I succeeded at last in obtaining apartments in the Piazza di Spagna. It was now dark, and I might as well have been in London, except that I should be more comfortable there; however, at last, I am in Rome.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18.—I went first to the police about my passport; they had not sent it to the office; I was therefore required to call again. They readily gave me the address of a secretary of legation; but that of a noble lady, who had the good, or bad fortune to be of a family opposed to the government, and friendly to human freedom and happiness, they would not give: they pretended not to know the names of her father, or husband; but impertinently said, that they were the names, perhaps, of some tradesmen; as if a foreigner were to inquire in London at the alien office for the residences of Lord Grey and Lord Holland, and were to be answered, with a spite not less ludicrous, than pitiful,—really we never heard of such people; that old woman selling apples there is called Grey, she perhaps can inform you where her relations live; and the only Holland we know is Holland the cats-meat man, he will pass this way presently with his barrow, and you can then deliver your letters to him. I next went to the custom-house to redeem my two books, an Itinerary and a German Dictionary; I would willingly have presented them to the Pope to add to the hidden treasures of the Vatican library, but the Dictionary was given me by a cherished friend, who is now no more; thus we are enslaved, in small things as well as great, by our affections.

To release these two books I was detained a long

time, and went to seven different departments of the custom-house, and procured nearly as many different signatures. All seemed to strive to be uncivil; there was a sort of emulation in rudeness, as if these creatures sought to please a government, which is hostile to letters and an enemy of all knowledge, by insulting those who bring books, on whatever subject, into the country. Their behaviour was such as to make Shakspeare's Jack Cade appear to be no caricature; it was easy to imagine that one of these literary sentinels would exclaim with the demagogue, "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar school; and whereas before our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear." To me the literary obstruction was quite unimportant; and so far as it showed the spirit and character of ecclesiastical dominion, desirable: but some unhappy German architects, who had come to study in Rome, and had brought a large box of books relating to their profession, and which were to be the means of earning their bread, were cruelly annoyed. I saw these modest, unassuming, and well instructed young men, any one

of whom had more knowledge than the whole College of Cardinals, treated by an ignorant little Jack-in-office, who was as worthy of contempt, as they were of respect, in a manner that is a scandal to any civilized country, and a disgrace to human nature. I felt it extremely difficult to repress my indignation; and it was only the consideration, that it would probably be injurious to them, that prevented my giving vent to it in the strongest terms.

I passed some time in seeking for the residence of a person whom I wished to find; it is not an easy matter to find any one in Rome. A friend, who has a pleasant house in an elevated situation, led me to the window, which commanded a noble view over Rome, and pointed out many interesting objects; it was my first enjoyment in this city, at least of an intellectual kind; the animal pleasure of sleeping away the enormous fatigue of a tedious journey was not trifling. I had also the satisfaction of finding letters at the post-office, and of reading good accounts of absent friends; the kindness with which I was received in every city by persons to whom I had letters of recommendation, was pleasing, and tends to give a high opinion of mankind, of whom I have always been disposed to think well; but the letters from old friends, who are just as attentive to one's interests when absent, as when present, are more soothing.

I gazed at the great columns of Antonine and Trajan; I found my way to the Capitol, a noble pile; to the Forum, a place half field, half cattle market, studded with interesting ruins; I contemplated three arches, of which a third part was formerly buried, but which have been dug out as far as the ancient pavement; many persons are displeased at these excavations, they prefer a half length, or kit-kat; I like a full length portrait, when it is to be had. I then found the Colosseum, a wonderful place: it is skilfully repaired, and supported in those parts where it shows an inclination to fall. At physical existences, even at the Colosseum, one casts a glance, or takes one good look, and can do no more; but moral existences attract and detain the attention. My regards were soon drawn away from the stone walls, which, however wonderful, are but stone walls, and addressed to a crowd collected by the preaching of a capuchin. I joined in the throng, and listened to his discourse. He spoke most fluently, without pause or stop, and gave a strangely acute accent to the last syllable of every word; the stuff he uttered was not so bad as might have been expected. He was not in a pulpit, but on a stage, like a mountebank's, upon which he walked backwards and forwards in the manner of a wild beast in its cage at Exeter-change; nor did he resemble one of those creatures less in aspect, than in his action.

A man kept clinking a box of half-pence all the time, as an instrumental accompaniment to the preacher's vocal performance; it was also meant as a gentle hint to the pocket; but the faithful thought it less costly to be contrite than generous—less painful to grunt than to give; the ghostly father got more groans than halfpence. When the discourse was concluded they knelt down to pray, the monk said a prayer, and the people repeated it after him; they then got up and walked in procession to the several stations, singing and making the same loud and doleful noise that is heard in England in the vicinity of a meeting-house, when the Methodists, or other serious persons within, are in full operation. A large wooden cross is planted in the middle of the arena; from time to time women walked up to it and kissed it with a rapturous fervour; I felt curious to know how far the cross was to be envied, supposing it to be sensible of their caresses; I therefore approached it; and of the many ladies who kissed it, I cannot say that any one was fit to kiss any thing but wood; nevertheless the old ladies may be very lovely—I speak only of the impression they made upon me.

I afterwards rambled in the dusk amongst the vast passages of the Colosseum. There is something fine in the general aspect of the bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol, but it has many faults; the

emperor's horsemanship is not of the best. It is a favourite amusement in Italian society to make and guess charades; but the language has few compound words and few nouns which are monosyllables: it is not therefore well suited for charades.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19.—I walked this day nine hours and a half in pursuit of lions; at least I was so long on my feet, without rest or refreshment, and I did not feel much fatigue, which satisfied me that I was not in a very delicate state of health. The exterior aspect of St. Peter's with its colonnades is striking; a huge crab with vast claws. The façade is full of faults and of beauties; the warm and agreeable temperature, as you enter, is remarkable; and the elaborate and costly beauty of the interior pleases. I wished for it, which is the best proof that I liked it; I wished that it were in London, open at all times, to be visited and admired; a place to walk in, and to talk in; a place for the meetings of friends, and, if love would have it so, of lovers; and that we had no hypocrites, or at least no hypocrites with the power to lock it up; and through the affectation of reverence, and under false pretences, to turn it into a lucrative show and a source of base profit. Foolish people have said innumerable foolish things about this building; one of the most foolish is the assertion, that the being really great but appearing

small is a merit, and a proof of the excellence of its proportions; but the end of art and of proportion is not to make the great appear small, but, on the contrary, to make the small seem great; it is therefore in truth a vice in the construction. That it is indeed great is to be discovered not by comparing it with man, but it is collected by means of a middle term; the canopy of bronze, which covers the high altar in the likeness of a four-post bed, is a convenient middle term: by comparing a man with the canopy, and the canopy with the building, we are enabled to form some idea of its immense magnitude. The painted cupola and roof, the mosaics, and the inlaid pavement, the gigantic statues of marble, and the marble columns, all harmonize into one beautiful whole, one majestic tomb to cover the body of—

"The pilot of the Galilean lake,"

who, it is said, reposes in a chapel under the cupola, where one hundred and twelve lamps of massive silver are continually burning; and whither persons flock from all parts of the Christian world to offer up their prayers, in the hope of a more favourable hearing near the remains of one, whom many have thought worthy of no common honours, and of such a marvellous sepulchre. I am not quite sure that I am content with the gilding of the roof, or that I would ever admit of gilding; the metallic lustre does not harmo-

nize with any thing else, and it soon tarnishes unequally. The boxes for confession are numerous; they are decidedly an eye-sore, being exactly like cobblers stalls, in which the cobbler of souls sits with a white wand in his hand, such as is borne in our courts of justice by a bound-bailiff, when exercising the functions of door-keeper. The boxes are inscribed with the names of the different languages of the Christian world; thus far they have a picturesque effect; that around each is frequently assembled a group of a different nation, more or less civilized, or uncivilized, according to the part of the universal world from which the stranger of the Catholic religion has travelled. Of the monuments, many are vast and gorgeous; in one, two lions have much merit; another represents the busts of three Stuarts, pretended, or Pretender kings, who are literally and ludicrously placed on the shelf; both these unequal works are equally from the chisel of Canova. The interior of this vast church is the perfection of loveliness, and surpasses every thing that the imagination can fancy; in an immense building scarcely one spot of pavement, roof, or walls, can be found, which is not as beautiful as art, labour, colours, marble, gems, and cost can make it; I had no notion what a temple made with hands may be.

It is strange what erroneous ideas of things one gets: it appears to me that the first person who writes a book,

does not visit the country which he describes, and that others follow his book, not their own eyes. I had always read that Florence was a cheerful place, and was surprized to find that the Old Bailey and Newgate-street must be the favourite haunts of dimpled Mirth, and that Laughter might be found holding both his sides in Warwick-lane, rather than in the gloomy Tuscan capital. At Rome I expected to feel like a worm crawling about a skull; that it would be impossible to turn the corner of a street, or to look out of the window, without bursting into tears; but I found that the city upon seven hills, and upwards, has much of the bright smart aspect of Bath and Cheltenham. I suppose, by reflecting upon the theme, that Romulus, and Remus, and St. Gregory the great, and many others who used to reside here, are dead, the mind may be attuned to sorrow; but, when left to itself, I do not think that the aspect of the place alone would make it sad. There are ruins in plenty to be sure, but they are white and handsome, and not of a mournful countenance. I shall in future distrust all books of travels; and if I find either Vesuvius, or the sea, at Naples, I shall wonder by what strange accident describers have for once guessed right.

I walked from St. Peter's, by the gate called Cavalliggeri, to the Villa Pamfili; I saw the gardens in an agreeable manner; the old woman opened the gate,

and permitted me to wander about as I pleased. They are finely situated on a hill, with noble views of Rome and St. Peter's; they have walks of evergreens, statues, fountains, and terraces; a style of laying out a garden which has its merits; but which does not please me so much as an English shrubbery. A statue that stands in the open air is broken and mossy; a fountain is commonly deformed with weeds, and is rarely a pretty object; one here is an exception, in which a lion's mouth blows a globe, or great bubble of water, under large ilexes. I can imagine that in the heat of summer the murmuring sound, and the draught of air, soothe and refresh, and the utility of fountains for watering the thirsty ground is obvious. A wood of pines in their natural state contrasts well with the more finished parts of the garden: the small number of small leaves, which these trees have, if the leaves are really, as Linnæus says, the organs of respiration, show that this tree requires but little breath. The house, or casino, has some antiques; but it is hardly worth a visit, except, perhaps, for the view from the top.

I entered Rome by the gate of S. Pancrazio, and passing a noble fountain, came to the church of S. Pietro in Montorio: the view of Rome is extremely fine; the day was very favourable. In the first chapel on the right hand in entering the church, a fresco of the Flagellation, by Sebastian del Piombo, attracts

attention. I visited another fresco in the old church of S. Cosimato; the theatre of Marcellus and some of the neighbouring ruins. The story of a considerable hill formed entirely of fragments of pottery, seemed so incredible, that I confess I doubted the truth of it; but a long inspection of the Monte Testaceo convinced me that it was true. The fragments are almost all red, like tiles, but they are of a spherical form, and seem to be pieces of *amphoræ*, especially as there are many bits of handles and the knobs from the bottom of the vessels. It is said, that in the summer a very cool wind issues from the bottom of the mountain; they have built cellars round a great part of it for cooling wine: this seems strange, but I will not doubt it, as I doubted concerning the structure of the hill; they have besides built the cellars, I presume, not in vain. It is a place of summer resort, and, indeed, the Primrose-hill of Rome. I looked at the outside of the Pyramid of Cestius, and walked at least a mile out of the gate to see the ruins of the church of St. Paul. When I got there, a vile priest would not let me see them, but said it was some feast day, and prated, or preached, for a quarter of an hour, to show me that he had reason. He said that he had refused to admit the wife of the Russian ambassador; and added, "You are a foreigner, and therefore must know her." Such was the simplicity, or stupidity, of the monk: you are a

foreigner from Patagonia, and must therefore know Mrs. Smith of Hornsey.

Rome is one great Court of Chancery, not for expense, but for delay; no one can comprehend that a few hours, a few days, a few weeks, or a few months, can make any difference; they speak with equal patience of what will happen in an hour, the next year, the next generation, or the next century. When a man of sense is well off, he is unhappily apt to let well alone; I presume, therefore, that the Romans are very comfortable; or that they are, and have been, for a long time so much the reverse, that they are sunk in listlessness and hopeless despondency.

Sunday, November 20.—The interior of Santa Maria Maggiore is perfectly beautiful, cheerful, and fit for a ball-room; it has nothing of the air of melancholy, which is usually felt in a church; they were singing the service tolerably well. At one door a parcel of foolish people were entering on their knees, whilst some priests were occupied in certain mummeries and juggling incantations. The Church of Rome recommends good works, some other churches faith alone; if this manner of wearing out the knees of pantaloons is to be considered a fair sample of good works, and certain dogmas, which readily suggest themselves, are to be taken as specimens of what is thought by sundry

sullen sects the most important to be believed, it is very hard to say to which system the largest share of unmitigated contempt is due.

The church of St. John Lateran is a fine edifice in a bolder style; the façade has a noble air; but what delighted me most there, was the list of reliques, which is hung up near the high altar. It contains, amongst other things, a tooth of St. Peter; it does not tell us whether it is one of his wise teeth; if it be, I should like to see it; the hair shift, *cilicium* of St. Mary Magdalen, a pretty amorous relique; and a little baby shirt, *interula*, made for the infant Saviour by the hands of the Blessed Virgin.

Near this church is the Santa Scala; a portico and five staircases lead to small chapels; the staircase in the centre is the Santa Scala; it is said to have been sent from Pilate's house in Jerusalem to the empress Helena, and that Christ walked down it as he was led out to be crucified; people are permitted to ascend it only on their knees; the steps are wide and handsome, and are of white marble; they have been cased with wood, (as they were wearing out fast from the friction of the knees of penitents,) but so that the marble beneath may be seen and touched. Persons of all ages and ranks ascend them in great numbers; every one remembering meanwhile—

"To number Ave Marias on his beads."

Whenever I passed the place, I found them constantly covered with a continuous stream of contrite sinners flowing slowly up hill. The ascent takes some minutes, and is probably fatiguing; they return by one of the four lateral staircases, which have no extraordinary sanctity, and may be used in the ordinary manner. Man is an imitative animal; I felt a wish to judge practically of the amount of labour and difficulty in this act of penance; but as I apprehended that there might be some hitch in it, as there is in all things to an inexperienced person, besides the great hitch, a want of faith, I did not indulge my curiosity.

I visited, on horseback, St. Agnes, a church interesting for its antiquity, and for some ruins near it. We had fastened our horses to a gate; whilst we were in the church, a fellow, as I had no doubt from his discontented insolence, untied one, and bringing her back, as we were coming out, pretended that she had got loose; he also said that she had run to the gate of Rome, which is two miles distant; the aspect of the mare, and the time elapsed, did not permit this to be true. He was rewarded, but was not contented with the money, which was doubled; he still complained, and offered to give it back. I was sorry that this matter did not rest with me; I would have found a medicine for his disease; I would have removed the cause, and put it into my pocket; and such is the in-

terest we feel in our own little personal affairs, that I should have had more pleasure in this little act of justice, than in looking at any ruin in the world. We continued our ride, passing many flocks of sheep, all black and wild; but less wild than their drivers; we crossed a little river, the Teverone, by a steep ancient bridge, and came presently to the Mons Sacer, a piece of wretched land elevated a few yards into a bleak barren hill. Here the celebrated fable of the belly and the members, which must please at least all those who think themselves entitled to form a part of the belly, was first invented, or published. The neighbourhood of Rome is favourable for horseback exercise, being intersected by numerous lanes, which in spring and summer must be delightful. We passed through some of these, and came to S. Lorenzo, a fine old church.

Monday, November 21.—The Vatican Museum is open twice a week only, on Monday and Thursday, which is not often enough; especially as it is shut on certain holidays, whenever they fall on those days, and the stranger is excluded from its noble galleries and endless collection of antiques. The head and neck of the Apollo Belvidere are fine, and the upper part of the body; the long legs, short thighs, and a certain extravagance about the hips, displeased me. I was

better satisfied with the Laocoon, than I had expected to be; the casts and the great copy at Florence had prejudiced me against it. The Antinous without arms is graceful. The Vatican is in every respect worthy of Rome. The rooms painted by Raphael are in a good condition. There are a few choice pictures; the renowned Transfiguration of Raphael, and an Assumption, in which is a coffin full of little flowers, and which contains some faces of extraordinary beauty.

The Romans are still remarkably courteous to strangers. Burnet found them so in his time; and attempts to account for it thus: "There is an universal civility that reigns among all sorts of people at Rome, which in a great measure flows from their government; for every man, being capable of all the advancements of that state, since a simple ecclesiastic may become one of the monsignori: and of these may be a cardinal, and one of these may be chosen Pope; this makes every man behave himself towards all other persons with an exactness of respect: for no one knows what any other may grow to." Whether the "simple ecclesiastic" has hit upon the proper solution may be doubtful; that "an universal civility" reigns there is no doubt. This system of policy in promoting from the ranks will account better for the great number of able men that have always been found in the service of the holy see; we pray "that a supply of men duly

qualified may never be wanting in church or state;" whilst the more wily church of Rome, by enlarging as much as possible the sphere of competition, takes the true method to be uniformly supplied with these commodities in the greatest abundance.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22.—I passed the morning in the Borghese palace, which contains an extensive collection of first rate pictures. I greatly admired a fine Titian, Christ and the Samaritan Woman at the Well. I found Vasi's Itinerary of Rome a most useful book; as I had an early edition, it had the amusing dedication, which is omitted in the later editions; this unique composition runs thus:—

"A San Pietro,
Principe degli Apostoli,
Primo Vicario
Di Gesù Cristo,
e gran protettore
della città di Roma,
Mariano Vasi,
Antiquario Romano,
ed Academico Etrusco
di Cortona,
la presente opera
d. d. d."

It is said that the venerable antiquary dedicated the first edition to the Duchess of Devonshire; but as that gracious person ungraciously forgot to give him the usual fee of five louis, and as he could not find any

one else, who would pay that sum, he dedicated it in despair to the prince of the Apostles; not that he supposed the first Vicar was more foolish and less economical than her grace and the rest of the earthly nobility, and would send him five guineas in this life; but he hoped that he would show him favour in the next world, where great benefits are conferred for small considerations. That a stupid zealot might perchance dedicate a volume of controversial Sermons, a Treatise on the application of the Jewish Prophecies to the present times, or a Corpus Theologicum, to one of the apostles is barely conceivable; but that a man of sufficient understanding to compile a Guide to Rome, to Brighton, or to Cheltenham, should dedicate his sane and useful work in this insane and useless manner, is as strange, as a dedication of "the Rules of Whist by Bob Short" to St. James the less. This is truly instructive; and that such a thing should have been perpetrated in Rome, shows the state of public intellect, and the Roman character, better than twenty Corinnas.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23.—I visited the Villa Massimi, where some Germans are engaged in painting in fresco three small rooms, with stories from Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto; each poet is to be confined to his room. The Germans go back to the old style of Pietro Perugino, and others who preceded Raphael, under an

ingenious notion and theory, that in order to paint like him, it is necessary to begin where he did, and to imitate those masters whom he imitated: that in all the arts there is a rising, a noon-day splendour, and a setting: to attain the meridian glory it is not expedient to imitate it, for it leads on, as has ever been the case, to the evening only; that it is advisable to commence with the morning to study that, and so to take, at least, the chance of a bright sun at twelve o'clock, or of a decidedly bad day. There is some talent in these works; but the colours are muddy, as if mixed, contrary to the neat-handed practice of nature, with dirty water. I here saw clearly the mode of executing frescos; for the work was in progress; they are painted on the fresh plaster, as the name implies; but the whole surface of the wall is not covered at one time, as I had ignorantly supposed; a small piece only is laid, as much as the artist can cover whilst it is moist; some more plaster is then added, either contiguous to the former, or on any part of the wall that is more convenient; and thus by degrees the whole is covered: the joinings of the different portions are distinctly visible, running in wavy lines, like coasts and rivers on a map; but the painter generally contrives that they should fall in shaded parts, and wherever they will be least visible and interfere least with the effect of the picture. The design, a drawing upon strong paper,

called, from that substance, the cartoon, is placed against the wall; and the outlines are traced through it with the leg of a pair of compasses, or some such instrument; which pressing hard upon the paper, marks the soft plaster behind it: I have always found, on nearly inspecting a fresco, that the outline was engraved on the wall. The frescos in the Sestine Chapel are in good order; it had been proposed by a modern artist, that these works of Michael Angelo should be cleaned with turpentine. The works of Pietro Perugino, and others of that school, on the side walls, had already been cleaned, and did not look ill; but from some parts of the Last Judgment, as the figure of St. Catharine, which had been done as a specimen, we rejoiced that it had just that moment been decided to let them alone; and the officious Italian, whose fingers itched to meddle with the works of his betters, and to touch a large heap of crowns for his trouble, had been sent home to devise some other scheme to gratify his restlessness and his cupidity. It would be perilous to meddle with such a work as the Last Judgment.

The colouring and the chapel are very dark; and although the day was favourable, it was impossible to see it distinctly; but such a subject requires a certain degree of obscurity and mystery. The barbarians who have the care of it, have placed an altar before it; the altar alone would not do much harm, but it has a

back and canopy like a bed, which hide one of the best groups in the picture—the angels blowing the trumpets.

Amongst the many anecdotes related of this great work, one is, that Pius IV. was displeased that so many of the figures were naked, not because he was so ignorant of antique simplicity as to be offended himself by a display of nudity; but he feared, lest the Protestants should make use of what, to a gross mind, would seem to be the immodesty of the picture, as an argument against the Romish religion; he mentioned the affair to Michael Angelo, who wisely thought that the Catholic faith was in no danger from an objection of such flagrant vulgarity and ignorance, and refused to alter his work. The more cautious Pope afterwards directed Daniel da Volterra to clothe the naked; he covered up every thing that the reformers could have taken hold of, and got for his pains the nick-name of *il braghettone*, great-breeches, or the breeches-maker. From the number of figures and the great surface to be covered, it would appear no inconsiderable contract, even to one of our army tailors. Whatever merit the Last Judgment may have, it is far surpassed, at least for effect, by the ceiling, where the gigantic prophets and sybils throw their arms and legs about in a style better suited for distant frescos. If the whole chapel had been painted in the same manner as

the roof, the effect would have been truly noble; but this building is unfortunately dark.

The best ceiling in Rome, which is lighted in a surprising manner, still remains blank and unadorned, a bare white-washed desert. If I were a good painter, and ambitious of glory, I would paint *gratis*, even if I were forced to live upon bread and water the while, the roof of S. Maria degli Angioli: a most majestic church formed out of the ruins of the baths of Diocletian, from a design of Michael Angelo, in the shape of a Greek cross. If the Seven Archangels, a fine subject, as expressing the seven attributes of the Deity, were painted boldly, and with learning, for without learning it is impossible to please, the artist would be immortal, and the church perfect.

S. Maria Trastevere is an interesting old church, and of extraordinary sanctity, as it should seem from the number of pilgrims I saw there. These poor persons, who are attracted by the holy year from various parts of Italy, dressed in uncouth, but most picturesque, costumes of gay colours, red and glowing scarlet, with various ornaments, scallops, crucifixes, and rosaries, with staves, or crosses, in their hands; many of the women of great beauty, and of simple and sweet aspect, all usually employed in some strange mummery, add much to the effect of buildings in themselves affecting.

Sterne writes thus of Maria; "she had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Appenines—had travelled over all Lombardy, without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb." Of the myriads of wanderers who have visited the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul, some have no doubt been equally helpless and destitute. It is said that many of them are brought to Rome in carts at the expense of the government; it is certain that they are all entitled to be entertained here for three days in a hospital largely endowed for that sole purpose. I was glad to meet swarms of them in the Vatican and the Museum of the Capitol; it is impossible to contemplate the remains of antiquity without improvement; they seemed anxious to acquire knowledge; for when my companion in the Vatican was laying down the law about some statue, which he was well qualified to do, touching all works of art, a large party gathered round him, and listened with modest attention.

"The church of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, is said to be built on the site of the house of that person; and her body, it is said, is buried there. "A graceful statue of the saint lying upon her face, her

hands tied before her, may be seen in the church; but it is preserved with such churlish jealousy by the Benedictine nuns, that they will not permit a cast of it, or even a drawing, to be made. It is impossible not to be affected in contemplating the elegant image of this poor, patient sufferer; our heart bleeds within us, when we reflect upon her sad story, and the hateful tragedy that, as tradition relates, was acted on this spot. With what terms of execration shall we not pursue the memory of the cold blooded, designing miscreants, who, to further their fraudulent ends, and for the sake of theatrical effect, could mislead the mind of a noble and accomplished young female so far as to subject herself and her family to death and ruin?

Persons often admire those institutions which they have not, and of which they have no opportunity to see the defects. In England I have heard sensible persons remark that the guillotine is a more humane punishment than hanging, which is odious and disgusting; here I found that people are in love with hanging; they complained of the effusion of blood, and said that the body jumps about, and is convulsed, after the separation of the head. All unnecessary pain to the unhappy criminal should be avoided; but a punishment, which is meant chiefly as a warning to others, is not the less effectual because it is shocking. Rome was thrown to-day into

a bustle, most unusual in such a quiet place, by the execution of two men for stabbing a person who was a member of some secret society, and whom they suspected of an intention to betray them. They met death with great fortitude; as they were going to the place of execution, the Piazza del Popolo, one of them spoke to a girl, who was his sweetheart, and was sitting at a window; she immediately fainted.

There was a considerable delay in consequence of their not confessing, which is here considered a necessary prelude to execution. I am told that the trial is always in secret; that even the accused is not present; the public, therefore, can never be satisfied that the sentence is just. If the investigation be perfectly public, and conducted in such a manner, that there can be no reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner; why require a confession, which is generally extorted by unworthy arts? It is not to be expected that a party about to be hanged should be pleased with the prospect before his eyes; the operation is not intended for his gratification, but for the benefit of society; it is not to please, but to displease him, that to a certain degree trouble is taken and expense incurred. Then why do we endure the odious hypocrisy of making him say, I die contented? If that were true, civil society would say to him—Oh, you wish to be hanged, do you?—then we will not hang you, because our ob-

ject is to punish you! It is only the conviction that this assertion is false, that makes it tolerable. The best reparation that a person in such a situation can make for the crimes he has committed, is not to say, I die contented, but, I die exceedingly discontented, and with extreme reluctance; I assure all Christians, that the condemned cell is a dismal habitation, much worse than I had supposed; that a near prospect of the new drop is most uninviting; and even the assurance, that in five minutes after the platform falls I shall certainly be in heaven, which the ordinary always makes upon his honour as a gentleman, to persons in my situation, is, I find, but poor consolation. Priests insist much upon confessions; because it gives them an opportunity of mixing themselves up with an event that creates a public interest, and of reporting that such things were confessed as suit the ends of their order. In this case, they said that the prisoners had acknowledged, that the first thing they did on entering their secret society, was to sign a declaration of atheism; a lady told me this, her knees trembling and her teeth chattering with horror; but I did not believe it; because, when the sufferers attempted to address the people, the drums beat; the drums were in the pay of the priests; and what could be better for the priest, than that the men should say at the point of death: Romans, it was irreligion that brought us to this; irreligion was our first step;

you have come to witness our last: beware, O dear countrymen, of irreligion! Besides, robbers are given to idleness and low dissipation, not to speculations; they are idle vagabonds, not curious inquirers into speculative opinions; they are not prone to Jansenism, Atheism, Catholicism, or Calvinism; but to practical debauchery. Priests are so wonderfully incompetent to see what is expedient for society, even when their intentions are the best, that it would be a good rule in regulating a state, to inquire—What have priests uniformly recommended? this we will shun, because it must be hurtful;—What have they forbidden? this we will adopt, it is doubtless beneficial.

Advertisements of the translation of Mr. Cobbett's History of the Reformation are stuck up all over Rome; I am told that the translation is by no means faithful; that many passages are omitted. It is currently reported here, that the worthy author has been promised the first vacant cardinal's hat, and has already ordered a pair of scarlet inexpressibles; and that Mrs. Cobbett is knitting him half a dozen pair of scarlet stockings to wear with them.

The Jews have always been hardly used in Rome; they were compelled to live in a particular quarter called the Ghetto, which is shut in at night with gates; and they are forced every year to attend a sermon, in which they are abused and threatened. Over the door

of a church opposite the gate of the Ghetto, is a ringing text of Scripture, not only in Latin, but in Hebrew also! "Expandi manus," &c." "I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts; a people that provoketh me to anger continually to my face."—Isaiah, chap. 65. It is not necessary to read to the end of the chapter to see, that this complaint is not applicable to those sins in the Jewish nation which provoke the Pope and cardinals to anger; but merely to the end of the latter of the two verses, which are so dishonestly quoted; it goes on—"that sacrificeth in gardens, and burneth incense upon altars of brick." They had, however, been permitted to live in other parts of the city; but an edict has just been published, in which they are all commanded to reside in the Ghetto, except a small number of persons, whose names are specified, who for the present may live elsewhere. This is not only inconvenient to the Jews, but it is ruinous to many Christians, who had set up little shops in the Jews quarter, from which they are expelled; as the unbelieving Hebrews are to be kept in future perfectly distinct from the faithful, lest they should corrupt their faith, except the few named in the edict, whose riches render them powerless: the unhappy shop-keepers, being compelled to quit their shops, lose consequently their customers, their trade,

and their daily bread. Such are the miseries that a bigot unhappily has still the power to inflict!

It would give me much pleasure to hear the annual sermon against the Jews, and to witness the whole scene; I wish some traveller would describe those things that are best worth notice, and would, for once at least, give Trajan's column and the Colosseum a holiday.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.—The Sybils of Raphael in the church called S. M. della Pace pleased me much; a good engraving of this beautiful work would be a desirable possession. The frescos of Raphael in the Farnesina, which consist chiefly of the story of Cupid and Psyche, are full of beauty.

The Museum of the Capitol would be extremely interesting, if it were only for the extensive collection of antique busts, which present to us their features, and make us personally aquainted with the great men of antiquity. The Dying Gladiator is an exquisite piece of nature; but I found the grace of the Antinous more attractive. There are some indifferent pictures and a few fine ones. The finding of Romulus and Remus, by Rubens, in which the wolf is most meritorious; and a magnificent Europa, by Paul Veronese; are the most obvious.

Many persons have spoken of the Tarpeian rock, as

if it would be rather a desirable thing to be thrown down it; I must confess that it did not appear so to me; and if we consider, that the bottom is doubtless filled up with rubbish, and that the wall at the top may be produced to an indefinite height, it is not difficult to conceive, that necks might be broken with ease and expedition on that classical spot.

The ancient edifices demonstrate that the pavement of the modern city is elevated considerably above the ground of ancient Rome; the classical traveller, therefore, has not the satisfaction of treading the soil on which the Cæsars and Scipios trod, for he walks in general some feet higher than the heads of those heroes.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25.—The Vatican Library consists of rooms of immense extent; light and cheerful; and painted with the exploits of the Popes: some childish; others little creditable to the See, as the journey of the late holy father to France; this picture shows how his holiness was forced to get into his carriage against his will; and that how he would have been kicked by a gendarme if he had refused: the general aspect of the place is pleasing. The rooms are surrounded by low presses, which, as I was told, contain books, but I did not see any of them. I was told also, that there is no printed catalogue, and that every thing

is in inextricable confusion. It was only after much ringing, long waiting, and tedious delays, that I could gain admittance, although I did not apply without diplomatic interest; which is the one thing needful in Rome. The reading-room they profess to keep open from nine in the morning until twelve; a small space of time in itself, and that only when it is not a feast day, or vacation; but I was informed, that during the few hours which are not excepted by these sweeping exceptions, the treatment, although civil, is such as soon disgusts the most ardent and patient student. At last the librarian was hunted out; he is a handsome man, a prelate, polite, obsequious, dignified, incurably negligent, and perfectly impenetrable. He asked what manuscripts we should like to see, as if we were to choose ourselves; and then produced the three, which are always shown to visitors; a fine manuscript of Dante, beautifully illuminated; which deserves to be studied; as the miniatures might form a commentary on that obscure poem, the Divine Comedy: a manuscript, which is called a Virgil, but it is merely some portions of Virgil written in large capital letters to explain some drawings in the worst style of those found in childrens books: the third is the famous *Palimpsest*, containing fragments of Cicero's treatise *De Republicâ*, which had been polluted by the absurd commentaries of that absurd person St. Augustine, on certain psalms written over

the original work. I had read and believed, like the rest of mankind, that the first writing had been so much erased, that it could only be read in the intense light of the noon-day sun with extreme pain and difficulty, by the eagle eye of a person gifted miraculously, through the divine favour, with this especial grace; and such is the simple credulity of travellers, more particularly of my countrymen, who fly about the world, like the ready roasted birds in the "Pays de Cocagne," crying, "come eat me," or "come cheat me;" that I have been told, they had seen in the bright black eyes of Monsignore Angelo Maio, a peculiar interposition of Providence, or at least a sharpness of sight; that was a strong confirmation of the assertion, that no other person in being, or to be, could read the palimpsests. I found, however, on inspection of the fragments of Cicero, the characters so legible, that the only miracle in my opinion, is, that there should be found on earth impudence to make the assertion, and credulity to believe it. The first quality is in truth the only wonder; for, of the second, there is an inexhaustible supply; whoever will produce impudence may be sure to meet with a corresponding quantity of credulity to any extent, and without the trouble of quitting our sea-girt isle.

I was curious to see something more of this celebrated

library, but I was informed that I had already been highly favoured. After complying with the usual practice of paying the subalterns, for, in an ecclesiastical metropolis, they who adore, must, like the magi, adore with gifts, I retired dissatisfied; yet amused at the idea of paying those who excluded me from treasures I so much desired; it reminded me of the execution of noblemen in our history; the sufferer always gave money to the executioner for taking away his sweet life. A short visit convinced me, that for the purposes of ostentation this library is admirable; for the attainment of knowledge useless, and even mischievous, as being a cheat; that the librarian, far from being rewarded with fame and medals for publishing palimpsests, should be well scourged for preventing others from doing it in a more effectual manner. Would that a few learned and laborious Germans were permitted to rummage the presses of the Vatican! Whether this favour will be granted when Mr. Cobbett is Pope, I am unable to judge; what this chance is worth I know not; I fear that we have no other. I wandered a long time about the baths of Caracalla, a vast and interesting mass of ruins.

Saturday, November 26.—I passed some hours in the palaces Doria and Sciarra; in the latter are many

admirable pictures; I was charmed with a portrait of Titian's mistress by himself; these painters must have been happy fellows; unless they used, or abused, their art to make the world believe them happier than they really were.

I rode into the country in the German fashion, that is, a foal of five months ran by the side of the mare; it was no annoyance, rather a pleasing companion; and the mother went much better than on former occasions, when her little one had been left at home: this is a common practice with the Germans, who desire to have their horses as quiet as possible; and it is said to be very effectual, for they are thus accustomed from their earliest days to a constant intercourse with objects of every kind, and made intimate with all sorts of persons and things, so as to acquire by times the habitual ease and pleasant familiar manners of a horse of the world, and the tone of a perfect mare of fashion. As this style of riding is not usual in Rome, it attracted some slight notice and attention in passing through the streets; if a person were incautiously to appear in intolerant London mounted on a mare with the foal by her side, he would cause a great sensation, and would create an Epping hunt; the unhappy foal playing the fatiguing and difficult part of the stag.

We visited a little temple, or tomb, built of brick, but with a certain elegance; I do not remember its

name, if it has one; it is now a barn. The wife and privy councillor of the second king of Rome still supplies waters:

"Ægeria est quæ præbet aquas, Dea grata Camœnis:
Illa Numæ conjux consiliumque fuit."

The fountain of Ægeria, of which I tasted, is a trickling spring, making wet the floor of a temple, or cave; at the end is a recumbent statue, said to be that of Ægeria: but it is manifestly the statue of a man; of Ægerius, or of Numa; of a brother, or of the lover, certainly not of the nymph herself. The present state of the place would content Juvenal, if any thing could content that discontented satyrist; at least he could not complain, that marble violates the grass, or the native *tufo*. The temple of the muses, Camœnæ, is now sacred to Ceres, being used as a barn; it is a fine ruin pleasantly situated. The tomb of Cecilia Metella, a round tower of great strength and solidity, in the middle ages had been converted into a fortress. The circus of Caracalla, where men were at work making excavations, reminded me of the engraving of the circus in Kennett's Roman Antiquities; a book dear to the eyes of school boys: as they had just dug out the wall that runs along the middle of the arena, which is inscribed in the print *spina*, and at the ends *metæ*, the resemblance was still more perfect. The fervid description of the chariot race in the Electra of Sophocles

also occurred to us; and we were tempted to discuss the meaning of the passage,—

Δρομων διαυλων πενταεθλα—

I observed that many of the arches in this building were composed of large earthern vessels walled together, instead of bricks or stones; and on pointing out the peculiarity to my friend, who was better informed on those subjects than myself, he told me that it is very common in ancient Roman works for the sake of lightness: as it must answer that purpose effectually, and as the strength of a spherical earthen vessel, and its power of supporting mere pressure, is great; I should conceive, that it is well worthy of imitation in modern structures. The church of St. Sebastian is chiefly remarkable for a fine marble statue of that saint lying dead, and pierced with arrows.

I dismounted at the tomb of the Scipios, and with some difficulty found a man, who, with a little bit of a candle, lighted me through the passages of the tomb; it is not unlike a cellar, but it has some inscriptions about the Scipios, which I never met with in any other cellar.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27.—After many fruitless visits, with much delay and difficulty, I succeeded to-day in gaining admittance into the church of S. Gregorio. Priests delight in shutting up churches; that is, they delight in the exercise of power, of petty power. They have stuck up a notice in the churches, that it is not

decorous to look at the curiosities during the services, and at other times they take good care to keep the door locked. If they could persuade strangers to agree with them as to their notions of decorum, they would have the exquisite gratification of being dogs in a manger; but until strangers become as stupid as the ox, the dogs will bark in vain.

This church is said to be built on the spot of ground where the house of St. Gregory the Great stood; in itself it is not very remarkable; but three little chapels on the left are worth some trouble and attention. Of the first, the roof was painted by Guido; of the second, the wall on the right is made admirable by a fresco of Domenichino, representing the Flagellation of St. Andrew; the wall on the left hand, by a rival fresco of Guido, which exhibits the same Tutelar Saint of Scotland, with a faith as difficult to be eradicated as the thistle, adoring the cross as he is led to execution. The third chapel is rendered illustrious by a statue of St. Gregory, commenced by Michael Angelo, and edifying by the marble table, at which St. Gregory entertained daily twelve beggars; and at which one day an angel, who, like the saint, had a taste for low company, or was attracted, as he was flying over, by the smell of the roast meat, made a thirteenth guest.

I entered the church of St. Clement: it derives interest from its antiquity, and from the frescos of Masaccio, which I irreverently contemplated during

the performance of the mass. They represent a Crucifixion and the Life of St. Catherine: Raphael, it is said, used to study them with much attention. I visited some other churches, of which I forget the names, and retain only an indistinct recollection of what I saw.

I walked much about the streets to look at the natives; I saw many handsome women, more than I had met with in any other city in Italy. I found the Lungara one string of carriages, and St. Peter's full of people; and long processions of monks, nuns, and various devotees, with tapers and banners; some veiled, with two little holes for the eyes, and all guarded by the Pope's valiant soldiers. It has always been said, that these religious processions are very fine; and therefore every one cried, "Oh! how fine!" I must confess, that, if I had not been told so, I should not have found it out.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28.—The Colonna Palace afforded me much pleasure; in the large collection of pictures there are many very excellent. The doors in the Roman palaces are generally mean; the Italians are admirable bricklayers, the masonry in their houses is remarkably well executed, but they are indifferent carpenters, at least in ordinary matters; the joiner's work, of which the amount is comparatively trifling, is not well performed.

I visited the studii, or workshops, of Thorwaldsen, where I found many works of great merit; they may be called a manufactory of busts and statues; so many men were employed, so much marble was in progress from chaos to life and form. This great sculptor, and, as all who know him add, this worthy man, cannot represent happily the female figure; some of his gigantic apostles are fortunate; but the huge Christ is a complete failure, and to such an extent as to be a perfect prodigy.

I visited with great delight the studii of other artists, both painters and sculptors, Englishmen and foreigners. I do not remember accurately their names or works; but I recollect distinctly, that I was gratified by the beauty and truth of Mr. Severn's pictures of the peasants in the vicinity of Rome. One sculptor had made a statue of a naked female, and called it Juno, with frightful hardihood: to represent the Queen of Heaven naked was to tempt the fate of Ixion, by a crime almost similar; and to defy, with the rebel giants, the thunderbolts of Jove: when pious Catholics shall paint a naked Madonna, then may a good Pagan, for such are all great sculptors, presume to strip the white-armed Juno: it was only from her arms that even Homer himself could judge of the whiteness of her skin—

——θεα λευκωλενος Ηρη.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29.—Of the Pantheon, the portico is noble; and the interior more striking than any thing I have yet seen: it has been objected, that, by reason of the shortness, or lowness, of what may be called the cylindrical part, the effect of the cupola, or hemispherical part, is heavy; that it seems to overlay the rest: but the chief beauty and peculiarity of the edifice is the great effect which the cupola produces; if the walls that support it were raised, this would be diminished. It is impossible to do two incompatible things, to have a cake and to eat it: where the cupola is hoisted up on high, as in St. Peter's, and our St. Paul's, the effect of other parts may be increased, but that of the cupola itself is lost. The whole of the light being admitted through the round hole at the top, is a beautiful arrangement; that the hole should be open pleases me much; and the naked sky appearing through it, connects the internal with the external world in a noble manner. At night, when all within is perfectly dark, the moonlight that comes quietly through, must be soft and pleasing; and the sight of the stars, gently creeping across the zenith: even the rain, pouring down upon the pavement, is grand; the distance between this aperture and the walls is such, that they may be adorned with all that is costly in art, and will remain undamaged, whilst the shower rattles upon the marble floor, which is gently inclined to the centre, and there pierced with

holes, so that the rage of the elements glides away without injury. A patch of snow in the middle of the floor, must strike the eye; but this is a rare occurrence; the small tract that is exposed to the storms is more frequently white with hail.

As Athens, once the seat of liberty and learning, is now the abode of slavery and barbarism, so the church of S. Maria sopra Minerva is planted upon the ruins of a temple of Minerva: it contains pictures and statues, which I examined, book in hand, and have duly forgotten. The French nation built in honour of their Royal Saint a church, called S. Loigi de' Francesi; it is very handsome, and has pictures and statues; and in a chapel on the right, two frescos by Domenichino; one is the Death of St. Cecilia; in the other, that lady distributes all her personal estate, which consists chiefly of fine clothes, to the poor. The same Domenichino has likewise adorned the church named S. Carlo ai Catinari, with four figures of the cardinal virtues in the four angles of the cupola.

The ponderous and vast Farnese Palace is chiefly remarkable for the frescos of Hannibal Caracci, which represent Bacchus and Ariadne, Acis and Galatea, and other mythological subjects, in the utmost perfection of the art. It is a painful consideration, that these surprising works, the fruit of inconceivable pains, and of the labour of eight years, were so ill rewarded by the Car-

dinal Farnese; that the painter, who bore the character of a friendly, plain, honest, and open-hearted man—with so much enthusiasm as to desire to be buried in the same grave with Raphael; and so much generosity as to keep his money in the same box with his colours, that his scholars might have recourse to either, as they had occasion—was so deeply wounded by the injustice, and this cruel and dishonest treatment increased his natural melancholy to such a degree, that at times he was deprived of his senses, and it made him resolve never more to touch his pencil; which resolution, however, his necessities compelled him to break.

The Corsini Palace abounds in fine pictures; too many to be remembered: the famed Herodias of Guido; a Murillo; and the Woman Taken in Adultery, by Titian; alone cling to the memory. I visited, in the dark, the church of S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini; a little priest showed me a Salvator Rosa, and, I think, a Cigoli, which, he said, were very fine; and I believed him, because I had heard the same thing from better judges, and more veracious persons.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30.—There is no despatch in the eternal city: much may be seen in a fortnight; but if the Romans had the least notion of the value of time, much more might be done. Go where you will, it is always, come again in half an hour, in an hour, in

the evening, to-morrow: the priests continually contemplate eternity, and look upon time as an infinitely short space, in which men may be infinitely listless. I went to three palaces this morning: at one the custode, or keeper, was not to be found; at another, come again in the afternoon; at the third, any other day; and when I went there on another day, I was told that a written order was necessary.

The Villa Albani is elegant as a house, and interesting as containing stores of antiquities almost inexhaustible; it is painful to see it falling to ruin. The Villa Borghese has Italian gardens in the highest perfection; they afford a most agreeable and frequented walk.

All persons of property in the Roman States are deeply involved in the intricacies of inextricable law-suits: the law, as I was informed by advocates, is a complete chaos, a mass of endless confusion; and especially the titles to real property are so uncertain, so complicated, so various, and so unintelligible, that, as far as I was able to comprehend this difficult subject, our system of conveyancing, shameful and utterly abominable as it is, appears in comparison simple and rational, pellucid as amber, and beautifully perspicuous. I heard from lawyers various instances of extraordinary and absurd injustice in late decisions respecting marriages: priests delight in exercising an execrable jurisdiction in matrimonial causes; if they

have little idea of justice, or expediency in any case, they have less in these than in any other. Blackstone writes, with no less truth than force: "If we consider marriages in the light of mere civil contracts, they do not seem to be properly of spiritual cognizance. But the Romanists having very early converted this contract into a holy sacramental ordinance, the church of course took it under her protection, upon the division of the two jurisdictions. And, in the hands of such able politicians, it soon became an engine of great importance to the papal scheme of an universal monarchy over Christendom. The numberless canonical impediments that were invented and occasionally dispensed with by the holy see, not only enriched the coffers of the church, but gave it a vast ascendant over princes of all denominations; whose marriages were sanctified or reprobated, their issues legitimated or bastardized, and the succession to their thrones established or rendered precarious, according to the humour or interest of the reigning pontiff: besides a thousand nice and difficult scruples, with which the clergy of those ages puzzled the understandings and loaded the consciences of the inferior orders of the laity; and which could only be unravelled by these their spiritual guides. Yet, abstracted from this universal influence, which affords so good a reason for their conduct, one might otherwise be led to wonder, that the same authority

which enjoined the strictest celibacy to the priesthood, should think them the proper judges in causes between man and wife. These causes indeed, partly from the nature of the injuries complained of, and partly from the clerical method of treating them, some of the impurest books that are extant in any language, are those written by the Popish clergy on the subjects of matrimony and divorce, soon became too gross for the modesty of a lay tribunal."—Blac. Comm. v. 3. p. 92.

As the learned commentator on the laws of England is not always insensible to the force of truth, and occasionally assumes the tone of a man by no means indifferent to the best interests of his fellows, we cannot wonder, that he has drawn down upon his head the censures of a high legal authority, who has laid his excellent work under an interdict, and fulminated this anathema against it; "Blackstone's Commentaries are a nasty bad book, full of extravagant notions about a wild kind of liberty: I'would as soon put a razor into the hands of a young gentleman to cut his own throat with, as that book; it has done a great deal of harm!"

*. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1.—The mausoleum of Augustus is now converted into a theatre for bull-baiting; it is not interesting in any respect. The Barberini Palace contains much trash and many fine pictures; of the latter, especially in the last and innermost room,

where some half-dozen shine forth like meteors; the Fornarina almost naked, by Raphael; the Baker's Wife, to whom that painter was addicted, is beautiful as a picture, but not as a woman; Titian's Mistress in full dress, as both: the Cenci, by Guido, shrouded in white garments and looking over her left shoulder, is but too lovely—her eyes pierce into the soul, and her smile is fascination; but in my opinion the expression of the countenance of Beatrice is cold, heartless, and wicked. I would paint her as a Dalilah, a Judith, a Herodias, or any other, if such there be, more hateful than these. The mother Cenci did not please me; but my companion, who is a better judge than myself, said that the expression was good; the character of the face is extremely Italian, even Jewish, and to my imagination represented Jael, the monster of treachery, who violated the hospitality of the tent.

The studio of Canova contains many excellent things; with all his faults, he has more beauties than any other sculptor of modern times.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2.—The Aurora of Guido, painted in fresco on the ceiling of the saloon in the Casino in the garden of the Ruspigliosi Palace, pleased me much, perhaps even more than any work of art I had seen in Rome; the subject is classical, and agreeable, and truly gratifying to an eye fatigued with

viewing the numberless representations of the absurd juggling of some knavish saint, or the martyrdom of a wretched fanatic, or of a poor misguided girl.

I found out through mud and dirt, and in the dusk, the Cenci Palace; it is close to the Ghetto, or Jews quarter, in a small square, called Piazza di Cenci; in London it would be considered a large house; it is of three stories, has seven windows in front, and five in the side; there is a small court within, with arcades; the first floor was uninhabited, the windows were broken and ruinous. This was a wet and most disagreeable day; and what was worse, it was the feast of Santa Bibiæna, who is the St. Swithin of Rome; if it rain on this day, the proverb threatens, that it will rain for forty days and a week; the lady is more cruel in this respect than the bishop; if it be wet on the 15th of July, the day of his translation, it will rain for forty days, more or less; but the period is not so long by a week, and it has the consolatory qualification of more or less, which the more peremptory Bibiæna will not admit. In Rome, as might be expected, the trouble of procuring a passport is great, and also the expense.

Saturday, December 3.—I walked to the Latin Gate, a place celebrated for the unsuccessful attempt that was made there by the Emperor Domitian to boil

St. John the Evangelist, in oil, on the 6th of May, which day is therefore called, St. John ante port. lat.: there is a small church upon the precise spot where the cauldron of oil stood; for the Roman martyrologists are not less exact in pointing out the places, than the dates, of the events which they record: the church is called S. Giovanni in Oleo. This situation is only interesting on account of the past; the Latin Gate has been walled up.

I walked to the church of St. Sebastian, to see the catacombs; at the door of the church I was tormented by a hedger and ditcher, who earnestly intreated me to buy a vessel of red earthenware, which he had just dug out, and to give him some aqua vitæ: I cheerfully complied with the latter request, and presented him with two *baiocchi*, with which he was contented; but not with my assurance, that I would not carry the potter's vessel to Rome, if he would give it me for nothing, and a crown piece besides, for my trouble. I descended into the catacombs, which are low, damp, and uninteresting; I confess I do not believe they are as extensive as they are said to be; and the only wonder, in my opinion, is the monstrous exaggerations to which they have given rise.

The day was fine and warm, Santa Bibiæna notwithstanding.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4.—The walls of Rome have a peculiar effect: they are almost entirely built of brick, and are arched on the inside like an aqueduct; there is no ditch, but you pass close on the outside, so that you walk under the walls of the city, as under a garden wall; the top is jagged and broken off, but what remains is still very high. It is always a melancholy thing to leave a place, and I felt sad to-day at leaving Rome, which is certainly a city that gains upon one. I met with an English architect, who had left behind him in England books that were necessary to his studies, because he had been frightened by the report of the difficulty of bringing books into Rome. What a disgrace to the government of priests; many Vatican libraries, many palimpsests, will not wipe away this stain, and remove the foul imputation of being enemies to knowledge and improvement. I was told that the Neapolitan government was, if possible, worse than the Papal in this respect; I therefore left my few books at Rome, and took nothing but an Itinerary, which I carried in my pocket.

I was hurried to the post-office at half-past three in the afternoon, and I waited at least half an hour in a little room, on one side of which was a picture of his present holiness, on the other of his predecessor: we amused ourselves in considering the routine of human greatness; the late pope is translated to the opposite

side of the room, to give place to his successor. At present Leo XII. is in the post of honour, Pius VII. is on the opposite wall: when Leo dies he will take the place of Pius, who will be carried away, and most likely will be painted over with the face of a Leo the XIIIth, or a Pius the VIIIth, with the visage of a person who assumes a false name, for under this government every thing must be false, even the name; the impious man takes the title of Pius; the ass, together with the lion's skin, wears also the name of Leo. The face of his present holiness is just such an one as the clown at Astley's would make his constant study, and strive to imitate; the right eyebrow has a certain air of the blockhead, trying to look knowing in the full spirit of fool knavery, that would make the fortune of any mountebank, practising in what is esteemed a lower, but a more reputable branch, of the same profession, who could catch it; as it has, most probably, of its present master.

The price of a place by the courier is most exorbitant; as much dearer than the mail in England, as it is inferior to that conveyance in every respect. At four we started in a heavy carriage, with insufficient room for the legs; that the lower extremities should have ample space, is a great desideratum on a long journey. It was amusing to observe the courier, who affected to be in a great haste: a Roman in a hurry is a creature quite out of his element; he scolded all the coachmen he met,

without rhyme or reason; and heaped maledictions upon a pig that was crossing the road leisurely before us, and that pursued its course, from the Santa Scala towards the church of St. John Lateran, with as much unaffected meekness, as if in a Catholic country it had been bred a Quaker. The courier was a civil fellow, but a good practical illustration of the adage—Great haste and little speed. It has long been the fashion to extol the road from Rome to Naples, and probably with reason; but either from the indifferent architecture of the carriage, which was built at Vienna, or from the many holes and inequalities in the ancient Appian Way, our course was very uneasy; whenever I attempted to sleep, the side of the carriage seemed to try to knock my brains out.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5.—At half-past four we arrived at Terracina, where there was a delay of an hour; I walked up and down the street, looking at the moon, the sea, the lone pole star and his shining brethren; bright potentates, being comely in the æther—

Λαμπρὲς δυνασας, εμπρέπονσας αιθερι,

my thoughts straying homewards the while to the quiet pillows of my friends. Close by the sea, at the coldest time in the morning, on the 5th of December, the air was mild, warm, and pleasant; it was agreeable to wander on the beach; in England, at this season, and

at this hour, however fine the weather might be, the sea shore would be so bleak, so wild, that the imagination shrinks from the idea of visiting it. For the poor, so fine a climate must be a great advantage; but for the rich, for persons in moderate affluence, there is a certain positive enjoyment in nestling in bed under an additional blanket; in finding an excuse for drawing nearer to the fire, for another shovelful of coals, for a little more tea, wine, or punch; which is perhaps worth the negative enjoyment of never feeling cold; excess in eating and drinking is ungraceful and odious; but a slight relaxation of the usual temperance, as inducing a spirit of festivity, is commendable. I doubt whether an English Christmas could exist under the climate of Naples.

So long as we kept close by the sea, I had the window open; when we quitted it, I relapsed into a sort of sleep, until the morning appeared; then it was impossible to refrain from gazing at the heavens: the Italian sky is certainly beautiful; would to God that it covered a more happy country! I changed my courier at Fondi, and got into a ruder carriage; this occupied some time: I walked about the streets of that abode of filth and poverty; and was hunted by beggars.

On the right-hand side of the road, near Itri, is a ruined tower, called the tomb of Cicero, who had a

villa in the neighbourhood, near which he was assassinated by the orders of Anthony. The description of this event by Plutarch came into my head, and in the midst of these thoughts we reached Mola di Gaeta, where, in the Albergo Reale, in a room commanding a fine view of the quivering, sparkling sea, I had a good breakfast; an acceptable incident to a famished and half-starved person. At noon we passed the Liris, or Garigliano, by a bridge of boats; and afterwards by a stone bridge, the Vulturnus; and in the dusk we arrived at Capua.

The slaves of the wretched governments had demanded my passport at every town, and village, and gate; and begged money under that pretence, or as custom-house officers. I had, on entering Capua, showed my passport; I had given it to be registered, whilst they were changing horses in the city; and in going out of the gate, the soldier again asked for it; I was tired with the jolting, and had a head-ache; I therefore scolded him, and said I had shown it twice already: he answered firmly and somewhat loudly, but not uncivilly, that it was his duty to ask for it: a serjeant, who overheard, thinking that his answer was too manly for the spirit of despotism, which is of a civil and somewhat sneaking nature, came out, and assured me that I was perfectly in the right. I arrived at the

post-office in Naples at half-past nine, much fatigued; and after some Neapolitan importunity, at a hotel in the Largo (for so they name a square here) del Castello.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6.—In my course through the streets, I saw nothing to distinguish this celebrated place from any other sea-port: from the barbarous noises and the continual discordant bagpipe, I might have fancied myself at Dunbar or Leith, in Scotland, not in Italy. I was unfortunate in the date of my tour; for of the two great wonders of Italy, the Pope had been too ill to appear in public during my stay in Rome; and Vesuvius, I was told, had retired from business. Naples must be a delightful residence for a donkey that is fond of society; in no city in the world will he find so many of his fellows. There are plenty of fine asses carrying burdens; a load of dung; or sometimes a priest, who appears to ride very comfortably, and usually has an ample cloak and a basket of provisions, and is attended by a boy with an umbrella. I called upon a banker, and ascended to the top of a very high house by a most filthy staircase; I was amused by seeing "studio" painted over the door of his bank or counting-house; at first it seemed strange that banking should be reckoned as one of the fine arts, as a science, or a branch of liberal knowledge; but upon reflection, I think it is correct. We say the study of an alchemist; and if it be alchemy to

transmute the baser metals into gold, it is a much higher and nobler alchemy to turn paper into gold and silver; which is done by bankers, as those who have studied the subject say, to the great benefit of the human race.

The mole, or pier, has a good view, but not so good as it ought to have; for it is difficult to get at any part in order to enjoy the prospect. They have built a castle upon it; they make it abominably filthy; they employ upon it hosts of galley slaves, in dragging wood, and of females in beating hemp.

The chief part of this city, the metropolis of Punch, consists of narrow and dirty streets, redolent of fish, and of all odious things; but the Chiaia, which is the Promenade, and a few other parts, are agreeable. The noise, especially in the principal street, called the Strada Toledo, is equal to that of London, and of a more barbarous kind; the crowd is nearly equal; and the number of horses and carriages. It was a fine, but somewhat wild day.

Wednesday, December 7.—It blew a gale; the dust flew into the eyes; it was not easy to retain a hat, or even a cap, upon the head: the sea was rough, and the day rude and unpleasant, but the air still bland and warm. People carry on their operations and exercise their trades in the open air; men were forging iron bedsteads in the streets; every place resounds with

importunate beggars, and more importunate hackney-coachmen.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. Januarius, has less that is remarkable, except perhaps some pictures, than is usual in Italy: the church of Santa Restituta, which is contiguous, has some curious old frescos; and the chapel of St. Januarius, where his precious and liquefiable blood is conserved, has, besides magnificent frescos by Domenichino, and other masters, a fine picture by him, and another by Spagnoletto.

At the Museum, or Studii, I was courteously received by the Canonico di Jorio; he was polite and explanatory, and is a person of considerable attainments as an antiquary. He has published a great many useful guides; but is a little too anxious to sell them. To an English traveller, it is peculiarly distressing to find a gentleman puffing his own works, as it is so totally different from our habits; and with all strangers, it must have a tendency to impede the end proposed, the sale of the books; for the often reiterated recommendations must lead them to suspect, that they do not possess the merit which they really have.

He showed me a large collection of what are called Etruscan vases; some were entire; others that appeared so, had been broken into a hundred pieces, and joined together with great neatness and accuracy. Cork models of the temples at Pæstum, of the buildings at

Herculaneum and Pompeii; bronzes and various articles from the buried cities, of which some were eatables, as bread and figs; many vessels of glass, in the manufacture of which the ancients seem to have been as much our superiors as in several other arts; as was demonstrated by the accuracy, variety, and delicacy of the forms into which they had moulded it. I remarked, that of the glass much was not transparent, or at least very imperfectly so; but my instructor showed me, that the surface had been decomposed, as we find it soon becomes in the windows of stables, and the oxidized surface is tinged with diverse, and sometimes beautiful colours. The canon conducted me to a large library in a noble room, which I understand is open to all upon liberal terms; many persons were then actually availing themselves of the liberty to study there. He also showed me the famous papyri: the appearance of these rolls is as unpromising as of coal or a burnt stick; the discovery that they might be unfolded by means of goldbeater's skin, was ingenious. The manipulation, or mode of handling them, is less difficult than I had imagined, and I had no clear idea of it; I had falsely supposed, that a large sheet of goldbeater's skin was placed on the back, whereas little pieces of intestine, as large perhaps as the inscribing, or circumscribing, square of a sixpence, are stuck on the back with glue, which is applied with a pencil of camel's hair, a little overlaying

one another; when a part of the back is thus covered, the roll is gently and slowly unfolded by threads, which are also attached with glue to the skin: if the process be carefully performed, the glue brings off with it one layer only of the charred papyrus, or at least seven eights of it, for it fails in places; the *lacunæ* must be supplied from the context by ingenious conjectures. The characters are not by any means difficult to be discerned, they are seen shining on the dull burnt surface. There were many persons employed, but I cannot say that they seemed to be very diligent: if I were the possessor of these treasures, and really desirous of unfolding them, and sufficiently wealthy to hire labourers to perform this delicate task, I would employ half the number of learned and trustworthy persons, not at a yearly salary, but, like an engrossing clerk, at so much a folio. The yearly salary converts the undertaking into a public office; and persons paid thus demean themselves like the gentlemen whom we see in such situations; they incessantly vary their occupations, which consist mainly in reading the newspaper, and discoursing concerning its contents; in cutting their nails, or their pens; in stirring the fire; in yawning, or looking out of the window; or at their watches: we found the unrollers of the papyri thus engaged; we interrupted them for a short time, that we might see the mode of operating; they unfolded very dexterously

a quarter of an inch, and then returned to their accustomed avocations. To have the contents rapidly discovered, to be able to publish the whole in a reasonable time, the work should be paid for by the piece, and to prevent the damage to the manuscripts, which the over alacrity and excessive zeal, which this mode of payment is apt to generate, a system of forfeits, or a mode of contracting, might be adopted, to obviate the inconvenience. An agreement of this kind might be made, according to the condition of the manuscript, and other circumstances, of which the contractor would be able to form an estimate. The roll is worth 500*l.*; if it be destroyed, that sum must be forfeited; if it is unrolled, and seven letters in eight copied, the party is to receive 500*l.*; if six letters in eight, 300*l.*; if one half, 100*l.*; if three eighths, 50*l.*; if one quarter, nothing; if one eighth, he is to forfeit 300*l.*; and if less than one eighths the roll is to be considered as destroyed, and the 500*l.* forfeited.

There is an immense collection of statues; many of them are first rate: the Farnese Hercules, a Flora, and the Venus Callipygis; the last is a beautiful statue, especially in those regions, from the beauty of which she derives her name. Until to-day I had no idea how excellent a thing a good bronze is; and that in some respects it is superior to a marble statue.

The galleries are open every day, but not so open

as they ought to be; there is much locking and unlocking, and feeing servants; not that the sums expected are great, because I was taught by a Prussian, who had long resided in Naples, that copper does as well as silver on all occasions; so that you give, it matters not how much, or how little; but to make these frequent and trifling donations is an interruption of the perfect freedom essential to study. The fee of a farthing for every ten pages of text, and of another farthing for the twentieth word looked out in a lexicon, would be no obstacle in point of expence, to lovers of Greek literature; but the trouble of such payments, if an annual, or a weekly, composition were not permitted, would be a considerable impediment to the study of that language.

The Neapolitans delight in gilding; churches, carriages, and furniture, are all gilded. The glazed and coloured tiles, with which the buildings and cupolas are covered, and the pavements formed, have a good and an Eastern effect. The terras roofs are excellent; many hours of enjoyment in the summer nights are found on the flat tops of the houses.

The villas and gardens in the neighbourhood, amongst steep and broken ground, are beautiful; the eye is never satiated with admiring the orange trees laden with a vast profusion of golden fruit.

I went into a little church, and found good music;

hardly any one was present to listen to it; from some funereal trappings, I conjectured that it was performed in honour of a dead man, or woman; a man in black, with a powdered head and a conceited air, was beating time with a piece of paper folded like a brief; and at frequent intervals made a smack, that would have killed a hornet, to the great interruption of the music and sweet voices. Human sacrifices in honour of the dead, which were once prevalent, have unfortunately become quite obsolete; if the fashion of the times would have permitted it, it would have been very desirable to have offered up the fellow with the white head, as a little compliment to the manes. The church of Santa Chiara is large, well lighted, and well painted; and has such a cheerful aspect that it is scarcely like a church.

I met swarms of people on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, returning from a horse-race conducted in the English fashion, at which the king had assisted. The periods of the theatre of S. Carlo are said to be so irregular, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to predict when it will be open. I heard here more freely uttered the same kind of complaints, which the Romans made secretly of his Holiness; they complain with reason that the Holy Father will neither get well, nor die; which is very unchristian-like behaviour: as he cannot strip off his papacy, and is only kept for show, and is

not fit to be shown, they should dispose of him like an old pointer, and send him off early some morning to the tan-pits with a rope and a shilling,

The night was most furious, with torrents of rain and a violent wind.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8.—It was a wild and disagreeable morning; the houses are only fit for fine weather. Panoramas are flattering; they do not and cannot paint the smell of fish, the showers of sand, the fierce wind, and the disagreeables of the sea-shore. About noon it held up; I ventured to go forth, and walked along the Chiaia; the wind and sea were furious; there were no boats out; the waves dashed wildly over the road.

I ascended to the Grotto of Posilipo, a wonderful work for its great length, and still more wonderful for its surprising height; it is like the nave of a cathedral. On account of the height and of certain windows or apertures at the top, it is not dark, notwithstanding its length; but some lamps, which are suspended in the middle are advantageous. From the nature of the stone it is perfectly dry; and for a cavern, on other days, it may be tolerably agreeable; to-day a strong wind blowing through rendered it most unpleasant.

I had hardly emerged from the further end before I was required by a barefooted young man to go with

him to the Grotta del Cane; he assured me that the distance was not great; as it was indispensably necessary to visit this place, I followed him over sandy roads. I observed, that, through time and ill treatment, the hat of my guide had assumed the exact shape of the petasus of Mercury; except that it wanted the wings. We came suddenly upon the lake Agnano; a pretty little lake in a romantic situation. The dog was caught for the experiment; he showed some, but not much reluctance; enough however to excite my compassion; as I could not expect to make any discovery by half suffocating him, I was unwilling to put the poor animal to pain, so nothing more was required of him; what was formerly miraculous, through the improvements in chemistry, is now barely wonderful. I contented myself with observing the locality of the famous grotto; it is like a well in the side of a hill, and is hardly worth visiting.

I returned with my guide, and repassing the Grotto of Posilipo, ascended the hill on the left as we returned; we were admitted into a little garden, or vineyard, in which is an ancient tomb, said to be that of Virgil. It is close to the entrance of the Grotto of Posilipo; a window in the rock looks into the top of that lofty cavern. It is a pleasant resting place for one, who was tired with singing, "Pascua, rura, duces;" or for any person after the toils of life, whether they con-

sisted in composing Georgics, in kissing Dido and founding the Roman name, in turning the clods, or in knocking and being knocked on the head. On the top of the tomb was a small laurel, which had been lately planted there, as the keeper of the tomb said; it was nearly stripped of its leaves, for every visitant takes one. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb; on this occasion I was the good tempered wind, and I refused the offer of a leaf; if the bay had been rich enough to have spared one, I should have been glad of it as a memorial; but it looked as leafless as one of the trees in the landscape of Raphael's pictures; and I pitied the poor tree of glory planted there, like many of its predecessors, to be put to a lingering death.

A young English lady has lately been interred within a few yards of Virgil's tomb; I can pardon almost any thing to parental fondness and regrets, but not this desecration: perhaps Dante, or Milton, might have been buried there; but even these mighty men are better lodged in any other place; if good taste is to be perfectly inviolate. A brother may be much to his brother; a son to his parents; a wife to her husband; but to the world, they are absolutely nothing; whilst great names are dear to the world at large: private grief only ceases to be respectable and deserving of sympathy, when it would presumptuously encroach upon the more sacred sentiments of public feeling. A point

in the garden commands a fine view of Naples and the bay; a French general has placed there a bench with an inscription in his language, in which he recommends faithful friends to sit there and tighten their knots, "resserrez vos nœuds!" If this advice presents any image to the imagination, it is a ludicrous one; friends seated upon the general's bench busy in tying their neck-cloths closer, fastening their braces and shoe-strings, and drawing in the tapes of waistcoats and waistbands: and ladies lacing their stays, knotting the strings of petticoats, and securing their garters. Why will the French, who are excellent in many important matters, as making coffee and acting comedies, meddle with figurative language? The important advice should be written up at the frontiers above the lilies; "All tropes and figures are prohibited." In this garden was a crop of peas, five or six inches long, growing as well on the 8th of December, as in May or June.

In the evening I visited the theatre of San Carlo. The interior is golden; the blue lining of the boxes and their embossed gold and silver fronts have a rich effect; perhaps, if the middle of the ceiling were not painted, but all were blue and gold and silver, like the edges, it would be better: it is more like a piece of plate finely chased than a theatre. It is commodious and well conducted, as well as the King's Theatre in the Haymarket is ill

managed; which is saying all that can be said in praise of a place of this kind. The price of admission is by no means high. It has the usual defect, that the seats in the pit are not sufficiently raised one above another; because architects in all countries fill their heads with the old rules about Ionic and Corinthian, and become too conceited to think of any thing else; and least of all, of utility. The ballet was splendid in scenery and dresses; and interesting, because the story was kept up from the beginning to the end: with us they set out with a story, which is presently lost sight of; and nothing survives, but jumping, kicking, and flinging: even here the dancers exerted themselves too violently; the soul of grace is ease; as soon as exertion is apparent, grace ceases: the ladies also thought it necessary to kick up their petticoats and to show the soles of their feet to the inhabitants of the pit, than which, surely nothing is more odious or impudent. A person, or a statue, or a painting, may be perfectly naked, and yet from an air and expression of innocence may be even more modest, than if clothed from the chin to the feet, like a Roman matron; but for a female, who wears petticoats, to kick them up in the manner of the figurantes, must always be disgusting and offensive to persons of good taste.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9.—When I left the theatre last night, the rain fell in torrents; it continued all night, and the greater part of this day. The houses in Naples are scarcely habitable in bad weather: it is necessary to live out of doors here, like the birds; and it is impossible to write, and difficult to read, with comfort and advantage, out of doors. I can not therefore conceive how very learned men could grow up here; it seems that learning must be reared within doors, in sheltered rooms, and by the fireside; this climate is favourable only for such a growth of intellect as may be attained by lazzaroni with a canvass shirt and drawers, a red night-cap, and a great coat with a hood. Yet Naples was famous for eminent lawyers; and they cannot be made without severe study; perhaps it was read by them in the shady houses, and in the middle of the day, during the heats of summer. That this was not by any means a lack-learning city, but of extraordinary opulence in members of the legal profession, is evident from the well-known story, that, when Innocent XI. had desired the Marquess of Carpio to furnish him with thirty thousand head of swine, the marquess answered him, that as for his swine, he could not conveniently spare them; but if his holiness had occasion for thirty thousand head of lawyers, they were at his service: the noble marquess, it seems, did

not place pearls before swine, but swine before pearls, at least in point of value.

I visited the studii again, and was hunted about by hungry servants seeking carlini; Italy is the land of craving, insatiable beggars—shy and mistrustful; and Naples is the metropolis of that nation. I saw the usual Egyptian remains in the Egyptian room; and a gallery of pictures; many with great names, but nothing that caught my attention remarkably.

I entered a church where a man was preaching, not from a pulpit, but he stood upon the steps of the altar; a priest was kneeling all the time upon the steps on the opposite side; I sat down and heard his discourse to the end; he spoke fluently, and not very ill; he professed great willingness to become a martyr; and declared that, if he were required by a king, or judges, to renounce the faith, he would cheerfully suffer death at their hands; and asked, and appealed to the kneeling priest, whether he would not do the like, and he assented. He spoke very courageously; and perhaps he might not know, that under the present government, there was no great danger of being put to the trial, either by the king, or his judges. All the time he was preaching, a man kept chinking a box and collecting copper; this is the constant accompaniment to a sermon: the preacher appeared to think, that a martyr, who was so willing to die, ought, for the credit of the church, to

die like a gentleman, with a few halfpence in his pocket. The church of the Dominicans is dark and old, full of altars and monuments, and with a certain barbaric splendor: the church called Trinità Maggiore is well lighted, cheerful, and handsome.

I saw many bookstalls in Naples; a soul-gladdening sight: with a little time and a little money, what delicious odd volumes might be picked up here; but the heavy duty on the importation of books spoils all: why is an oppresive tax, that would be disgraceful to Goths, to Huns, and Vandals, suffered to exist? And why do we not cause to be repealed, the odious imposition which makes it necessary, for the protection of our booksellers, to exclude foreign works,—the duty on paper? The Reformation has not even yet purged us thoroughly of the spirit which prevails so fiercely in that sink of iniquity, the Roman custom-house.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10.—The journey to Pæstum is the mill-stone that hangs about the neck of my speeding, and makes it impossible accurately to calculate the times of going out and coming in; I therefore anxiously watch the weather, which to-day is better. I procured a passport for Pæstum; and as no gains are too mean for a mean and fraudulent government, they charge a fee for it.

I climbed up a steep hill to the castle of St. Elmo,

which commands a noble view of Naples and its bay, and the surrounding country. The Certosa adjoins the castle; the Carthusians have been dispossessed, and the convent converted into a barrack; men, who tyrannize over their fellows by means of temporal fears, now sleep in the cells of those who played the tyrant through the influence of spiritual terrors. The church is much smaller than the Certosa near Pavia; but it is inlaid and decorated within in the same costly, style; the pavement is very superior, and is indeed perfectly beautiful; there are many fine pictures, especially of Spagnoletto, whose masterpiece, the Three Maries, is in the sacristy; and it is an excellent work. I feasted my eyes again with the fine view, and then descended through foul lanes and by stairs decorated with linen hanging upon lines to dry. Surely this is a most nasty city; it cannot enter into the heart of man to conceive a more filthy place; but I must confess I did not suppose, that there was such a demand for clean linen in Naples, as the quantity exposed to dry indicates.

I walked for a considerable distance, some miles out of the city, by the Mergellina, and along the new road, the work of Murat; and which is still unfinished: the view is beautiful, especially in returning; but it has the great defect of all views on the sea shore, that every thing is seen at once; there is no change, no variety,

no succession of objects; all is opened at the first glance. I saw in a garden a fine date-palm in full health and beauty; I gazed at it for some time, and was delighted to find one of those celebrated trees growing in the open ground.

As I returned, I perceived that a considerable body of troops had got between me and my dinner, and for some time cut off my resources. I looked at the men as they marched past; to an unpractised eye, both Austrians and Neapolitans had the same soldier-like aspect; but, I suppose, the former would remain in any given spot all day, exposed to a heavy fire, and would fill up their ranks as the men were swept away; but that the latter would disappear, like chaff before the wind, at the mere invitation to pass a morning in that manner.

I visited in the evening a theatre, named Teatro del Fondo; there was an opera and a ballet; the performance was good, the house commodious, and the price of admission moderate; but great was the smell of garlic. At a small theatre this was to be expected; for at the great theatre of S. Carlo, I had complained, that my place was too remote, and was brought much nearer the stage amongst a higher order of beings into a sort of fops-alley; but the fops smelt so strong of garlic, that it was difficult to live in the atmosphere of this more refined society. I had frequent examples of what I had

heard before, that when the Italians are pleased with a performance, they hiss, to command silence and attention; the opera, and especially the ballet, were received this evening with much hissing, that is, they gave great satisfaction. At the end of the ballet, the audience called for the ballet-master; the curtain was drawn up immediately, and a melancholy man in a suit of black was led on the stage between Cupid and Psyche, in the midst of the smoke and flames with which the piece had concluded; to express, as I was told by a lady, who, perceiving that I was a stranger, kindly took much pains to make me understand the whole allegory, the glowing ardours of love; he was hailed with loud applauses, and retired bowing, with an air of modest confusion, that would have been becoming even to Psyche herself.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11.—The night was cloudy when I went to bed, and I was awakened in the night by the unwelcome sound of rain; most unwelcome to one who was anxious, for many reasons, to get the expedition to Pæstum over. If Vesuvius should cease to act the great part of a volcano, it would be a serious loss to Naples; much of its importance depends upon these performances; and if it should sink into an ordinary mountain, Naples would sink into an ordinary city in a pleasant situation.

Italy was formerly in advance as to civilization; but it has remained long stationary; and at present, it is two hundred years behind a great part of Europe.

I walked out of the city towards Portici; the day sensibly improved; I saw exposed for sale on the quays, besides the usual fruits, including pomegranates, water-melons, and pine-kernels, the fruit of the arbutus, and the Indian fig. The appearance of the oranges and lemons on the stalls is beautiful and inviting, because they are commonly gathered with a stalk, and two or three of the leaves. The road was filled with a frequent crowd; many were going or returning; on foot, on horseback, on asses, or in carriages. I went on the sands; they are black, and of a volcanic nature; from thence I enjoyed a fine view down the bay: I found a few shells, many bits of pumice, some parts of the cuttle-fish, and pieces of sponge; a few corallines, and still fewer sea-weeds; I think not any crustaceous animals, nor any portions of their crusts. I had only seen in Naples one basket of live lobsters; they were of a purple cast, and without the large claws.

On the bridge of La Maddalena, in addition to the ordinary patron of bridges, St. John Nepomucene, is a statue of St. Januarius; because, by a miracle, he had stopped the lava at that point; from the distance of the mountain, the real miracle seems to have been, not that the lava did not go farther, but that it advanced

so far. There were many persons in the streets, and a band of music on the public walk; some women were walking, and many more at the windows—but all, I am sorry to say, extremely plain. Whatever improvements have been made at Naples, are to be attributed to the dynasty of Napoleon; the Mergellina, the improved road to Portici, the public walk, and some alterations in the grotto of Posilipo, are the works of Murat.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 12.—It was fortunately a fine morning; we started at six, in an open carriage with three horses abreast, adorned like Mephistopheles, if not with a cock's feather, at least with the tail of a pheasant in their heads. We rattled briskly along, and passed the museum at Portici with reluctance; having taken a slight breakfast at a coffee-house, we continued our jingling course. The country soon assumed a truly volcanic aspect, with black fields of undecomposed lava, and vast rocks of the same substance; we passed over the town of Torre del Greco, which in modern times was overwhelmed by an eruption, like Herculaneum in ancient days. The morning was clear, and we not only enjoyed a fine view down the bay of Naples and of the opposite coasts, but a near prospect of Vesuvius.

My companions, who had ascended the mountain,

assured me, that what seemed to be a cloud resting on the top, was white smoke; it appeared, upon attentive inspection, to be circumscribed by the limits of the crater; but not as issuing from it, at least from the point where I saw it; it differed little from the cloud which usually sits on mountains of a like height. I was somewhat disappointed in this respect; for the idea which I had formed of a volcano was, that of a mountain smoking gallantly like a forge or chimney.

In the midst of discussions, inquiries, conjectures, and reminiscences concerning burning mountains, we suddenly turned down a sort of lane: "This is Pompeii lane," some one observed—all were hushed with expectation; I reflected upon having heard that it was worth coming from London to see this place alone; I thought how much fatigue I had suffered, of home, and of the pains of absence: after a few yards, and a few moments, our carriage stopped, and we alighted; a man dressed as a soldier told us, that he was a Cicero.

We entered at a gate, where were a few soldiers, and we were in the street of tombs. We would willingly have examined the tombs, or any thing that came first, with a young impatience; but we were led to the villa of Diomedes, which is situated without the walls of the city: it is built on the side of a hill; this circumstance favours, and perhaps renders necessary,

two stories; it is, I think, the only exception—the only house with more than one story: it must have been a commodious dwelling; rooms, courts, and passages, grow out of one another with an agreeable luxuriance. In the wall between two small rooms is a small hole; in this hole was found a lamp, and the hole was glazed with a pane of glass: it is a question, whether the ancients were acquainted with glass windows; this, it was said, was a proof that they had them; it was answered, however, that this was not a window, but only a kind of lantern. Our Cicero showed me an exterior window, in which he said glass and frames were found; it may be that he was mistaken. Be this as it may, the structure of the houses in Pompeii, and the climate, do not require glass; they have no windows towards the streets; the courts are surrounded by cloisters, into which the rooms open. It is a common remark, that the rooms and shops are extremely small; I was informed by an architect, that this is a mistake; that he had measured many of them, and that they were of the usual dimensions; and that rooms always appear small when the roof is wanting: I have often observed the same thing in examining the foundations of houses. I stepped some apartments; many were twenty feet square; one, I think in the house of Pansa, was thirty feet by twenty feet. The shops are like those of Naples, and the surrounding towns and villages: they have no

windows; yet the Neapolitans are acquainted with the use of glass; but they have a large door, like a coach-house, and a stone counter: from the grooves in the thresholds it should seem that the doors were not on hinges, but were fixed, like the shutters of our shops.

We returned to the street of tombs, and examined some of those interesting remains; in one tomb was a triclinium for funeral suppers: we laid ourselves up, and endeavoured to comprehend one of the most incomprehensible things in the ancient world, namely, how they contrived to eat when lying up at meals. The couches are not flat, but inclined outwards; the feet, which were outwards, were therefore lower than the head, which was of course within and nearer the table that stood in the middle, and was surrounded on three sides by the couches, the whole apparatus being therefore named triclinium, or a set of three couches; on each couch three persons reclined; if the inequality was further assisted by cushions, it was not quite such a desperate case as it at first appears; but it still seems difficult to imagine how a good dinner could have been made in this posture. The best solution of the difficulty, after all, is the answer of a quaint old schoolmaster to his boys, who inquired of him how the ancients managed to eat, to carve, and to cut their meat, whilst they were lying at supper: "Why, I'll tell you what, my boys," he said; "these Greeks were

such clever fellows, they could do any thing; they would stand upon their heads, and take a roast goose, and help you to a side-bone in a minute; or eat a bason of peas-soup, and not spill a single drop on the cloth!" There is a *trottoir* for foot passengers in all the streets, and stepping-stones at the crossings; all is intended to last for ever; the huge blocks of lava with which the city is paved, are fastened down with large iron wedges. The whole circuit of the walls, three miles and a half, has been dug out by Murat; a judicious excavation; which shows the extent of the city, and affords a measure of the quantity explored. The gates, I think they are four in number, must lead to the principal streets, and serve to guide future inquiries. We regretted that we had not time to make the circuit of the walls.

The more I examined the place, the more inconceivable was it, how such a city could be so buried; the first and lowest stratum that covers it, consists of pumice-stones and ashes; the second, and most fatal, which penetrated every where, was mud and large quantities of water. Vast bodies of water are always discharged in great eruptions; which fact favours the modern theory, that they are caused by the chemical decomposition of water. Pompeii had suffered much from an earthquake; many of the buildings had been injured by it; they were repairing some, and had commenced others anew, when the city was finally de-

stroyed: the earthquake appears to have made the ill-fated inhabitants exceedingly religious, if we may judge from the number of temples they were erecting; but all was in vain.

To those who have not seen the two panoramas of Pompeii exhibited in London, the sight of the city must be more striking; but they are so faithful, so exact, and give such a clear idea of the most important parts of it, that little more is to be learned, as to those portions which they represent, from seeing the place itself. A person, who wishes to believe that the sight of this city alone is worth so long a journey, should not visit the panoramas; or having visited them, he should spare himself the trouble, which is not inconsiderable, of coming here. I would, however, except all such as do not know how to employ themselves in their own country; for to those any suffering is a pleasure; because, however great it may be, it is less than the pains of ennui.

The excavations are slowly continued; a house has been lately discovered, which is called the house of the poet; it is a good house, and has some interesting frescos. That there should be poets in a city without garrets, where all the dwellings are one story high, seems strange; and still more so, that a poet should have a house, and a good one too.

Some public baths have also been lately dug out;

the warm bath; the *sudatorium*, or vapour bath; and the cold bath, are nearly entire: by studying these attentively, much might doubtless be learned, as to the best construction of baths; a subject which, like many others, the ancients understood well, and on which we are deeply and darkly ignorant. The remains of antiquity are the objects of a vague wonder, or playthings for the childish great, but are never contemplated with a view to practical improvement in the arts of life: because men are too apt to overlook entirely what ought to be the end and aim of all knowledge—utility. Warm baths were favourite luxuries with the ancients; the use of them is very refreshing, and favours cleanliness and health; they appear to have been well skilled in the economy of fuel, which is the only expence; and must have been able to heat a large quantity of water with small means; as the low price of admission proves. In some of the baths I remarked, that the floor is raised two feet, and there is a space under it; and the walls are covered with tiles, which are fastened at the distance of about three inches from the walls by a projection in the middle of the tile, which is pierced with a hole for the nail that secures it to the wall; the tiles are then covered with a coat of plaster. A large and handsome brasier, or fire-place, of bronze, was found in the *sudatorium*; it is judiciously suffered to remain there, and it adds to the illusion, and

gives an agreeable reality to the scene. The course of bathing, as is well known, was threefold; first, the warm bath, which cleansed the bathers, and with the utility and comfort of which we are familiar; secondly, the *sudatorium*, the hot, or vapour bath; and thirdly, the cold bath, into which they suddenly plunged to close the pores after they had been opened by the second process: we are unacquainted with the two last operations, but they are practised in Russia, and in the East, it is said, with a beneficial effect.

The tragic and comic theatres, and the amphitheatre, are very entire, and exceedingly interesting; from a rational study of these, and the other ancient theatres, much might be learned to enable us to improve the very defective structure of our own; but so long as the present odious and illegal monopoly is permitted to exist, by the absurd and criminal patience of the public, the theatres in London will continue to be too expensive and too vile to be the objects of great, or frequent interest. For the young, and for persons of a humble rank, no school would be so instructive, as a well conducted play-house; morality can not be taught so impressively and so agreeably in any other method as in a historical, or a domestic tragedy; the public virtues in the former, and the private virtues in the latter: it is perfectly impossible for any being, possessed of moral sense, to witness a good representation of a good

drama, and not to become, at least for some hours, and in feelings and intentions, a better man: nor is it easy to believe that any abuse, imposition, or quackery, would be able to withstand the well-directed satire of free and unrestrained comedy. Yet so powerful is our predilection for misgovernment, that we consent to forego these vast advantages, and, as is usually the case, without conferring thereby a solid benefit upon one single individual.

The temple of Isis is magnified in description; in itself it is by no means remarkable; the staircase, and passage, and the situation of the statue, are pointed out as very mysterious; and it is said, that the priests ascended the secret stairs, and, by means of the secret passage, were able to give out oracles to the people: the structures seemed to me to be ill adapted for the purpose; the present priests of this country gladly seize, or invent, an opportunity to speak ill of their predecessors; but why should they speak ill of them? they surely need not fear them as rivals; and the poor fellows were of the right sort; they died game; they were at dinner in the refectory when the eruption came, and would not leave their meal: their skeletons were found amongst egg shells, and the bones of chickens and of fish. Our Cicero had been in the British service in Portugal, which had opened his eyes a little; he showed me the altars, and said, "Here the priests burned

the bones, and ate the flesh, and deceived the people; the poor world has always been deceived, and priests have always been the same." If these opinions become, as is to be desired, a little more general in this country, the lazy monks will be made useful, and, in spite of themselves, even respectable; they will be employed in scraping the roads and in cracking stones.

We passed from the amphitheatre to the road, remounted our carriage, and continued our journey. The country is fruitful and well cultivated; the poplars are not polled, but are suffered to grow to their full height, and the vines climb up to the top: a very long ladder, and some dexterity, must be necessary to prune them and to gather the fruit. I saw many gigantic vines; the stem as thick as the thigh, or even as the body, of a man, far surpassing the stem of the celebrated and noble vine at Hampton Court, in size: their magnitude justifies what Alcæus writes; that you cannot plant a better *tree* than the vine; the quantity of wood in these would satisfy the word δενδρεον, even in plain prose.

There are some small plantations of cotton near Naples; it is thought that they will not succeed: a boy offered us some of the wool-bearing pods, as a curiosity: I was happy to see a plant to which I am under many obligations; and they are here increased; for I found pillows and mattresses stuffed with the

vegetable wool. I was glad to look at my old friends the poplars, in their utmost glory, spiring up with a prodigious growth, perhaps as large as those at Neuwied; I speak with diffidence, for I did not land there; and a portentous vine ascending each tree; climbing to the very top, and diffusing itself on all sides amongst the branches: an auspicious union, acceptable to the gods; the stately tree strictly embraced by his lovely and fruitful wife. *Hercules bibax* is a favourite device on antique gems: Hercules in conjunction with Bacchus: these trees, by an agreeable emblem, or allegory, brought to my mind the beautiful and affecting tragedy of Alcestis; and particularly the speech, which begins—

Οὗτος, τι σεμνον και πεφροντικος βλεπεις;

and was delivered when the rare and well-requited hospitality of Admetus had warmed with wine the heroic brains of the son of Alcmena.

We ascended gradually to La Cava, where the country is remarkably picturesque; it is said that Salvator Rosa used to study there; from the number of priests we met, and of convents seated on the hills, we concluded that the wine and provisions were good and abundant. We descended more rapidly through a lovely valley; and the gulf of Salerno, which is, perhaps, even more beautiful than that of Naples, suddenly broke upon us.

We arrived at Salerno about five, at an inn, which the sign board designated as the "Nobile locanda del Sole." After some wrangling, the price to be paid for our accommodations was fixed, and we walked out on the beach; it was a fine evening; we talked of the beauty of the scene, and of the noble view that might be seen from the castle, that towers on a mountain behind the town. It soon became quite dark and we returned to our inn. The nature of the roads, the structure of the carriages, the rate of motion, the excitement of so many new objects, the everlasting torment and worrying of the people; some, or all of these causes, fatigue the traveller beyond measure; after a supper by no means ignoble, or unworthy of the noble hotel of the Sun, I retired to a bed sufficiently comfortable, and slept with eagerness and voracity.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13.—The chamberlain of the Sun came by candle-light to wake the dead, who reluctantly obeyed him; the first anxious thought of reviving animation was concerning the weather: in this wonderful climate it is permitted at five in the morning, in the middle of December, to jump out of bed, to open wide the window, and to stand in a shirt and study the weather. There had been a good deal of rain in the night, but the morning was fine. We took a substantial breakfast; and packed up a couple of

roast fowls, bread, and pears, to befriend us in the wilderness. Congratulating ourselves on the clemency of the skies, we continued our course; the lovely bay was on our right, and a fine range of mountains on the left. About a mile from the city, in a garden of orange-trees on our left, we saw, with admiration, a noble date-palm standing proudly as the tree of victory. We met many tall mules laden with burdens, or carrying a wild Calabrian peasant in picturesque attire; the hat is precisely that of the roundheads, and brings to mind the engravings of the trial and execution of Charles I. of the long parliament, and of other matters, when republicanism was so great a favourite in England, that it was proposed to substitute "thy commonwealth come," for "thy kingdom come" in the Lord's prayer. We saw many fine oxen, and many of those ugly monsters, the mis-shapen buffaloes.

The plain became more extensive and swampy, but it is in general well cultivated. Near Eboli we turned to the right, and quitted the high road from Naples to Messina. We passed on the left a hunting palace of the king of Naples, with a pretty little river and a vast forest, said to be full of game—

"Ubi cerva sylvicultrix, ubi aper nemorivagus."

We wished in vain to join for a short time in his pleasures, and to share in his sports. I observed large

thickets of myrtle covered with black berries, and many lentiscks, or mastick-trees. We came to a piece of road, about three miles in length; so bad, that we had some difficulty in getting through it; we passed a wooden bridge over the river Sele, which Murat had substituted for the delays and difficulties of a ferry-boat; we were detained some time in repairing with sods and stones a bridge over a ditch; and in getting the carriage across; having at last succeeded, we went on slowly, and the temples of Pæstum were pointed out to us. About a mile from Pæstum we passed the spot where, by a cruel fate, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were murdered; the robbers had concealed themselves behind the low walls on both sides of the road.

We soon entered the gate of the once populous city of Neptune, and after him called by the Greeks, Posidonia, as Pliny says, "Pæstum Græcis Posidonia appellatum," and Velleius Paterculus calls it Neptunia; the circuit of the walls is still visible; it contains at present three ruined temples, two small cottages, and two large farm houses. The situation is agreeable; about a mile and a half from the sea, in a pleasant little plain, at the foot of lofty and picturesque mountains. The Cicero of the place, a loquacious old man of eighty-four, offered his services, which we accepted; but we entered one of the cottages and first despatched the fowls with an excellent appetite,

and brought the stomach into a state of subordination: so that it not only did not impede, but mainly assisted, our minds in the contemplation of the beautiful.

We walked first to the middle ruin, the temple of Neptune, which is the best preserved; and is, in my opinion, alone, worth the other two, and more besides. Except three or four of the small columns within, the roof only is wanting, which want I regret the more, because this is the part of the edifice that I can least comprehend, and the nature and structure of which I never heard explained. The ground near this temple was thickly covered with the milk-thistle. The end next the sea, about twenty years since, was struck by the lightning, which cracked the pediment, broke off a large piece of one of the columns, and touched one of the inner pillars; it has been carefully repaired; so also have those buildings in Pompeii where repairs were necessary. The low pediment does not destroy and overlay the grand effect of the columns and entablature.

After the temple of Neptune, the basilica and the temple of Ceres are not striking; partly because little of the rest of the entablature, save the architrave, remains; and partly, because the style is less majestic. We may fancy, that a colony of Sybarites did their best for Neptune; that they had vowed a handsome temple, if their voyage was prosperous; that they were

well pleased with the voyage and their new country, and that they showed their gratitude by this noble structure.

Whilst we viewed the ruins, we were attended by a guard of three dirty soldiers, whom we found in the cottage where we dined; they quietly stood by and said nothing, and did not ask for money; but three or four of the inhabitants were most indefatigable in tormenting us for charity all the time; they, most uncharitable souls, had not the charity to suffer us to see in peace what we had come so far to see.

The stone of which these buildings are formed, is as remarkable as the buildings themselves; it is called travertine, and is evidently formed of petrified straws, canes, and reeds; that is, the deposit upon these substances has hardened into most durable stones; the straws, canes, and reeds have perished, but they have left their forms impressed on the stone. Travertine is an indurated, calcareous deposit from water, and has its name from the Teverone, or Anio, near which river it is found in abundance. The ancients called it tiburtine, that is, of Tibur, or Tivoli. Our ultra octogenerian led us to a large pillar near the river, which is an excellent specimen of the formation; the striating, or fluting, of the reeds, may be distinctly traced in many places. The stones are of the colour of cork, and full of flaws and holes, so large that you may put

your hand, or fist, into them; the cork models, therefore, represent these temples, even more faithfully than other buildings. It is said, that the stone was formed in the river. The river may possibly form smaller stones; but it seems impossible, that all should have been taken from the bed of a small stream; many rocks in this neighbourhood appear to be of the same kind. I suppose the geologists have alluvial, and diluvial, waters in abundance, ready to account for this formation, on principles strictly Mosaical; and in a manner that would satisfy not only Noah himself, but Deucalion and Pyrrha likewise; who could make more of stones than any other persons that ever took them in hand:—

"Saxa
Missa viri manibus faciem traxêre virilem;
Et de femineo reparata est femina jactu.
Inde genus durum sumus."—

I tasted the water of the little river; it was extremely brackish: if it was the same in former days, I should imagine, that the Sybarites, who were not *genus durum*, a hard race, legitimately descended from the stones, but a very dainty people, took but little of it.

When we had finished our observation of the Temple of Ceres, we sat on a wall till the carriage came up; the descendants of the luxurious Sybarites kept steadily begging all the time. I questioned one of them, a little boy; he told me, that his name was Hilary, that he was

ten years old, that his father was dead, his mother alive, that he had three brothers and one sister. I had no small money; it had all been begged away long ago; but I gave him a piece of bread, which I had in my pocket; at first he put it into the crown of his puritanical hat; but he soon took it out, and commenced eating it with a tone of feeling that convinced me the boy was hungry, but he did not look miserable. I should have been glad to have learned something of his mode of life; but I got on slowly with his Calabrian dialect, and the carriage soon drove up.

It is generally prudent in Italy, at least for persons who have a prejudice against being starved to death, to carry some bread in their pockets; I have frequently given part of it to beggars as a test, that I might estimate their poverty from the manner in which it was received: I have always found that, however stale it might be, it was an acceptable donation. When I have been at my solitary meal at an inn, two or three famished cats have often come about me, with thin flanks, asking looks, and hungry mewings; if I threw a crust of bread to them, far from rejecting the offer, as in England, they would scramble for it and devour it greedily; wherever I found that the cats would fight for a morsel of bread, I was convinced that there were many empty stomachs near, both of men and animals, and that hunger reigned lord paramount.

When we left the city, one of the soldiers got up behind the carriage to guard us; he continued with us for two miles, and then quitted us without asking for money. A boy had undertaken to conduct us by a road, so as to avoid the broken bridge over the ditch; he took us across fields and over the green corn; but there was no one to complain of our trespass: we avoided the ditch, and at last regained the road. The sun soon set, the twilight was very short, and it became dark, except the bright stars and a clear new moon; to which luminaries we were under great obligations; for we had hardly entered upon the worst part of the road, when the carriage stuck fast in the mud: we got out to lighten it, but the horses were unable to move it; and were so much disheartened, that they would not draw. We pushed behind, assisted the wheels, raised it up, dug away the mud, attempted to turn and to back; changed, and re-changed, and changed again the places of the horses; coaxed and flogged them, and scolded the driver; we tried to find a house, that we might get assistance of men, horses, or oxen—but in vain; we shouted, but in this vast solitude there was no one, friend or foe, to hear. We said that we had paid dearly for the sight of the temple of Neptune, and the rosaries of the twice bearing city, "biferique rosaria Pæsti," and jested about robbers, and considered seriously, whether we should walk on, and leave

the driver, his carriage, and the three horses, to blind Fortune and the three Fates.

After an hour and a half spent in these speculations, and in vain and various attempts, the carriage yielded to a happy and vigorous effort. We were afraid to get in, lest our weight should sink our vehicle into a similar mishap; we walked, therefore, for about three miles, through bad roads, amongst ditches, in mud, over uneven ground, and by an uncertain light; after much wading, stumbling, and perplexity, we at last got upon the hard road, and seated ourselves in the carriage. We were extremely hot in consequence of our exertions, and the heavy dews were falling. We did not relish this chill upon our heated bodies: we spoke of the strange circumstance of these ruins remaining so long unknown, of their discovery, and of its becoming suddenly the rage, and a sort of fashionable disease for all persons, architects or not, to visit them; and of the young couple who fell a sacrifice to this mania. That they should continue so long unknown is the more remarkable, because, as Salerno can be plainly and distinctly seen from the temples, they, of necessity, must be visible from Salerno. In the midst of these discussions, we suddenly bethought ourselves of a small piece of bread, and a very small quantity of rum, that were still left; we divided the bread and drank the little remaining liquor out of the same bottle,

like friends; this refreshment served so well to keep up the vital heat, that we spoke only of the obligations we were under to the moon; that if it had been quite dark, and above all rainy, we must have remained on the road all night: and we speculated upon the interesting topic of a colony of Greeks arriving on the desert shores of Pæstum, and bringing with them the deep sense of the beautiful, which characterized that remarkable people.

We arrived late at Eboli, at a large house that had been lately a convent, with long corridors, and, for bed-rooms, cells: they gave us an eatable supper. The beds in Italy are always good, sweet, and free from vermin, though homely and cheap. A slight iron bedstead of the most simple form—a rectangular frame supported by four legs, all of iron; three or four planks are laid across, and sustain a large bag of canvass, or ticking, filled with the husks of the Indian corn, a rustling bed, but dry and sufficiently soft and elastic, because it is at least two feet in depth; there is a slit in the middle of the bag; and the mode of making the bed is, to thrust in the arm and rout the husks about: it is very common also to borrow a handful to light a fire; a pair of coarse linen sheets, and a quilt, which is really a quilt, that is, wool, or cotton-wool, quilted between two pieces of silk, or more usually calico of a chintz pattern, and a pillow stuffed with cotton, having a

border, or frill, the only piece of superfluous finery, round the edge, like a baby's pincushion, complete the nest—into which I crept, truly and heartily tired, and immediately fell into a deep sleep.

I was entertained all night with a dream, that I was a carpenter and had made a door, so accurately, that I kept fitting together the various parts; taking it to pieces, and joining them again, with new pleasure: if the trade of a carpenter be as agreeable waking as sleeping, it is an enviable employment. A thin mattress of cotton-wool is sometimes interposed between the bed and the sheet with a good effect. I prefer the beds of Indian corn to feather beds; the animal odour of feathers is always more or less unpleasant; the vegetable bed is less heating, more healthy, and its softness is more elastic; I have no doubt, that clean straw would answer the purpose equally well, if put in loosely, and routed about, whenever the bed is made; the stratum ought to be at least two feet in thickness. Our straw mattresses are very faulty; they are not sufficiently thick, they are crammed too full, and there is no aperture for a kind hand to raise the contents: such an obdurate mattress is too often to be found in Edinburgh, where, as if to make it still more unyielding, the name is pronounced with an accent on the last syllable; a plank, so that it be only of deal, is a less uncomplying couch; and less apt, I am disposed

to think, to make the sleeper stubborn and inflexible in argument.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14.—I was roused from my pleasing and harmless vision at an early hour by an old woman with a candle; and was compelled, unwillingly, to arise. We set out immediately for Salerno; there was a certain pleasure in quitting the convent; a very slight acquaintance with the inhabitants of these places renders it impossible to connect other ideas than those of disgust with the sight of any thing monastic. It soon became light; the morning was fine; and we were glad to see, once more, the noble hotel of the Sun, and to enjoy the welcome refreshment of breakfast. We visited the cathedral of Salerno; a barbarous building, with some columns, sarcophagi, and a bason, which were brought from Pæstum; it contains also mosaics, pavements, altars, and pulpits, which some stupid priests said were also from that city; but this seems improbable. We repassed La Cava, and admired again, with increased pleasure, the beautiful scenery.

At Portici we visited the museum of paintings from Herculaneum; these frescos are full of spirit, truth, grace, and beauty; the style of execution often has merit; it is often hasty, and sometimes bad: I am inclined to agree with those, who think that they are

copies of the works of great masters; that the outline was mechanically traced, and the rest filled up, usually by a common artist. It is to be wished, that such a tasteful and agreeable mode of adorning the walls of a house could be adopted in these times and in our own country. One fresco represents the death of Sophonisba; there is a portrait of Scipio, and another head was thought to resemble Napoleon; this was told at Paris, and the imperial baby desired that it should be copied, and the copy sent by return of post; which was accordingly done.

Adventurous persons have asserted, that, because some of the drawings of buildings and scenery are deficient in correctness, the ancients were ignorant of perspective; there are others that prove abundantly, how well they were skilled in it: besides it would be absurd to suppose, that they could attain to such surprising excellence in the fine arts; and to an extensive knowledge of geometry, without acquiring proficiency in an art which is founded on a few simple and evident principles, by no means difficult in application.

The custode told us, that an enormous *fascinum*, which had been found at Herculaneum, was formerly exhibited publicly with the other rarities, until the Queen of Naples one day took offence at the harmless amulet, and declared, that it was an unseemly thing, and that she would break this huge relic of heathen

superstition; but the King, Charles III., would not suffer her, and said: "No: it shall be locked up in a private room; and when great personages come to visit us, we will show it to them:" and this decision prevailed.

We saw the skull of a female, said to be that of the wife of Diomedes of Pompeii; the custode assured us, that her eyebrows might be seen; it was so dark that I did not see them: on the lava, or rather hardened mud, was the impression of her cheek and bosom: my companions instantly began to admire the form of her bosom from the impression which it had made; I could hardly distinguish it: in this instance, at least, I was insensible to the impression of a lovely bosom.

We descended with torches by many steps into Herculaneum; which is chiefly interesting as manifesting to what an immense depth successive eruptions have buried the city in a solid rock. We explored passages that showed us tolerably well the various parts of the theatre; the sound of the carriages over our heads exactly resembled the applauses of the gods in a modern playhouse. We saw the peasant's well, which first discovered the long lost city. We were informed, that the other excavations had been filled up, lest the ground should fall in; as a creep is not thought desirable under the town of Portici, which, with a royal palace and many fine villas, is unhappily situated exactly above

the buried city. The depth of the grave of Herculaneum, and the extreme hardness of the lava, which is excellent for paving roads and streets, must make it a costly undertaking to work this mine of ancient wealth. The covering of Pompeii is shallow, and consists only of ashes, or mud; but unfortunately, it is the least important place; the chief objects of interest having been found at Herculaneum: besides the expense of labour, it is necessary to purchase the ground, which is fertile, and covered with valuable vineyards; and also a place near at hand to receive the earth that has been removed. To disinter an ancient city is, therefore, an expensive work: if these remains were in England, or even if British capital might be applied freely and securely, companies would, no doubt, soon be formed; and the joint-stock resurrection-men would carry on with great spirit the business of snatching the whole body from the tomb: as for the rubbish, the improvements in machinery are so rapid and wonderful, that it will soon be easy to run it up to the top of Vesuvius, and shoot it into the crater from whence it came: the fires of the volcano may be applied to heat the water, and create steam for the purpose; and the silly Vesuvius will thus be made an assistant in the appropriate punishment of being compelled to eat his own dirt.

Having explored the little that Herculaneum affords, we returned to-day, or rather to-night, and soon afterwards to Naples; rejoicing at having executed with such fine weather, and so little difficulty, the journey to Pæstum; which we had all considered the most arduous part of our several schemes. The Neapolitans are fond of good living; the repasts in Naples are plentiful and excellent, and the wine is sound and good; after short commons exhibited in the rough, we were not sorry to regain the luxurious fare of the capital.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15.—It rained furiously all day; little could be done, except some matters of business. We took Forsyth with us to Pæstum; I was disappointed, when I first read this book, which, like many of the works of his countrymen, has been industriously praised and extolled more than it deserves; and in looking it over again, I was even less satisfied with it. He certainly has the merit of sometimes thinking and speaking for himself; but the style is clumsy and heavy; it is the book of a schoolmaster, not of a gentleman. "Joseph," as his biographer familiarly calls him, had not learned the common decencies of life from "the conscientious superintendance of nearly one hundred boarders," (what scenes of blue milk, lean rice puddings, and tough, white-

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grained mutton; of spare diet and salutary coercion; does this canting phraseology present to the terrified imagination!) "at Newington Butts." For the following paragraph, "Joseph" ought to have had one of his best birch rods laid to his conscientious tail:—"Moncenni, the banker's daughter, was married here by proxy, to a rich young man, whom she had never seen, who is imbecile in mind and body, goes sometimes on all-fours, and strangles dogs and cats, and is physically unable to consummate the rite. But that the bride is indifferent about; she told my friend Brown, on the eve of the marriage, that she must first go to Florence to meet her husband, but next day she should enter into all the rights of an Italian wife, and be glad to receive his addresses. The Arciprete Luti, the president of the university, boasted before me, in Sa Catterina Spannocchi's box, of the immoral tie which he had formed in the morning. The bride's mother acted like a procuress to her daughter; I saw her encourage her dalliance with Brown, but complained that English lovers were but birds of passage."—2d Ed. p. 450. If he did not approve of proceedings less square than his own, he ought to have remained at Newington Butts; he certainly ought not to have exposed, and decorated with his own monstrous and absurd exaggerations, the secrets of a society into which he was admitted, and kindly tolerated by the

ladies; and, as it seems, even treated to the play. For this he is not to be pardoned; we can more easily forgive "Joseph" for disliking a joke: when he was introduced to the Cardinal York, the old gentleman observed, that he had often heard in Scotland of second sight, but never of Forsyth (foresight), which was very smart and happy for a king, either real or pretended; but it gave great offence: and it is possible to sympathize in this feeling; for any light jest must grievously annoy a pedagogue, whose proceedings are always heavy, and fundamentally serious.

The King of Naples can trust the Pope; but the Pope will not trust the King of Naples: at Rome I took my place to this city, and paid at once for the whole distance; but here I could only take it with the courier to the frontier, Terracina. It is the present fashion, or policy, of monarchs, to discourage as much as possible commerce and communication. I was informed by a friend, who sent a box of clothes from Vienna to Venice, that he was employed for three hours at Vienna, and went to seven or eight different offices, and paid sundry fees to dispatch it: and that at Venice, when he received his box, he was obliged to undergo the like trouble. The King of Naples has raised greatly the import duties of late. Happily nothing is so likely to bring down a speedy punishment on the heads of tyrants, as the attempt to make their subjects pay

dearly for bad commodities; for no other nation in the world is so patient of taxation as the English, or would calmly bear so much; as for example—to be almost entirely deprived of wine; and to buy any article of extensive consumption at the price and in the manner we obtain our tea. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is conspicuous for illiberality, even amongst the present governors of Italy: he will not permit the Pope's diligences to pass through his dominions.

In the evening I went to the little theatre of San Carlino: the first piece was a serious affair about Sejanus; the diversion of which consisted in imitations of the different peculiarities of the chief tragic actors: as I had not seen the persons imitated, I was not much amused; but there was so much manner and character, that I have no doubt that they were hit off well. Then followed the famous Pulcinella, who was more entertaining; he is a personification of the character of a Neapolitan, as John Bull is of an Englishman: it is hardly necessary to add, that no two characters can possibly be more opposite. The Neapolitans speak so rapidly, so indistinctly, so inarticulately, and so barbarously, that it is extremely difficult, even after a long residence, to comprehend their jargon. If the imaginary character of the people of Naples was unlike the general picture of the English nation, of whom John Bull is supposed to be the type, I nevertheless per-

ceived a striking resemblance between Punch and the ideal picture of an inhabitant of London, a cockney, as represented by Mr. Liston, and other artists: it is easy to believe, that a certain general likeness pervades the inhabitants of populous and luxurious cities.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16.—I rose at half past five to go to Baiæ: the early morning was dubious, and it soon began to rain violently; every appearance was most inauspicious; at last, about nine, our patience was rewarded; it cleared up, and we drove through the grotto of Posilipo. Fish it is said is always scarce and dear at Naples; the inhabitants are particularly fond of eels, and they make a point of eating a vast quantity dressed with garlic on Christmas-day; as the cockneys considered it a duty to have a roast turkey on that day; many are caught in the Lago di Patria; but so great is the demand for them, that they are always dear, especially at Christmas, when they rise to an enormous price. This fish is eaten there as a matter of religion, in order to bruise the serpent's head: yet it is hard to believe, that Eve was misled by the sophistry of an eel!

We soon came to the bay of Puzzuoli, which is very lovely, and observed the isle of Nisita, once a villa of Brutus, now a lazzaretto. The late gale had greatly damaged the road, wherever it passes near the sea. Solfaterra, once the crater of a volcano, and aptly

named by the ancients *Forum Vulcani*, is now overgrown with bushes of myrtle, lentisck, and arbutus; but the earth sounds hollow beneath the feet, and by digging a foot or two in some places, the earth is found to be warm; and in one corner is a tiny volcano, which smokes, and steams, and burns, and fumes with brimstone, and ejects yellow, red, and green matters, poisons, or combustibles: it is, I think, the most curious and the most nasty little thing I ever saw. The mode of obtaining sulphur is easy; they fill earthen vessels with the earth, of which one-third part is sulphur, and placing fire below, it melts and runs off into other vessels: the flour of sulphur forms pretty crystals on the lids of the pots, and on many of the rocks in this volcanic territory.

Of the temple of Jupiter Serapis; the ichnography, or ground plan, remains, and little else; a few fragments, three columns still standing, and some baths; the area was full of water.

After much wrangling, we procured a boat, and embarked; we soon passed some slight ruins of Cicero's villa; a house that had been washed down in the late gale; and Monte Nuovo, a little mountain now overgrown with trees, which an earthquake raised out of the Lucrine lake. We landed near the remains of this lake, which are close to the sea: we soon came to the celebrated Avernus, a lake by no means gloomy, and in a pleasant situation. We entered by torch light a

long passage, called the Grotto of the Sybil, and were carried on the backs of our guides into three little chambers, in which the water was two feet deep; one is called the Bath of the Sybil; there is nothing to be seen in these little dens; it is not agreeable to be carried thus through water under low roofs or rocks; the air is suffocating, and we came out, our faces blackened with the smoke of the torches. I never found any thing remarkable in any of the subterranean places I have ventured into: with Æneas it was otherwise, and Orpheus regained his Eurydice, and, if he had had self denial enough, he might have kept her; but times are much altered; in future, I think I will confine my inquiries to the surface of the earth. We read on the shores of the lake Avernus as much of the sixth Æneid, as has any reference to these regions; but the majestic verses of Virgil do not greatly illustrate the present appearance of the country; and the descriptions of poets are usually vague and indistinct.

We returned to the sea, re-embarked, and landed again at the baths of Nero. Two of my companions stripped themselves, and went to bathe, if it may be so called; they entered the narrow passages, and returned in a few minutes, streaming with perspiration, blackened with the smoke of torches, and highly delighted. The guide, or genius of the place, brought a bucket of the water; it is so hot that the finger is

not willing to remain; and two eggs were boiled in it, or at least cooked sufficiently: they were voted to the bathers by general consent, as a mark of respect for their public spirit, who ate them, and reported that they were very good.

We discharged our boatmen, and walked through a short passage and along a narrow path, which commanded a fine view of the bay and the surrounding country. The late gale had enabled the sea to destroy the road, and to beat down the well-built walls of stone and brick, which had supported it; and to discover some ancient arches and vaults behind, but which were not interesting, and a poor compensation for the loss of the road.

The situation of Baiæ is favourable for those who like to look upon the sea; which I confess I do not; but in the intolerable heats of summer, the sea breeze is without doubt refreshing: the whole side of the hill is covered with ruins, that point out the sites of ancient villas. We entered a miserable inn; the woman who kept it was a victim of the malaria; her countenance had that expression of languor which is said to be always found in persons thus afflicted; she appeared however to be in the family way; but as this appearance was attributed also to her disease, the patient herself was appealed to: the lady told us that the air, although it had much to answer for, was not responsible for this;

she fully exculpated it of the sin of bad taste. Is the air solely to be blamed for the bad health of these persons; do not an unwholesome mode of living, and the continual and excessive filth, in which the wretches live, contribute largely to their maladies? She demanded a high price for some very bad wine, but this might be fair enough, because of the situation: when we passed the door again, she pretended that she had not been paid. This was a sample of that folly and fraud which assist to keep these unhappy creatures in their degradation and misery.

The Neapolitans are sober and without brutality. Had they but drunkenness and ferocious brutality, they would be quite Irish; we find the same dirty, squalid poverty, the same dishonesty and mutual distrust, the same treachery and cowardice, the same unceasing attempts to betray, deceive, supplant, and vilify each other; in short, all the worst vices of savages; and I believe the government is nearly as bad.

We examined the ruins of two or three temples, which have formerly been tolerably handsome; and we crossed the hill to Fusaro. Our time would not permit us to pay the trumpeter of Æneas the compliment of a visit to his promontory; amongst the troop of importunate beggars, who followed us, was a boy of ten years, a victim of malaria; his face was languid, his stomach swollen, and his whole aspect pale and

wretched; his clothes could not be useful as a covering, but only to illustrate the extreme of raggedness. We gave him bread, but his hunger did not seem to be present, as he stowed it away for future use, and money, more than is usually given; but he continued his importunities so as to convert pity into dislike. Thus in small things, as in great, this ill-starred people will not suffer their friends to be their friends; but pertinaciously torment and deceive them into enemies. At Fusaro we found a villa, or hunting box, of the king; a place of no beauty; and a salt water lake. The king was expected on the morrow to hunt; and all the peasants, or bogtrotters, were assembled to drive the game: his sacred majesty is said to be so greedy and selfish, that he will not suffer any one, not even his own family, to shoot in his forests. We bought some of the celebrated oysters from the lake, and sat down on the grass to eat them without the necessary implements, and surrounded by a troop of clamorous beggars: the oysters were salt, and without being large, were very coarse; in London they would be ranked low. Here we found our carriage, which had been sent round; we ascended it and drove to Cumæ, where we saw a grass-grown amphitheatre now buried in the earth. The easiest and the cheapest mode of making an amphitheatre would be to dig a circular, or elliptical hole, and to form the edges into steps for seats,

either of the turf or covered with bricks, upon which chairs, or benches, might be placed for the occasion; the visitors would descend to their places from above, and one or two subterranean passages might be made to the arena: it ought to be on the top of a hill, that the water might drain off, otherwise it would be a pond, and not a theatre: a chalk hill would answer best, because it is perfectly dry; but a good amphitheatre might be carved out of Primrose-hill; excavations at the top of a hill are not expensive, because the earth is easily carried down: at certain seasons labour is cheap; and indeed there are frequently hosts of paupers, for whom it is not easy to devise an employment; with a good plan, that is an exact admeasurement of some one of the ancient amphitheatres, unpolluted by the impertinent alterations of modern architects, the execution would be by no means difficult: the place would be useful for various amusing and instructive representations; and a temporary scaffold might be erected in the arena for dramatic exhibitions. There are many days in the year, even in England, when it is agreeable to sit in the open air.

A lofty gateway, which is called Arco Felice, is a happy piece of brickwork; from the top we gazed on the sea and mountains, and saw a long lake, called Lago di Licola, at our feet; and at a distance, the

larger lake of Patria, which supplies Naples with its Christmas eels; and whither sportsmen repair to shoot wild fowl. Before us was the island of Ischia, celebrated for its wines and figs: I am told that it nearly resembles one of the Greek islands in the nature of the place and the appearance of its inhabitants; I would gladly have visited it; but the shortness of my stay, and the stormy season, would not permit me. The isle of Capri is on many accounts interesting, as well as the coast of Sorrento; but these, and much more, I was forced to forego. We descended from the top of the Arco Felice, and seating ourselves in the carriage, we returned on a most lovely evening to Naples, where we arrived in the dusk.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17.—After bargaining for some time with a charioteer, I got into one of those round utensils, which abound in Naples, and was carried swiftly over the pavement with many a rude jolt, by a single steed; his harness shining with brass, and studded with brass nails, like a trunk, and his head bearing the pheasant's tail. The ascent of Vesuvius has long been a well-organized bore; I had not left Naples before a person got up behind, and asked if "my excellency" meant to ascend Vesuvius, and went on with many impertinent interrogatories; the strict silence of my excellency tired out the garrulity of the

Neapolitan, in about ten minutes he slunk away. We had hardly entered Portici, when a man on a wild pony tried to persuade me to mount it; I was not persuaded; others offered mules, asses, poles, and themselves: when I reached Resina, and the house of the person, who had been recommended as a guide, the yard was full of loud claimants; with some trouble I made my way through them all, and found the guide, who had just descended the mountain; having passed the morning there with a party to see the sun-rise: he put his staff into my hand, and recommended me to his son, who immediately mounted me on a large ass, and we took our way and went slowly up a narrow, stony, steep lane, between stone walls, that enclosed vineyards.

My guide kept up a conversation with the donkey in the asinine dialect of the Neapolitan tongue; which is, perhaps, a dialect of the Italian, which is a dialect of the Latin, which is a dialect of the Æolic, which is a dialect of the Greek, which, with a slight admixture of Pelasgic, is doubtless a dialect of the Sanscrit: this highly derivative language is not wanting in powers of persuasion, especially as the eloquent youth suited the action to the word with a short heavy cudgel; and the very reluctant hearer was induced to step forward with alacrity. My guide attempted to higgle about the reward he was to receive; he also took out bits of stone and offered

to sell them, and to bargain about the price; but, as I had a strange fancy for attending to the objects before me, I would not indulge him with a discourse about value and price. When we emerged from the lane, and turning to the left were really upon the mountain, he was obliged to content himself with telling me the dates of the different torrents of lava.

We crossed the bed of a little torrent of water which had cut through the ground: this, said my guide, is the same robe, without meaning to be figurative, *roba*, which covers Pompeii; the funeral robe and shroud of this unhappy city consists of a deep bed of pumice stones, hardened mud, and ashes. The more recent lava is black, hideous, and rugged; that which had been exposed to the air, for forty or fifty years, was slightly tinged with the first vegetation, a small whitish lichen. At the Hermitage, the hermit, or a man in monkish weeds, came slowly forth and saluted me; I returned his salute; and reflecting that a bore is still a bore, albeit in full canonicals, I turned my donkey's head to the right, and left the holy anchorite in the lurch. We continued our course over a ridge of earth, and afterwards on the lava of the last eruption that had issued from a small crater at the foot of the cone; into which, as my guide told me, a Frenchman, a modern Empedocles, threw himself.

At the foot of the cone we left the donkey in the care

of a boy, and I began to climb on foot: the cone is steep and formed of loose cinders intermixed with some stones; the ascent is neither more nor less than a walk of forty minutes up an ash-heap: the sun shone with great force on my back; and my guide walked before, and implored me, in vain, to take hold of the bridle which he had put round his waist for that purpose. When we had got about half way, we had a very fair prospect of being knocked on the head: a person on the top, who could not go so far out of himself, as to conceive, that a stone thrown from an eminence, where he was placed, might be inconvenient to those below, was amusing himself by throwing stones down the side of the mountain, which set many others in motion; and a hundred large fragments were bouncing, bounding, rolling, and leaping about; there was no cover to shelter us; and it was equally vain to advance, or retreat, as before a cannonade; we shouted as loud as we could and for the present, we could only wait patiently the pleasure of the fool and the stones: we stood quietly therefore a few minutes, wishing that his madness was confined in a madhouse; or, like that of Empedocles, would take a direction inwards towards the crater.

Not having been knocked on the head, we continued our walk, as soon as the batteries had ceased to play, and I reached with much pleasure the summit; and

stood on a ridge of ashes two or three yards wide; and looked into the crater, which was quite clear, but smoking a little in a few small places: it is one mile and upwards across, and three and a half miles round, and of great depth; the walls are perpendicular, and continually falling inwards like the cliffs on the sea shore; portions fell from time to time with the sound of an avalanche; and carried the fancy back from scenes of fire, sulphur, and cinders, to the snow and ice of the glaciers of the Shrekhorn and the Jungfrau. I listened at a crack in the rock, and heard the rustling of fire; a bundle of dry fern, which was thrust in, immediately caught fire and flamed. The footman of an English party eagerly burned the corner of his pocket-handkerchief, as a memorial of the burning mountain; a present for the cook, and a type of the state of his heart; how it is consumed, not at one corner only, but at all four, and with a large hole right through the middle, by the fiercer fires of her more volcanic beauty. I saw some persons on the opposite side of the crater: it is not difficult to walk round it; I suppose one of them was the man of stones. I walked a little way to the right, so as to enjoy the view fully and to see Pompeii, and gazing for some time alternately at the crater and at the prospect of land and sea, and resting after the toilsome ascent, I remained as long as time would permit.

The day was beautiful; several other parties took advantage of it. I found a boy seated at the summit with a basket of refreshments; a small glass of wine and a morsel of bread were not unwelcome after fagging up the cone. The descent is more easy and more rapid; half sliding, half walking, amongst the loose ashes. Having emptied my shoes of various volcanic products, I mounted my ass. As we passed the Hermitage, the hermit made another sally, but was repulsed without slaughter. The vineyards on this mountain produce the Lacryma Christi, a strong, deep coloured, red wine. I discharged my guide and his beast at Resina, and returned to Naples in the circular carriage. Between Portici and Naples I passed a man, who was carrying an enormous bunch of jonquils. At twelve at night the porter of the courier came to take me and my bags to the post-office.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18.—It was a fine starlight morning, but cold: persons who cannot be punctual, whenever they are resolved not to be too late, are much too early; I waited an hour and a half in the cold coachhouse-like office, from which the courier sets out. The delight of priests is to exercise power and to give trouble; here they gratify this propensity, by making the couriers hear mass before they depart: at the unseasonable hour of midnight they make these men go to mass.

If we allowed as much power to this tyrannical order in England, we should find, on going to the Bull and Mouth, one of the guards preaching, on compulsion, a sermon to his fellows; or keeping an act in theology, and maintaining one of the thirty-nine articles against all the objections which the coachmen and horsekeepers could offer, before he was allowed to mount his seat and blow his horn. Why should not the porter at the White Bear in Piccadilly, since we can never have too much of a good thing, as well as the professor of divinity at Cambridge, be, what Dr. Watson called "Malleus Hæreticorum," to contund, pertund, and detund, as with a hammer, all perverse reasoners?

When the mass was said, and the nobler parts of the couriers were in a fit state for travelling, we started; it was a cold, bright, starlight night; the bitter north wind blew into our open carriage; I felt strangely chilled, and my feet seemed to be frozen. We stopped at Capua, but I tasted none of its delights; we were bothered for half an hour about letters and passports; I walked up and down the the street to warm myself. At Naples, the insolence of tyranny respecting passports is at its highest; it requires three days and two piastres to arrange this troublesome business; and they do not content themselves with bedevilling the old one, as elsewhere; but a king, who is kept on the throne by

foreign arms, of which he cannot pay the hire, has the audacious impudence to require that a new and separate passport should be taken out from his own wretched minister. In the morning I discovered the cause of the strange cold I had felt during the night; the King of Naples had sent to the Prince of Lucca two sacks of oysters; the courier, a stupid old man, but meek, civil, and I think not dishonest, had placed them at the bottom of the carriage. The unhappy oysters (one always finds others more unhappy than oneself, which is said to be very consoling) opened their shells in the night, and let out floods of water, so that my feet stood in a pool all night; and my carpet bag, which lay at the bottom of the carriage, was embued with the liquor. I found out this misery too late and too early; too late to remedy the evil, and sufficiently early to waste much time in scolding the dull blockhead my companion. As the haste of the courier was so much greater than his speed, I had only time to swallow a cup of coffee at Mola di Gaeta, and to carry off a piece of bread in my hand.

The country is by no means beautiful on this road, yet the rocky mountains have something picturesque and interesting. Gardening must have been at a very low ebb, when Italy was called the Garden of Europe. Perhaps, there is no country in Europe, save the plains of Lombardy, where there is less garden ground, except

Sweden. We cannot wonder that the vine and olive were called the gifts of the gods, of Bacchus, and Minerva; not only because they are so much superior intrinsically to all other productions of the earth; but because they seem peculiarly a God-send; as they flourish on mountains and barren rocks, where nothing better than pasture for a few goats could be otherwise obtained.

We arrived at Terracina at about five in the afternoon; after the usual folly of passports, and the examination of my little baggage, I was taken to the Grande Albergo, a large new inn, extremely dear, dirty, and, if not absolutely bad, certainly very far from good. My room was within a few yards of the sea; which raged, as it is said usually to rage here at Auxur, and kept me awake, although greatly tired.

Monday, December 19.—It rained violently all the morning; I was not able to see the antiquities, which I was told were not worth staying to see; but staying, they were worth seeing. I took a little turn on the beach, and I observed some pieces of sponges; perhaps one better versed in corallines might have found something of interest. I climbed to the dirty city, and observed in the gardens many fine palms; I found in a small square, an old, ugly, dirty, and barbarous church, or cathedral; which had nevertheless something of barbarous magnificence: they boasted,

in inscriptions, of possessing the bodies of four or five martyrs; and in the portico, to the right as you enter, I saw a large bath, sarcophagus, or soros, of granite, with an inscription, which said, that many of the Christians had been tortured in this vessel before Apollo, and referred to Paulinus, Epist. 12, ad Severum. In his twelfth epistle to Sulpicius Severus, Saint Paulinus gives a tedious description of two churches; but I cannot find any thing in the one cited, or in any other of the letters of this most tiresome bishop to that person, about Christians being tortured, in that, or in any other bath, for the honour, or the diversion, of the God of Day, or any other god or goddess.

At three in the afternoon, I set out with the Roman courier in a less incommodious vehicle, and was hurried over the Pontine marshes in a heavy rain. I had intended to have stopped at Albano; and to have given a day to its lake and interesting vicinity; but the hour and the weather were equally unfavourable; I therefore went on to Rome.

At the gate of Rome, a fellow in a rough great-coat, all dripping with wet, had the impudence to get into the carriage, and to place himself between us; he was an officer of the custom-house; he had been lately appointed, and joyfully informed the courier of the history and particulars of his appointment; he owed it to the interest of a certain Dominican, a great friend

of his mother; I presume, more friendly to his mother than to his mother's husband; he told me that he would not give me much trouble about my luggage; and asked me over and over again, with an earnest and supplicatory solicitude, whether I intended to give him any thing: I assured him that I did, but my assurances did not appease him; he persisted to the last in his anxious inquiries. He did not meddle with my bags; the scoundrel betrayed his trust for a shilling; the Vicar Apostolical himself could not have acted more basely.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20.—We arrived at the post-office at four in the morning; the rain had ceased and the stars were shining; I was glad to get into a hotel and to bed. The day was fine; I set out therefore to visit whatever still remained unexplored.

I entered the pyramid of Caius Cestius by a modern passage; the ancient entrance is narrow, and descends by steps. The sepulchral chamber is painted with some frescos of female figures, which are much defaced. Of the English cemeteries, as they are called, the older contains the tombs of all nations, of many Germans, of a Pole, and there is one epitaph in the Russian language. The more modern cemetery has as yet but few graves: in this, perhaps the most interesting, corner of the most interesting city of the world, it is situated between the pyramid of Caius Cestius and the Monte

Testaceo, within two or three yards of the walls of Rome, in the corner of a ruined tower, of which the narrow limits do not admit intruders, upon ground a little elevated above the rest, some cypresses have been planted and are growing straight and well; they will soon serve both to conceal and to point out the "untimely tomb," where a young poet sleeps; who has happily characterized himself:—

> "By solemn vision and bright silver dream,
> His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
> And sound from the vast earth and ambient air,
> Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.
> The fountains of divine philosophy
> Fled not his thirsting lips; and all of great,
> Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
> In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
> And knew." &c.—*Alastor.*

It is virgin soil; preceding generations have not been buried there; and in digging graves, they do not find skulls and bones, as in other cemeteries; but ancient vessels, marbles with inscriptions, and fragments of columns and capitals: the whole aspect of the place breathes antiquity, and has a classic air. No society of the dead can be more select; they consist of persons, who were snatched away suddenly by fevers in a foreign land; or who had sought relief in vain in a warmer, but less healthy climate; who loved the arts, and the recollections of former times. Some have been the victims of strange accidents; of the two nearest

graves, the occupier of one, a young artist, died suddenly of disease occasioned by his too great zeal in copying and studying, during the heats of summer, certain temples in Sicily; of the other, the youthful tenant had fallen, by his foot slipping into a cascade at Tivoli.

The church of St. Paul without the walls is a fine ruin; the effect of the fourfold ranges of columns must have been very powerful; a wood, or at least a stately avenue of pillars: except this effect, there seems, as far as it is possible to judge from what remains, to have been little to regret; the church appears to have been naked and bare. Whenever a church is burned down, the consecrated sluggards, whose only ostensible business in life is to take care of it, should be heavily fined for their great negligence; so as to put them upon short commons; for a monk can only be addressed through the stomach; where, as in some other animals, that are low in the scale of being, all the organs of sense are concentrated. It is always urged in excuse, that these accidents happen through the carelessness of workmen; but why are they suffered to be careless? why is not one of the idlers placed as a sentinel over them? The undisguised rapacity of the monks is one of the many disgusting traits of which their character is compounded; I gave a piece of money to a man in the dress of a soldier for letting me in, or rather for

letting me out of the church of St. Paul; almost before the money was out of my hand, a monk, who stood by, said to him, "How much?" "So much," answered the soldier: "Very well," replied the monk.

I had seen stuck up all over Rome, side by side with the notices of the translation of Mr. Cobbett's History of the Reformation, an advertisement of a book by one Jabalot, concerning the Jews, and their relation with the Christian world: I met with the pamphlet this evening, and read it; it is a violent tirade against the Jews; the author pretends that the Christian world is in imminent danger of falling under their tyranny; and exhorts all Christians to strive to shake off the Hebrew yoke, and to persecute, as of old, "these Deicides." This wicked production at present excites, even amongst the most bigoted, no other feeling than contempt and ridicule; the Italians nickname the author, by a pun, *Diavolo*. Under the cloak of a religion that commands man to love his fellow, the devilish priests preach hate, inveterate, unrelenting hate.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21.—I rode to the temple of Minerva Medica; a most picturesque ruin; situated in the midst of gardens of artichokes, endive, and fine Roman broccoli; the roof is much cracked, and threatens to fall down.

I had made many fruitless efforts to see the circular church, called S. Stefano Rotondo; and I had consequently seen an antique figure of a ship in white marble, which is near, and is esteemed curious, oftener than I had wished: the only human being I ever found in this solitary district was an old woman, who was passing by one day. I asked her if it was possible to see the church; she answered "Yes, there is a priest to us," "Si c'è uu prete;" and taking up a large stone, she beat the great unpainted wooden gates violently; after continuing her labours for about five minutes, as no one answered, she threw down the stone, and saying, "The priest is not to us," "Il prete non c'è," she went her way. I accordingly gave up all hopes of entering the round church of St. Stephen. To-day, as I was passing, I perceived that the door was open; I walked in, and was gratified by examining this interesting piece of architecture; and amused with the numerous and extraordinary martyrdoms painted on the walls.

As the health of his holiness was somewhat better, the Romans were less dissatisfied with him; he officiated last Sunday in St. Peter's, at the important functions of making, not a saint, because the family of the deceased could not afford to pay the enormous expenses; but a *beato*, a beatified person: during his short pontificate he had already made two full saints.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22.—It is pleasing to wander about Rome, because one is sure to meet with something to engage the attention, and to occupy the thoughts; and an object is more engaging, when stumbled upon unawares, than when regularly hunted out. This morning I went to put a letter in the post; and wandering to the Pantheon, I found, as I read an inscription, the monuments of Raphael and of Hannibal Caracci. I spent some time in the Vatican; the galleries were filled with immense swarms of pilgrims; the smell of these devout people was quite appalling; one of the best of the institutions of the ancients has been the least imitated—public baths; it would be a great blessing to the human race to diminish the mass of noisome effluvium that must necessarily be inhaled by poor suffering mortals during the long pilgrimage of life. Many of the girls were pretty, and had a simple, modest look; and many of the dresses were picturesque. The men seemed to be attentive to the surrounding objects, and inquisitive: they asked the names of various things with much freedom, but of course were quite incapable of understanding the answers. I am told that it is not permitted to make notes in the galleries of the Vatican, or to copy any thing; because, it is said, they have been published by the government, which desires to have an odious monopoly. In Naples, on the con-

trary, I was informed that nothing may be copied; because the works have not yet been published.

The Vatican and Capitoline Museums are only open two days in the week, on Monday and Thursday, a shameful niggardliness:—Why are they not open every day? It is to be lamented, that works of art have, by a strange error, been hitherto considered, not as the possessions of the public, but as the private property of princes: they are accordingly exhibited in a sparing manner for ostentation rather than use: the most powerful feeling that fills the mind when contemplating the precious remains of antiquity, is usually a strong wish that they were in better hands.

I found St. Peter's hung with crimson damask, the leavings of last Sunday's spiritual debauch, the beatifications: the effect was rich and handsome. The breadths of the silk are marked out and joined together by a yellow list; on the pilasters these lines correspond with the flutings; but on the frieze they are mischievous, as they are perpendicular, and consequently disturb the lines of the entablature, which are all horizontal.

The beatified person was a Capuchin; and I was informed, that at the Capuchin Convent, on Sunday evening, the Capuchins might be seen firing little cannons, but with a ludicrous attention to their own safety, in honour of the new saint, or beatified spirit,

and of their own order. The life of this person had been printed, and was distributed to those who attended the ceremony; I did not find any thing in it to contradict the assertion, "that a sour retreat from mankind, a fiery zeal against heterodoxies, a set of chimerical visions, or of whimsical penances, are generally the qualifications of a saint. It is the policy of the Roman church not to allow the honour of canonization ordinarily, until fifty years after the death of the person who is candidate for it; in which time it may be supposed, that all his contemporaries will be worn out, who could contradict a pretended miracle, or remember any infirmity of the saint." The standing order respecting the time of the admission of the Capuchin into heaven had been strictly complied with; and the scene of his miracles was also chosen at a convenient distance, in an obscure place in the remote and uncivilized district of Calabria.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23.—I applied at an old convent, or rather charity school for little girls, in a street behind the ruins, and after a long search for the key, I was permitted to go on the top of the Temple of Peace; the ascent is by stairs, and is commodious: there is a large space at the top, overgrown with grass and bushes, and covered with a profusion of jonquils, and

narcissus in full flower; my guide soon gathered for me a large handful, both white and yellow, and extremely fragrant. It commands a fine view of the Forum and of the adjoining district. There was a considerable piece of ground belonging to the convent, inhabited by large quantities of cocks and hens; and planted chiefly with artichokes—a favourite article of food in this city; where they eat, not only the parts which we consider esculent; but they stew, fry, and cook, in various ways, the stalks and leaf-stalks. I observed growing against a wall, a great many enormous lemons; they are called citrons, and are singularly handsome; they stand in the same relation, as to size, to the lemon, as the shaddock to the orange.

I visited the baths of Titus, and the palace of Nero; extensive and well preserved ruins; consisting chiefly of large arched halls: much has been excavated, and many fine things found; amongst others, the famous Laocoon; much still remains to be excavated, and I hope, also to be found. On the roofs are some arabesques in fresco; from them it is said that Raphael took the idea of his *loggie*, which, indeed, exactly resemble these ancient paintings; from some fragments which I examined, they appear manifestly to have been stencilled from designs full of spirit and grace; this mode, therefore, of adorning the walls must be

easy as well as beautiful; it would be well, instead of bestowing so much useless wonder on such things, to try to imitate them.

There is still some conversation and vague speculation respecting the projects of changing the course of the Tiber for a time, and exploring the bed of that river, as there seems to have been in the days of Addison; who writes—"The great magazine for all kinds of treasure is supposed to be the bed of the Tiber. We may be sure, when the Romans lay under the apprehensions of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy, as they have done more than once, that they would take care to bestow such of their riches this way as could best bear the water - - - - - - At Rome they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river, that the Jews have formerly proffered the Pope to cleanse it, so they might have for their pains what they found in the bosom of it. I have seen the valley near Ponte Molle, which they proposed to fashion into a new channel for it, until they had cleared the old for its reception."

The day had been wild, unpleasant, and threatening; at noon it began to rain in torrents, and continued all day; many of the spouts poured down more water into the streets, and from a greater height, than some renowned and much visited waterfalls; and some of the

flooded streets were more formidable and less fordable than the Arno, and certain often-sung Italian rivers; and had more curling waves than they shed from their scanty urns. The umbrella is in general use in Rome, even amongst the most simple rustics; its form and structure tend to show, that it is not of modern introduction; unlike the horse with his tail tied to the manger, its head is not where its tail should be, that is, when folded up, it is carried, as anciently, erect, and not inverted, according to the modern fashion, with its apex turned towards the earth: when it is open, it is much expanded and nearly flat, like a fully ripe mushroom, that is black in the gills, and familiarly called a cat-supper, or ketsupper: it is covered with coarse oil-cloth, and there is neither brass, nor whalebone in its composition; as the framework is all of light wood, perhaps of willow, fastened together in the same manner as in a certain convenient kind of reel, or winders, it is neither very heavy, nor very elegant; but if of a sufficient diameter, it is doubtless a very efficient protection from the rain; and will keep the artless swain, who puts his trust in it, perfectly dry.

I passed some time in the palace of the Conservatori in the capitol; I observed, amongst many other interesting objects, the bronze wolf, which was formerly in the temple of Romulus; and which is said to be the

same that was struck by the lightning on the day of the death of Julius Cæsar, when—

> "The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."—

The marks of such an accident are visible on the hind legs: the Fasti Consulares, or rather, the remains of them, which are fastened in the wall of one of the apartments; and frescos of Pietro Perugino, showing some of the acts of Hannibal. Prodigies precede the birth or death of warriors and conquerors only; but not of artists, great in other and more useful callings. When the man of blood comes into the world, or quits it, there is a shower of stones: Why did it never happen before the nativity, or decease, of some eminent tailor, to rain bacon and greens incessantly for three successive days?

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24.—I explored the church of St. Theodore, formerly the temple of Romulus; a curious, little, round old place, with ancient bronze doors; the tribune is adorned with an antique mosaic, the row of sheep at the bottom of which is remarkable. The Orti Farnesiani have a good view of Rome; considerable ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, and the baths of Livia; in which an old woman lighted a taper at her chafing dish of earthen ware, stuck it in the usual manner at the end of a long cane, like a fishing

rod, held it up to the roof, and showed me some arabesques, like those in the palace of Nero, and the *loggie* of Raphael.

St. Sabina, on the Aventine Mount, is a large church, with some good antique columns; a quiet cat was straying about the empty building; and a woman at the door was nursing a child, and at the same time knitting; she was a chatty person; and her story, with some slight variations of time, place, rank, and other unimportant circumstances, resembled that of Dido, as related by Virgil; and by another great poet, more briefly thus:—

"Queen Dido at her palace gate
Sat darning of her stocking O!
She sung, as she drew the worsted through,
Her foot the cradle rocking, O!
What a fool was I to be diddled by
A lad without a sixpence, O!" &c.

From the neighbouring priory of Malta is a superb view of Rome. It seems strange that the weather should be so mild when so many of the neighbouring mountains are white with snow. Soracte was not one of these; but I have been informed by persons who have resided in Rome, that they have seen that mountain, once sacred to Apollo, as white as the rest; that this occurs about once in five years; it is consequently a sign of unusual severity in the winter; and an urgent reason for Thaliarchus to dissolve his cold; to make a

large repository of wood on the hearth; to draw forth, with uncommon benignity, the unmixed four years old wine; and to permit the Gods to take care of all *et cæteras*.

I observed a fine palm tree near the church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, but not so large as those at Naples, Terracina, and Salerno: the church is illustrious, because it is the depository of the gigantic statue of Moses; it is impossible to deny that this work of Michael Angelo has a certain sublimity, or that it is too much like a huge goat; it is too hairy even for the abstract idea of the utmost perfection of hairiness; and taking the horns into account, the similarity to that animal is remarkable. The picturesque style in painting is susceptible of great excellence; but it cannot exist in sculpture. Michael has attempted it in this instance, and has failed. I observed some monstrous disproportion in the figure; I think between the thighs and legs, or in the smallness of the feet.

At three in the afternoon we set out in a coach for St. Peter's; a great stream of people was flowing in the same direction; and we found an immense crowd in the Piazza di S. Pietro, which had a fine effect: from the great magnitude of the buildings, the people looked like insects, like bees before a hive. Although the crowd was immense, the persons seemed to be comfortable, and at their ease; a lady might have

passed through the midst in a gala dress without disordering herself; it is only in London that great crowds are distressing; because in London we have the worst police in the world: with just enough power and activity to be a nuisance to every one, but without power or activity enough to protect any one: they seem likewise studiously to strive to make large assemblies intolerable, with the purpose of causing it to be believed, that popular governments are also intolerable. The crowd had collected under a supposition, that part of the ceremonies were to take place on the outside: it may be, that this supposition was encouraged by the authorities; and that the crowd was collected under false pretences, which must ever be dear to, and fondly cherished by, ecclesiastical rulers.

I entered without difficulty; and through the kindness of a diplomatic friend, and by his assistance, I got an excellent post immediately opposite the throne intended for his holiness. The ceremony was to take place in the portico; it is ill suited for the purpose; being long and narrow, or rather, perhaps, wide and short; when I am Pope, and close the holy door, I will close it on the other side, so that all persons in St. Peter's will see the solemnity; which I doubt not will be a popular measure. When I arrived, the place was already filled with Swiss guards, ecclesiastics, ambassadors, and ladies: the male spectators were chiefly

English. The loss of England was a cruel loss to the holy see; no nation is so apt to be gulled by quacks of all kinds; in no country had the church so much power, or such inordinate possessions; if the holy father is acquainted with English affairs, and knows how grossly the majority are still duped by the various impudence of sectarian jugglers, his heart must bleed, when he reflects, that our loyalty is even greater than our credulity, and that we were accordingly all converted and reformed, when our king, the first defender of the faith, commanded us. Bishops and cardinals dropped in; the latter had white robes, and white mitres, emblems of their innocence, and the purity of their intentions. A Greek bishop, I think of Dalmatia, was the bear of the party, and the beauty of hairiness.

At four punctually the sound of trumpets was heard; a procession issued from the church, passing through the holy door; in the midst was the Pope; he was also clothed in white, and wore a gold mitre, or fool's cap, than which nothing can be imagined more ugly; he seated himself on his white throne, and remained quiet for some minutes; he was greeted with loud hisses, which are here a token of respect, and command silence. He then descended and performed some ceremonies; I did not distinctly see them; but if they were not childish, foolish, and unmeaning, I beg pardon of his holiness, for forming an erroneous estimate of their

importance. He returned to his throne; there was some music: I must say, that the old gentleman did all in his power to make himself agreeable: he read us some prayers, and even sung us a song, attempting at the end a regular flourish, than which nothing could be worse; whether his infallibility extends to chess, backgammon, and whist, I cannot decide; it certainly does not include vocal music. I sincerely pitied the poor old man; he looked the picture of death, and had been raised from his bed to personate St. Peter, to deceive nobody, and to make a few English stare: he appeared to sink under the weight of his robes; his cumbrous mitre oppressed his aching head; he raised his heavy eyes, and his bloodless hands, and seemed to say,—how painful are hypocrisy, folly, and fraud, to a sick and dying man: Why had he not strength of mind to strip off his gilded trumpery, and standing up in a plain black coat, to say—may God bless you all, good people, and forgive me; I am sick and tired of the cheat, let me go home, and lie in bed, and cower over the fire, till I die? The cardinals came about him in a fawning manner, and changed a part of his dress.

As to the closing of the door, we were somewhat disappointed; we had expected to "hear a trowel tick against a brick:" the Italians are, and always have been, unrivalled masons; and we hoped to have seen the Pope, with native bricklaying genius, boldly smack

the mortar on the holy threshold, plant a brick in the midst of it, loudly knock it into its place with the handle of his trowel, and then, with the point, neatly shave away the projecting mortar, and so on, *toties quoties*; applying from time to time the plumb-line, with the knowing look of a master mason, to see that all was square, until the holy aperture was rendered impervious by a fair brick wall. But alas! we beheld only the feeble pottering of an impotent and fumbling old man: he blessed the golden trowel with its handle of mother of pearl; he blessed the mortar, he blessed the bricks; the poor old creature blessed every thing that came in his way; but whoever wished to build, either a pig-stye, or a wall, would choose a workman, who blessed less, and effected more. He contrived to lay three bricks in the holy door-way, using his mortar sparingly, as if it had been lip-salve; the door was then closed symbolically, a white satin curtain decorated with a cross in golden embroidery was drawn over it; it was like the rest, a type, that is, a falsehood. The stopping up the extraordinary road and short cut to divine favour was announced by the firing of cannon, whether in token of joy, or sorrow, no one, not even the gunners themselves, knew. The holy father returned to his throne, and with much theatrical gesticulation, gave us his blessing; which concluded the business. I had heard it remarked by others, and on

this occasion I remarked myself, that the papal ceremonies do not terminate gracefully; the actors do not go away in procession; but after looking at one another for some time, they slink away, as if ashamed.

In returning to our carriage, we had an opportunity of observing an instance of the ignorance of the Pope's soldiers of the effect of the bayonet on the human body, and of the use, or even the abuse of arms; one of them held his musket in a horizontal position with the bayonet fixed, and was punching a woman, who had intruded, in the ribs with the but-end, and the bayonet was playing about backwards and forwards in the crowd: happily, although the holy door was shut, there was still some grace, or good luck, left in the world, and the dangerous weapon did no harm to any one.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25.—I was foolish enough to walk at one in the morning to the church of S. Maria Maggiore, in the belief that some fine ceremonies were to be performed there at that early hour. I found a few pilgrims lying on the steps, huddled together like sheep, the church being shut, and four or five carriages filled with gullible English. The night was cold; the sky threatened rain; after waiting for some time, I inquired of a woman, what was doing; she said, that they were making a baby Jesus, a *Gesù Bambino*, in

the church, and that it would not be open till three; this kind of baby making seemed cheerless and ungenial; from the small number of persons assembled, and the absence of all preparation, I judged that the ceremonies would not be in every sense imposing: my zeal waxing cool, I thought it advisable to go home and warm it in bed. The church was open all night until lately; but, as it was imperfectly lighted, certain Christians could not be content with types and figures; and their souls seeking after sensible objects, they attempted to make babies there in a manner, perhaps, nearly as mysterious, but much less mystical; genuine piety being, on the whole, no gainer by this arrangement, the church is now shut, until the religious operations actually commence.

It was a fine day; I repaired at eleven to St. Peter's, to witness the papal benediction: the Piazza di S. Pietro, the large open space before the church, was filled with spectators; the *loggia*, the gallery, or box, over the principal entrance had been lined and fitted up with crimson, and a large sail or awning was extended above and in front; some men and cardinals were there. At noon, punctually and precisely, the persons in the box were in motion, and presently the Pope appeared, borne aloft on a litter; he was dressed in white satin robes, and wore the tiara, or triple crown, as king of earth, of heaven, and of hell—of all three equally no

doubt; there were two large white fans, like the tails of white peacocks, one on each side of him: the whole appearance had much of barbaric magnificence. He remained perfectly still a few moments, then crossed himself slowly and with much action; and pulling up his petticoats majestically, he rose gradually to a great height; I should imagine that he contrived to get up backwards into his chair, and to stand where he had before been sitting: his manner of rising had a grand effect; if I were a player I would study this stage trick; it would be of great use in the way of my trade. It was a commentary on the passage in the Hymn to Ceres:—

——Και ῥα μελαθρα
Κῦρε κάρη————

"Tra.em-tecti tetigit capite."

A god, or goddess, used to enter a man's house by the door, like any other body, without stooping; and when he had entered, his head seemed to touch the ceiling of a lofty hall. Having thus risen to a god-like stature, his holiness gave the blessing with much solemnity and theatrical gesticulation; two papers were thrown down; some say, that they were the bulls of indulgence for lent; others, for concluding the holy year; and he was carried away. The cannons from the castle of St. Angelo fired a salute. The benediction is certainly a striking ceremony; I had never before seen a man so

much élevated above his fellows with a glorious majesty.

I had heard yesterday evening, that the nightly ceremonies in the church of S. Luigi dei Francesi were to be very splendid. In order to judge how much I had lost by not going there, I visited the church this morning; a great quantity, perhaps three chests, of candles were lighted up at the altar; I observed nothing else that was remarkable.

With the same view, I went at three in the afternoon to the church of S. Maria Maggiore; it was very full and lighted up; a little miserable old cardinal, and a few other persons, walked in procession. I saw a piece of plate, which I should have called a silver soup-tureen, on the altar; instead of a crest, there was a small figure of a babe on the lid; they called it a cradle, and a manger; it was better suited for a man to eat out of, than an ox, or an ass; it had been brought out of the chapel in which it is kept, at three in the morning, and was to be taken back with a like procession this evening. There was some good music; a *musico* sung some difficult pieces extremely well, with a fine, unnatural voice. As I had preferred my bed to seeing the tureen brought out, so I preferred my dinner to seeing it put up again.

The ceremonies in Rome at Christmas, like many

other much vaunted things, are but trifling: I am sure that Christmas-day causes a greater sensation, and that more is done and suffered, even putting the turkies out of the question, in London on that festival, than here, in the metropolis of Christianity.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 26.—The Vatican Museum is open only two days in the week, and is shut on feast days; of which this is one. It is a pity that the antiquities and the curiosities of the world should be in the hands which hold the golden keys. Why are not the galleries open every day? It is said that it would be inconvenient to the Pope, who resides in the Vatican; then let him live in the Quirinal, or some other palace; or let him take a lodging, furnished, or unfurnished; it is of no importance to the world that the infallible old gentleman should live in the Vatican;—that they should see its precious contents is of the greatest.

I visited the collection of an artist, Cammuccini; his pictures are made the most of, and are varnished to the utmost; he has some excellent works; and they are shown to visitors with much civility and liberality. I tried to ascend St. Peter's; but in idle, dilatory Rome, it is always necessary to apply twice at least: they told me to come again at two.

Meanwhile I walked to the palace of Spada, and

saw there in a dark, damp, dungeon of a room, the statue of Pompey, at the base of which Cæsar fell.

> "And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
> Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell."

"But when he saw Brutus's sword drawn, he covered his face with his robe, and quietly surrendered himself, till he was pushed, either by chance, or by design of the murtherers, to the pedestal on which Pompey's statue stood, which by that means was much stained with his blood; so that Pompey himself may seem to have had his share in the revenge of his enemy, who fell at his feet, and breathed out his soul through his multitude of wounds."—*Plutarch.*

The woman, who showed the place, told me with breathless hurry, that it was the statue of Pompey, that the French had cut off the right arm, that the Prince Spada would sell some reliefs, which were placed against the wall, for five thousand crowns; and thrust a sort of placard into my hand with a notice to that effect; from the appearance of the premises, I inferred that the prince does not find a ready sale for his reliefs, the most beautiful in Rome, as he calls them in his puff; and that he has lived for some time on water gruel; so let him live.

I climbed to the church of St. Peter in Montorio, which commands, I think, the best view of Rome;

it was a beautiful day, and I feasted my eyes for a long time with the lovely sight: Rome on the 26th of December was as free from smoke, as if there had been no city, but meadows, or corn fields, where it stands. The absence of smoke is very agreeable; but I must confess, that the absence of fire, which causes it, is not always equally pleasant. A city, where in every sitting-room, and in many bed-rooms, there is a good fire, and in every kitchen a large joint of meat roasting and a pot boiling, must, of necessity, be wrapped in a cloud of smoke; but the capital, in which a room with a chimney is a rarity, and in which only a few pounds of charcoal are consumed in a day by the whole population, to take the chill off the water, that is to pass for soup, to stew the stalks of an artichoke, or to fry an egg, may well be clear and transparent, as a dew-drop; as exempt from soot and all traces of fire, and from all hurtful excess in eating, as the snowy summits of the Alps, or the open sea.

I went out of the city by the gate of S. Pancrazio, and turning to the right, passed close under the walls and entered by the gate Cavalliggeri; this walk gives an excellent view of St. Peter's.

I returned to St. Peter's, and after waiting for some time, was at last permitted to ascend. The holy door had already been walled up and plastered over; and a stone, which records the opening and shutting, had

been placed over it; and the stone, which told of the like events having happened fifty years before, had been removed, to be placed, like an old family picture, in the garret. I actually met with the former records; they were fixed in the wall of the staircase leading to the top of the church, where, amongst other royal lumber, was a tomb containing the heart of one Clementina, a Stuart and a queen.

The ascent to the top of the body of the church is easy and commodious; so easy, that it would be possible to ride up, or down, on a donkey. The roof of the church is a pleasant promenade; it is covered, not with lead, slates, or tiles; but with brick-work, a stone pavement, or terras: it affords a fine view of Rome, and of the adjacent country. The ascent to the top of the cupola is less convenient; the stairs are extremely narrow, by reason of the proximity of the outer and inner cupolas; one part especially, is of a curious construction, but not incommodious; it may be termed Jacob's Ladder; the young female pilgrims were the angels, and it was indeed an angelic sight to stand at the bottom whilst they were ascending and descending in lovely flocks.

The cupola is covered with lead; many pieces are of the colour of copper; I was desirous to know which of the two metals it was, as it has been the subject of dispute and controversy. There were such crowds of

pilgrims, who were admitted like myself, *gratis*, that it was difficult to ascend and descend; I wished to go up to the ball; but so great was the concourse, that it would have been a most unpleasant undertaking; I waited for some time, and like many others returned, *re infectâ;* we lost only the satisfaction of saying, that we had been in the ball; and of perceiving actually, what it is not difficult to believe, that, like other things, it is much larger when seen near, than it appears to be at a distance.

The temperature of St. Peter's is agreeable; when you enter at this season from the open air it feels warm.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27.—As it is the fashion to go to Tivoli, I felt myself bound to follow the fashion; I was called at half past five, and set out at six, alone, in a carriage open in front, on a bright moonlight morning. We drove through the quiet streets of Rome, and were detained a few minutes at the gate of S. Lorenzo, until it was opened. When we had got a little way out of the city, it became light; it was intensely cold, and there was a thick fog; it would be difficult to conceive a more disagreeable morning; and, as the event showed, a more changeable climate. We set out with every sign and every promise of a fine day; before we had got half way, it began to look black on the right: the clouds gathered, and it rained

in torrents. The road was abominable; in many places nearly impassable; the driver wished to turn back; but I was resolved to see Tivoli. We had passed the ruins of some ancient tombs, and a few farm houses, the very pictures of squalid horror and miserable poverty; the country was black, ugly, and barren, or fertile only in weeds. We crossed a little river of Harrowgate water, the sulphureous smell of which might be perceived at a distance; it was perhaps four yards wide, and was running swiftly; the water was of a fine blue colour.

At ten I arrived, cold and comfortless, at a dreary inn in Tivoli, and was glad to take such a breakfast as the place afforded. I had anticipated seeing the wonders in the midst of torrents of rain; but just as I set out, it began to be fair, and I had a walk of three hours, by a sort of miracle, without wet. We visited the temple of Vesta, a beautiful ruin; the grotto of Neptune, and the various points for viewing the cascades: I desired my Cicero to show me every thing; and I believe he did as he was desired. They had commenced excavations at the villa of Plancus, where are considerable ruins; a church, or chapel, is said to occupy the site of Horace's villa; it is a pleasant spot. The distant view of Rome is interesting, and of the sulphureous lake, which, it is said, produces floating islands. The *cascatelle* are peculiarly elegant; indeed

the Teverone, or Anio, is unrivalled in the formation of various and beautiful waterfalls: the ground is picturesque; every turn presents a new point of view. The extensive ruins of the villa of Mæcenas command a noble prospect, especially the terrace; which, if it be so engaging on a wet, foggy, winter's day, must be extraordinarily delightful on a fine, clear, serene, summer's evening. The waters of the Anio, like those of the yellow Tiber, were of the colour of strong coffee with plenty of milk in it—*caffë au lait*.

Tivoli swarms with beggars; and from having been always a show, and the resort of strangers, the people are demoralized, and have lost all respect for themselves, or for others. How much this place, like most others here, loses by not being seen in its native simplicity; the manners of Italy are unfortunately those of a harlot; she is beautiful, but, to a feeling mind, almost intolerable. The day was too short to afford me time to visit the villa of Adrian; I relinquished it with regret; but I was afterwards told, that I did not omit much that was important; it is a vast, but not a very instructive, mass of ruins.

As soon as I mounted my carriage to return, the rain recommenced; the road had always been bad, but in consequence of the deluge, it was now much worse; we were continually in danger of being overturned; at last, about three miles from Rome, one wheel being

on a piece of hard road, the other on mud, soft to an infinite depth, the vehicle turned over and laid itself on its right side: the driver was rolled off his box, and covered with mud; for his face and hands he appeared to care little; but for his brown cloak lined and embroidered with green, he evidently felt deeply: I remained in the fallen carriage, and placing my feet where my cheek had lately been, I stept out. Some muleteers, who chanced to be at hand, with some difficulty, and with many efforts, restored the vehicle to its erect condition: one of them replaced the cushions, and a rope, which had been in the seat, and had fallen out; facetiously observing, with a significant gesture, but a grave aspect, as he put the rope in its place, that we had very precious luggage. I resumed my seat, and we entered the eternal city in the dark, at half past five.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28.—This day was spent in making calls, and in other preparations for leaving Rome. It was a fine day. In walking home at one o'clock, on a fine light night, for a considerable distance, and through the most frequented parts of Rome, I did not meet one individual.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29.—The most painful part of travelling is, that one makes acquaintance with

amiable and interesting persons, and is soon obliged to leave them without any early, or even reasonable prospect, of seeing them again. I was conducted to the post-office by a most friendly escort; and at four in the afternoon, I quitted Rome with the courier, perhaps, for ever. We were jolted cruelly over the uneven road, and were guarded, in many places at least, by two dragoons, who rode by the side of the carriage; in going to Naples and in returning, one had been thought a sufficient escort. My companion was a tall, handsome young fellow; I asked him some question respecting his business as courier, which set him off; he discoursed all night about the arrangements of the post-office in the papal states, with great fluency, and the most surprising vehemence and action.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30.—I had passed in the dark, the only part of the road which is said to be interesting, the lake of Bolsena; at day-break we came to *Acqua Pendente*, "hanging water," as the small town is called, with a classical simplicity, because there are some fine waterfalls near it. Here we changed carriages and couriers; I found an open inconvenient carriage and a dull heavy courier: here also I was allowed a moment to swallow a cup of muddy coffee and a little biscuit. A journey of twenty-eight hours, in the depth of winter, without more rest or refreshment than this, is too

large a demand upon poor human nature. The whole distance from Rome to Sienna is hilly; the number of our cattle varied from two to six horses. About Radicofani, the country is wild and rocky; it reminded me of Stanmore. We passed some coffee-coloured rivers, which I suppose in summer are dry. Soon after entering Tuscany, the fertile mountain named Monte Pulciano, is seen on the right; once famous for producing wine, which the poet and physician Redi calls the king of every wine, in the well known line—

"Montepulcian che d'ogni vino è ilre."

The vineyards were the property of the Jesuits, and were sedulously cultivated by them: since the suppression of that learned and pains-taking order, the fame of the wine has gradually declined; and, like many other excellent things, it now lives only in verse. Our post-boys were strange figures, I think the oddest specimens of that odd animal I ever met with; one of these parasitical creatures, beings that dwell only upon the bodies of others, troublesome insects that infest the back of the horse, as I have no doubt the naturalists amongst horses, if such there be, define them, amused me this afternoon; he was a supernumerary, and made an irregular demand for a fee, which is only given to the true postilion; I shortly answered him with a negative, which displeased him much; if I would not give him money, I might do the next best thing—

wrangle with him: he said in a great rage, "No, No! You answer, No, No! Why will you not dispute with me? You sit up there looking as majestic as if you were the Emperor of Austria—you might at least be angry with me!"

At half past seven I arrived at the Aquila Nera, in Sienna, cold, famished, and beyond measure weary. Nothing can be more cheerless than to arrive thus at an Italian inn; or can afford a more complete contrast to every thing which one finds in a comfortable house in England, and would desire to find every where. The rain fell in torrents all night.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31.—The morning was unpromising; but it cleared up, and became a fine day; I went forth to see Sienna. In the church of the Dominicans is an ugly painting on wood, of the date of 1221, by Guido of Sienna; and a fresco of Sodoma, in which a group of three females in white garments, one of whom is St. Catherine fainting, is very striking. The building is more like a vast refectory, or college-hall, than a church.

The Gothic cathedral is a complete magpie, being built of black and white marble both within and without; but it is a handsome magpie; the effect is fine and striking; it is rich in pictures, statues, and reliefs. The celebrated pavement, by Beccafumi, is very re-

markable: the best portion is covered with boards to preserve it; and a part only can be seen as a sample of the whole: instead of the boards it would be much better to put low rails round it, as they defend, but at the same time exhibit, the ancient tessellated pavements in museums; there would be ample space for persons to pass and repass at the sides on those parts of the pavement, which are not covered at present. I took notice of the monument of a lawyer, one Malavolta, "bad-turn;" the inscription boasted that he had made more money by his profession than any other person: four bas-reliefs represented him sitting in his chambers, reading his briefs and answering cases; in one, the learned gentleman was mending his pen. Adjoining the cathedral is a sort of sacristy, I think they called it *la libreria:* it is adorned with paintings in fresco by Pinturicchio; the first of the series is said to be by Raphael, and there is a figure of a youth riding a chesnut horse, which is said to be a portrait of that painter; they tell the life and death of Æneas Sylvius, Pope Pius II. who was a native of Sienna, and are as fresh and fair as if they had just been completed.

The Palazzo del Pubblico contains many curious old frescos by painters of the Siennese school, representing the times of the republic, portraits of the cardinals, who were natives of the city, and a few good pictures. The church of the Agostiniani is a fine

specimen of the architecture of Vanvitelli: it is rich in paintings; a noble Crucifixion, by the admirable Pietro Perugino; and excellent productions of Carlo Maratti and Romanelli. There are fine views from various parts of the city greatly resembling, but inferior to, the vicinity of Perugia. The Lizza is a pleasant public walk; I saw there, and in other places, many pretty girls.

This city is celebrated for a peculiar game at ball; it is played in the foss, which has a very high wall, and it is not unlike a tennis-court; the ball is very large, and appears to be inflated with air; the arm is defended by a guard, a small board; at certain periods of the game, one of the players runs down a spring-board, and throwing the whole of his weight, momentum, and strength upon the ball, as it is thrown towards him, he strikes it to an astonishing distance: the "pila velox" is a good manly game, and must afford vigorous exercise. It is said that this is the game at which Mæcenas played when at Capua; but neither Horace, nor Virgil, for different reasons:—

> "Lusum it Mæcenas, dormitum ego Virgiliusque;
> Namque pilâ lippis inimicum et ludere crudis."

SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1826.—I rose at five; and having taken some coffee, set out at six, by a vetturino, with two companions, Italians of the state of Sienna,

dirty and civil; and continued my hilly journey from Rome to Florence. On the right, at the distance of a few miles from Sienna, they showed me a large villa in a cold and barren spot; which was then building, evidently at a great expense, both for the house and grounds: they said that it belongs to a merchant of Sienna; I was glad to find that, under a government which discourages and impedes commerce, a merchant may still make money.

The morning was fine, the road bad in consequence of the late heavy rains; the country mountainous and not uninteresting; wild, barren, and picturesque. If the climate of Italy were such, that the vine and olive would not grow, it would be one of the most miserable countries in the world, except the fine plains of Lombardy; it has a deliciously mild climate, but it greatly needs it.

After many hills, we came to Poggibonsi at ten. There was nothing to be seen in this small town, or large village; not even in the church; and as I felt cold and hungry, I ate some boiled mutton and a plate of roast thrushes; "accepi pulcherrimos turdos," as Pliny writes to his Flaccus; and walked about in the sun. How are these thrushes caught? it cannot be possible to shoot them in detail, they would not pay for the powder; as they are such good fare, and as we

have plenty of them in England, the question is an interesting one to a lover of his country.

Poggibonsi is pleasantly situated; I saw some good looking girls; I believe it is reckoned to be fertile in beauty. There was an air of comfort about the town, both in the dress and the habitations of the people: when I remarked this to one of my companions, he told me that there was much luxury in the place. I saw an old man with two wigs; whether through luxury, to display his wealth, to captivate some fair Poggibonsian, to act as a charm, or simply to keep his head warm, I cannot pretend to determine.

At noon we re-embarked in our vettura; and after climbing many hills, of which one was especially long, we presented ourselves before the Roman gate of Florence, which was shut: the vetturino knocked for a long time with a brickbat, but there was no answer; *la bella* was not at home; *Firenze la bella*, the beauteous city, was not within; Florence had gone to drink tea with Lucca, or with some sister city, and had taken the key in her pocket; or, peradventure, Lydia was asleep:—

> "Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
> Lydia, dormis?"

As it is the profound policy of the Grand Duke to sport oak to the southward, after five o'clock in the

afternoon, we went round to the Leghorn gate, and, as this great potentate does not fear any danger from the west, after some delay about our passports, we were admitted, but not without a paper lantern. The police will not suffer a carriage to pass through the streets without a light; a paper lantern was purchased at the gate; one of the party held it up at the window; and, like a meteor, or the moving stall of an apple woman, we glided along; and at half past six arrived at the large hotel of Schneiderff.

I had the pleasure of coming unexpectedly upon my brother, who was on his way from Germany to Rome; we had a joyful meeting on new-year's day. I was informed that it had rained in Florence almost without intermission during the two months I had been absent.

MONDAY, JANUARY 2.—I spent some time in the galleries, and walked along the banks of the Arno, which the late rains have swelled into a rapid muddy stream, to the *Prato*, a pleasant promenade, swarming with pheasants. The day was extremely cold.

A young female, who was in love with a youth, but, as she had already had a child by another man, his parents would not consent to their union, and were about to send him away from Florence, to prevent it, having first visited all the churches, threw herself into

the river from the lowest bridge; but was fortunately saved by two men, who witnessed the desperate attempt.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 3.—I found the Madonna della Seggiola as lovely as ever. We saw in the Pitti Palace a room newly painted in fresco with the exploits of Hercules; it is neither very bad, nor very good; but the whole work seemed as if it had been touched up, and hatched with a pencil, or black chalk. I have observed the same hideous defect in most of the modern attempts at fresco; the painter, unable to produce a sufficient relief by means of his colours, has endeavoured to throw out the figures by this vile hatching. When an artist has done his utmost, his best, or his worst, with colours, let him spare the poor wall; the effect may be bad enough, but it will be much worse if scratched over with black lines.

I passed some time in the Spegola, and admired again the wax anatomical figures; the *fungi* are well modelled in wax, and many of the flowers are happily imitated, except in the colours, which perhaps have faded, for they are not good. There is a large collection of minerals, especially of hard stones, agates, jasper, &c. There is a strange troop of stuffed animals, some of them are curious. The botanical garden must have some merit in the summer; it is an invidious thing to examine a garden in winter. We saw an excellent

copy of a picture of Correggio, the St. Jerome, by a Mr. Wallis; the original is at Parma; the figure of the young Magdalen, who is kissing the feet of the infant Jesus, is full of grace, interest, and beauty; and gives a high idea of the taste and various merits of this renowned painter; some other figures, and chiefly an angel, are quizzical, as I have no doubt they are in the original.

A raw cold assailed us walking in the Prato; whenever it feels thus in England, we say, and often truly, it is certainly going to snow.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4.—The morning was even colder than yesterday; but it was clear and bright. When I first saw Florence, I thought it dark, gloomy, and almost ugly; but on acquaintance it improves, and grows upon one; I now am of opinion that it even deserves the title of *la bella*. There is something peculiar and graceful in the architecture; the style of the houses is the same, yet infinitely varied; the overhanging roofs, and the open arcades at the top of the houses, have an agreeable effect.

We examined thoroughly the church of Santa Croce and in order to warm ourselves, we walked up to Fiesole; where, in spite of an impertinent boy, who would show us the antiquities, and of an old woman, even more troublesome, who begged continually, we rejoiced

in the view, and wondered at the countless villas scattered about amongst the unceasing olive grounds. A landscape without wood, water, and turf, must be very imperfect, however picturesque the form of the ground may be. Ariosto wittily observes, that if all the villas, which seem to spring from the earth in the neighbourhood of Florence, like offsets and suckers, were collected within one wall, and called by one name, they would form a city twice as large as Rome.

We entered the church in the town, or village of Fiesole; it is large; but we found nothing to attract attention, or to draw forth a remark; except a large arm-chair in a glass case, and an inscription, which said that it belonged to some one called Andrew Corsini, and that by the providence, almost divine, of some pope, it had been placed in that case.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5.—The Corsini Palace is pleasantly situated on the Lungo l'Arno; the staircase is handsome; it is well furnished, and would be a comfortable residence. Amongst much rubbish are a few good pictures: the Poetry, which is considered as the masterpiece of Carlo Dolci, is a beautiful woman, and is finely painted, and has fewer of the faults of that painter than any other of his works; of which the chiefest is perhaps an excessive and affected sweetness, so abundant and redundant in the faces delineated by

Sweet Charles, who might therefore more fitly be named Mawkish Charles.

Critics object, that the lady does not look like Poetry; it is perhaps not easy to imagine how Poetry herself ought to look; for mankind have not yet agreed upon what appearance is befitting her sons. Some maintain that a poet should be a bit of a dandy; others would give him a spice of the madman; certain of the tuneful worshippers of nature, have clothed their glowing thoughts with a neat and well powdered wig; whilst others, who wake the living lyre, garnish their wayward brains with ragged locks, as indispensable accompaniments to fervour and ecstacy. Two landscapes by Salvator Rosa in this palace are truly estimable.

The Medicean library is so rich in manuscripts, that I am afraid to say how many there are: they are not placed on shelves, but are laid upon solid, handsome, and commodious desks; each volume is secured by a chain: it is said that the library is freely open to all every day; if this be really so, it is well. We were shown in a glass vessel, placed upon an elevated stand, a curious relic—a dry and mouldering finger; it is said to be the fore finger of the right hand of Galileo, with which he first pointed out the satellites of Jupiter. It was his fortune to be treated like a saint in his lifetime and also after his death; to be persecuted, when living, and to have his crumbling remains exhibited

when dead; to be denied rest even in the grave. We saw in a glass case the celebrated Virgil written in capital letters, it is fresh and very legible: and the more celebrated manuscript copy of the Pandects, which is as fresh as if newly transcribed. There was a book, I think a Horace, which had belonged to Petrarch; and what is now the original of the Decameron of Boccaccio, viz. a copy taken from the original, which was burned: the Travels of a Grand Duke of Tuscany in England, with views of the principal cities; a large, long, or rather wide, book: and some other manuscripts, and illuminated missals.

In the entrance to the Medicean chapel are monuments, the works of Michael Angelo, with the celebrated statues of a Grand Duke, of Day, Night, Morning, and Evening; they are unfinished, and possess, in a high degree, the merits and defects of that extraordinary man, who was great in three branches of art—sculpture, painting, and architecture. The chapel is unfinished, but in progress; it is an octagonal building, and will be as rich as marbles can make it; Benvenuti, the artist who painted the Labours of Hercules in the Pitti Palace, is engaged for the sum of thirty-two thousand crowns to paint the cupola. It is a disgusting thing to see men making such a costly and gorgeous burial place for their worthless bodies, and a magnificent monument to their own glory.

The beauties of Florence, and this perhaps is the test of true beauty, do not strike at first, but gain upon us after a longer acquaintance: the gloomy grandeur of the interior of the cathedral wins our admiration; the elegant campanile, and the magnificent church of the Annunziata, become more delightful on a closer inspection. We spent two hours in examining the frescos in the cortile of that church by Andrea del Sarto, and his scholars: the females in one, which represents the Birth of the Virgin, are perfect models of moral and physical beauty: another, in which a drowned boy is restored to life, is very admirable.

In our way to the Prato, we passed through S. M. Novella, which is equally winning; it is also interesting, as being the spot where the party was formed, as Boccaccio feigns, that were the heroines and the heroes of his Decameron; a work, which, to say the least of it, contains many most amusing stories related in highly idiomatic language; and according to its idolaters, the whole circle of human science, all actual and potential knowledge, and all past, present, and future wisdom, power, and goodness. The introduction to that entertaining collection of tales informs us, that—"nella venerabile chiesa di Santa Maria Novella, un martedì mattina, non essendovi quasi alcuna altra persona, uditi gli divini ufici in abito lugubre, quale a sì fatta stagione si richiedea, si ritrovarono sette giovani donne,

tutte l'una all'altra o per amistà, o per vicinanza, o per parentado congiunte, delle quali niuna il venti et ottesimo anno passato avea, nè era minor di diciotto, savia ciascuna, e di sangue nobile, e bella di forma, et ornata di costumi, e di leggiadria onesta."

This being the eve of the feast of the three kings, or the Epipbany, *la Beffania,* the hoax, as with a ludicrous ambiguity it is called, the boys took great pains to proclaim the event to the Gentiles, by blowing long glass horns, which made a most discordant noise; carts drawn by donkeys, filled with people, and decorated with evergreens, preceded and followed by torches and links, paraded through the streets; the people were very orderly, and contented themselves with blowing the long glass tubes, and carrying about a piece of burning rope, to light home any one of the magi, who, not seeing the star, might chance to lose his way.

Friday, January 6.—There was some singing in the churches, and some walking in the streets in the best clothes; but I think that the Carnival at Florence is not a less sorrowful thing, than Christmas at Rome. The church of San Michele in Orto is to be observed for the architecture and the statues of the exterior, and for its large, lofty, inlaid, Gothic altar. The frescos of Masaccio in one of the side chapels of the large church of the Carmelites have heads full of character and

expression; but they are deficient in beauty; which is the great charm of works of art.

It was in this little chapel that Michael Angelo's nose was put out of joint by a brother artist. In the life of Benvenuto Cellini, Pietro Torrigiani is introduced as giving the following account of the battery: "This Buonarotti and I," says Pietro, "went, when we were boys, to learn to draw at the chapel of Masaccio, in the church of the Carmelites; and it was customary with Buonarotti to rally all those who were learning to draw there; one day amongst others, a sarcasm of his having stung me to the quick, I was provoked to an uncommon degree; and having doubled my fist, I gave him so violent a blow upon the nose, that I felt the bone and cartilage yield under my hand, as if they had been made of paste; and the mark I then gave him he will carry to his grave."

We walked through the venerable church of Santa Maria Novella to take a parting look at that lovely building, the delight of Michael Angelo, who called it the new married bride—*nova nupta;* we found the fat canons in the party coloured habits of Dominicans bellowing out their service, and sprinkling and being sprinkled with holy water, with the accompaniment of a fine sonorous organ.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7.—The Magliabecchian library contains a good collection of old books; from looking round the rooms at the backs of the books, it seemed to be extremely rich in the least useful, but by no means the least amusing, of all works, the volumes of the Spanish casuists. The library in the Riccardi Palace has a smaller collection, but some good books; it is, as well as the former library, open to the public every day, until three in the afternoon, except on feasts.

The cieling of a large and richly gilded saloon in this palace is esteemed the masterpiece of Luca Giordano; it is lively, lightsome, and pleasing; it is full of figures, the animals are especially happy and spirited: the painter has made the Three Fates of different ages, and he has represented the female of a middle age, with a bald forehead like a man; which has an odd and most unusual effect. He has misplaced the wound of Adonis against authority, and against probability, as it is situated too high to have been inflicted by a wild boar. I was pleased with one of the mottos, "Vitio pœna vitium;" it is a parody upon "Virtuti præmium virtus;" but I think the parody is an improvement upon the original. Some paintings on glass mirrors by the same artist are well executed; especially one, in which some Cupids are shooting water-fowl with their arrows; the whole is full of spirit; the birds, and more

particularly the ducks, and one that is struggling to get away, is admirable.

Luca Giordano was so remarkable for the celerity of his pencil, that he acquired the nickname of *Luca fa presto*, "Luke Make-haste;" and was in this respect a contrast to Carlo Dolci, who was singularly slow in his manner of working; and it is reported of him, that his brain was affected by seeing Luke dispatch more business in four or five hours, than he could have done in so many months.

The courier professed to set out at four in the afternoon; but as he did not leave the post-office till near five, I had a good opportunity of studying the Piazza di Gran Duca, and its tower, which was well adapted for the old style of warfare, for throwing stones upon the assailants.

A few minutes before five I embarked alone, except the courier, in a carriage open in front, well contrived for the admission of wind, and ill contrived for seeing the country; but in other respects not incommodious. The soldier at the gate asked for my passport, which by this time had increased to the size of a book; a curious monument of the folly and cowardice of the present rulers of Europe; in five minutes he returned, folding up the roll of a book, and restored it to me, saying in words, a good journey; but in looks and gestures—give me a paul, half a paul, a farthing, or

half a farthing, or any thing you please; I gave him my blessing, for I wished the fellow was at the plough, or had any other honest means of getting his bread. I put the passport into my pocket; the soldier looked as if he was to have no brandy to-night; the courier said, "Go on!" and on we went. At six or seven miles from Florence, the postillion drove us into the ditch, but without overturning us, because, as I understood, the drag chain broke in going down a hill; we got out of the vehicle; I stood in the rain and dark for half an hour, until by various awkward expedients, and after much talking, they had extricated the carriage.

We continued our mountain journey in the dark; the night was wet, cold, and miserable; and indeed intolerable, until I put my cloak over my face to shield me from the driving wet and cold wind; my companion was restless, being perpetually occupied in giving and receiving letters, and in disputes with the drivers of the horses and of the oxen which had drawn the carriage over the mountains: I passed the night in a state of irritated patience. I forgot to inquire for a little volcano called the Wood Fire, Fuoco del Legno, which may be seen always burning on the right hand of the road, about half way.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 8.—When it was light I uncovered my face, and found that we were crossing a little river. At nine in the morning I arrived at the post-office in Bologna, and soon after at the Albergo di San Marco. I thawed my frozen limbs over a wood fire, and comforted my famished stomach with some coffee. The day was wet, foggy, raw, and cold; I have never experienced a worse in London. I found a lovely and graceful young wife, the mother of three children, to whom I had a letter of introduction, at home. I passed some time in her agreeable society; which was no trifling refreshment of the spirits after an intercourse with couriers and postillions.

The great peculiarity and pride of this city is, that almost all the streets are adorned with arcades on both sides, not low and mean as these buildings usually are, but high and handsome, and well floored with stucco. The next objects that attract the attention are two very remarkable towers; the one called degli Asinelli, is of a prodigious height, extremely slender, and therefore not inelegant; from the top, it is said, may be seen one hundred and three cities—the three cities are Bologna, Ferrara, and Imola—a little town called Cento, which is rendered illustrious by being the birth-place of John Francis Barbieri, named Guercino da Cento, makes the hundred by its name alone. The other tower is called La Garisenda, or Carisenda, or the lopped

or truncated tower, la Torre Mozza; it is much lower, being only one hundred and forty feet in height, and has a lopped and curtailed appearance near its taller neighbour; it is like a candle, of which a great part has been burned, by the side of one newly lighted; it is a leaning, or falling tower, and has an inclination of eight or nine feet: like the tower of Pisa, it deceives the expectation; but the tower of Pisa inspires fear lest such an elegant structure should fall, and be no more seen: the Garisenda, on the contrary, a false hope, that it will fall and no longer offend the sight. Dante was so little pleased with this building, that he compares it to giant Antæus, whom he makes the next door neighbour of Lucifer himself:—

"Qual par a riguardar la Carisenda
Sotto'l chinato, quand'un nuvol vada
Sovr'essa sì, ched ella incontro penda;
Tal parve Anteo a me."———

The two towers are close together; they are square, without ornament, and built of brick.

I entered the large Gothic church of St. Petronius; and observed on its pavement the celebrated meridian line of Cassini; an excellent astronomer, who first asserted the dignity and importance of comets; and repelled the unworthy suspicion, that those great bodies were only accidental meteors.

I entered also a church, in which a priest was

preaching; he was walking to and fro, and his audience, chiefly females, were sitting, or kneeling round him: his subject was the great respect that is due to the minister of a parish; he enlarged upon the respect, but did not think it necessary to give any reasons for what was so evident. Three pretty girls were talking a little, but not so as to pass the bounds of fair criticism, which is allowed in all public assemblies; he thought it was a trespass upon the respect which he was inculcating, and accordingly stopped and said, "They are talking there:" the fair ones changed their places, and remained silent. I walked quietly about the church, and examined the paintings; the preacher looked at me, but not in a cross, or sulky manner, as these persons are wont; esteemed he a good tempered fellow; perhaps he thought it a good practical illustration of the respect due to the minister of a parish, that strangers should think it worth while to come from a distance to admire his parish church. In the evening I was too much fatigued to undertake any duty more arduous than sitting over the fire; and I went to bed early.

MONDAY, JANUARY 9.—It snowed in the morning; and it continued to snow all day, with an air of cool deliberation, that convinced me it was not the first

offence. The paintings in the Marescalchi Palace are on sale; many have been sold; but enough still remain to make it a most splendid collection. Of the two Correggios, the one which represents the Redeemer in Glory, certainly fails in so high an object; to speak as a critic, it shows only a short, squat, Dutch-built man, issuing from a stack of wet linen, and surrounded by little angels, who have evidently merit, and the face and hair of the principal figure are also striking. With the other I was more pleased; the countenances of the four saints are beautiful; but one of them, a lady, is quietly strangling a dragon about the size of a small goose; there is a string round its neck, her foot is upon its head, and she is drawing the string tight with her hand; a fair lady is not well employed in strangling any thing; it is no great triumph to kill such an animal as this; we accordingly blame her cruelty, and pity the poor little dragon.

The public gallery is full of the masterpieces of Guido, Domenichino, Guercino, and the three Caracci; and has besides the St. Cecilia of Raphael, and a fine Pietro Perugino. I find much beauty in the faces of the last; and whether it be because it really suits my taste, or because I had been talked into it, I am greatly pleased with his style; and I find more to admire in the works of Peter, than of almost any other

master. I saw a portrait of St. Andrew Corsini, whose arm-chair was quite safe in the church at Fiesole last Wednesday.

The university has a good library; the librarian, an ecclesiastic, is one of the wonders of the place. He has the reputation of knowing twenty-five languages; without being well skilled in any of them, he may possibly know them all better than our vaunted and vaunting linguist Sir William Jones understood any one of his many tongues. Except a facility in acquiring languages, I was informed, that the priest, like the learned judge, was utterly destitute of all other kinds of talent. I regret, however, that I did not see the reverend polyglott.

There is a fine collection of philosophical instruments in the university, and the usual collections for natural history; a museum of anatomy, of which the wax figures would be very wonderful to one who had not seen the more wonderful models at Florence, and a museum of parturition, with numerous figures, representing the various conditions and positions of the fœtus, and all obstetrical matters, of the scientific merit of which I cannot pretend to be a judge; but as works of art they are somewhat clumsy and inelegant, and might be much improved: an inscription over the door teaches, that they were presented to the university by a pope—I think Benedict XIV. It is an odd depart-

ment of science for a pope to meddle with, unless it were in his capacity of an old woman; a character in which, I presume, the holy father, like other venerable personages, has sometimes been known to appear.

If the museums are open to the public, they will no doubt be useful; if they are only shown by a keeper, as I saw them, however intelligent the keeper may be, they can be of no use whatever. They may, however, be readily inspected in this manner at any time; for they are not exhibited grudgingly, and eagerly locked up, like the Hunterian Museum. It might be fit to divide the ancient and worshipful Company of Barber Surgeons into two portions, and to carve out of it the modern body, named the Royal College of Surgeons; but it is exceedingly to be lamented, (the error, if possible, ought to be speedily repaired,) that the museum was not bestowed upon the barbers, who are proverbial for their communicativeness; had it been placed in the hands of the hair-dressers, the curious inquirer might have examined the valuable collection, without the absurd formality of a ticket, signed by a *friseur*, his treasurer, or secretary; not on one or two days of the week only, and at an hour specified pragmatically by Shrewsbury clock, and at two several goes, but all at once; and at any reasonable time. We should have wanted the twenty-four annual lectures no doubt, as the shavers could not have spared so much of their

valuable time, as the composition, or rather the delivery of these performances, would demand; but the free use of the museum would be infinitely more improving, than the physiological mares-nests that have already been found, or that ever will be discovered by any royal college in the world.

I saw in a church a Madonna, by Guido, exhibited like a Jack-in-a-box—I did not not admire it; and in the cathedral, an Annunciation in fresco, the last work of Lodovico Caracci: it was so dark, and the painting was so far off, that I could not form any judgment of its merit.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 10.—It snowed all night; in the morning the roofs were white, and the streets deep with snow. I saw inscribed on a stone, fixed in a wall, in characters which were not as old as the date, these whimsical lines:—

"Si procul a Proculo Proculi campana fuisset,
Nunc procul a Proculo Proculus ipse foret.
A. D. 1393."

The solution of the enigma is by no means obvious; it is this—they had been baptizing a bell in the church of San Proculo, an abbey of Benedictines; and after the accustomed ceremonies and benedictions, and the prayer, that the bell might do good to all, and hurt

nobody, the first time of ringing it, it fell upon the poor sexton who rang it, and who had taken more care for its spiritual interests, in getting it solemnly baptized, than for its temporal concerns, in having it properly hung and securely fastened, and broke his neck, and also itself into a thousand pieces. The name of the sexton, after his church and saint, was Proculus. The distich was made to perpetuate the memory of the accident; and engraved on a stone near the church, to say, that if the bell of S. Proculo had been far from Proculus the sexton, Proculus the sexton might be at present far from the church of S. Proculo, alive and well, or at least buried in another place.

I visited the churches which I had not seen. In that of the Dominicans, was a picture of the fathers inquisitors, with the assistance of an angel, and a pair of spectacles, burning wicked books. In the same church we met a procession, with lights, psalm singing, and an umbrella, returning from giving the sacrament to a sick person. My guide remarked, that in the time of the French they could not do so; but that one man whipped his lordship (inuendo the host) under his cloak, and ran along with him as fast as he could. Near the church are the tombs of some of the earliest lawyers—this city has always been famous for law and lawyers; and even in these degenerate days, it is decorated by

the presence of a considerable number of advocates; of one, to whom I was recommended, it is impossible not to form a high estimate.

I saw, in various palaces, sundry pictures of Correggio, Domenichino, Guido, Guercino, the three Caracci, and of their scholars and imitators, of various merit: most of the pictures are on sale, which adds not a little to the inconvenience of visiting the galleries, for the unhappy spectator is tormented with Italian assiduity to buy something. In one palace, of which I forget the name, celebrated only for its fine furniture, and this I was not permitted to see, I was conducted up stairs to admire the staircase, a specimen of the architecture of Palladio: it had just been whitewashed. The house of the Caracci, an old, but rather comely edifice, and for an artist large, is pointed out to strangers. My guide did not fail to offer to sell me one of the phosphoric stones of Bologna, which seems (on being exposed to the air) to the eye, but not to the touch, a live coal. As there are no large streets, or squares, and no river larger than the little Reno, as it is called, and by reason also of the arcades, it is by no means easy to find one's way about the streets of this city.

The delight and pride of the Bolognese appears to be to build porticos; if they have much weather like to-day, there is some reason for this taste; and if they

really extended all over the town, they would be invaluable: but there are many intervals, and in passing these intervals it is easy to get wet, at least as to the feet, which are the part where wet is most injurious. In a portico that leads from the city to the church of Madonna di San Luca, they have indulged their taste to the utmost; it consists of six hundred and fifty arches, regularly numbered; and is three miles in length. It is like an arcade from London to Hampstead, or rather to Highgate, for the last half of the way is a steep ascent. The arches seem to be the gifts of individuals, each rich and public spirited person having given one, or two, or three, which are inscribed with the record of the munificence of the donor. Some parts are even painted in fresco. Passengers are warned not to write or draw on the walls, under the penalties of the law, and the more serious consequences of the Blessed Virgin's displeasure, under whose protection the place is: but notwithstanding this caution, many have ventured to inscribe the names of themselves and their sweethearts, and to give vent to the usual ebullitions of facetiousness, which are to be found in plenty, both in alphabetic characters and in the more ancient mode of hieroglyphics; many of the latter are of such a nature, that it would be quite impossible for a virgin to understand them.

There is a fine view from the summit of the hill, of

the Appenines, of an extensive plain, and of Bologna; but the appearance of the city is less striking than its fame deserves: to-day every thing was white with snow. There is a church at the top; it was locked; but a man, who was clearing away the snow, told me where to apply, and I procured a woman to open the door, and found to-day the greatest wonder I ever met with in Italy, for she went away without waiting for, or demanding, any thing. I am inclined to think, that no other traveller in this country ever met with a man or a woman who opened a door for him without asking for payment—it is so great a miracle, that I almost doubt whether she was not the Madonna herself; she vanished so suddenly, that I had not time to inquire if she were a virgin, had I been so disposed. The interior of the church is neat, and it is of a great religion, but it is not otherwise remarkable. At the bottom of the hill, and about half way from Bologna, arcades branch off to the Campo Santo; but they are not completed; when the rest are finished, the people of Bologna will be able to walk under cover from their city to the burial-ground.

At eight in the evening I went to the Teatro Communale, which is large and handsome; persons used to our more modern theatres would think it heavy. The opera was Clotilda; the prima donna, an English woman, named Ayton, a pretty girl, who sings well;

she seemed to be a great favourite with the audience. The opera here is not an expensive amusement, the price of admission to the pit is only sixpence; $\frac{1}{24}$ part of the price in London for the same entertainment. It was a miserably cold night.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11.—It snowed all day. I visited the church of St. Stephen, which is, in fact, a nest of seven churches adhering together. Amongst many other wonders, is a column of the exact height of the Saviour; it was, of course, satisfactory to find, that, without my shoes, I should be of precisely the same stature. It is possible to pervert a church of Franciscans, and to apply it to even worse purposes than the superstitious rites of bigoted monks; for a large Gothic church of that order in this city, has been converted into a custom-house; and whatever it may have been before, whether a house of prayer, or any thing worse, it is now most assuredly a den of thieves.

I saw two palaces; one has a large collection of pictures. I remember the Fortune of Guido, a naked female flying over the world, and scattering money from a purse, and Love is following her; and a Leda, by Titian. In the other palace the cielings are painted with the exploits of Hercules; of three rooms each one is the work of one of the three Caracci; there are other frescos by Guercino. I examined these exquisite

paintings, and looked in vain for the black penciling with which modern frescos are disfigured. All the pictures in this palace are being sold off; the frescos also would have been bought by an Englishman, but it was found, as the cielings are arched with brick, that they could not be cut out.

I had heard so much of the Campo Santo, that in spite of the snow I determined to walk there; I found the road better than I had expected; it is two miles from the city. It was formerly a convent of Carthusians, but was converted by the French into a burial-ground. In the church there is little remarkable, except the chains of Christian captives, redeemed from captivity amongst the Turks and Algerines, which had been hung up as votive offerings; some antiquities of no great curiosity; and many ugly old portraits of the Madonna, collected from various churches. The cloisters and large courts of this extensive convent make an excellent cemetery; the poor are buried in the open courts, which are planted with cypresses; richer persons purchase the whole, or part, of an arcade, and inter their relatives under the pavement of the cloisters; and erect against the wall monuments of marble, stucco, or terra cotta; or even paint one on the wall; of which kind there are many executed with much spirit. There are many small courts, porches, and galleries: the spacious site is singularly well adapted

to the purpose of interment. This place is the pride of the Bolognese, and with some reason; it is a judicious and interesting mode of disposing of the dead; and with a few improvements, which experience and good taste would suggest, it is worthy to be imitated in all cities; and it makes death less odious than the barbarous, frightful, and detestable places and practices of the tasteless Protestants who inhabit London. There is a small court for the disgusting Capuchins, in which these fellows, who are not content with shocking public decency, and outraging common sense, in their obscene and filthy lives, are permitted, by a strange indulgence, even after death, to continue to merit the hatred and contempt of mankind, by exposing their skulls, and making an exhibition of their mouldering bones. A little more of the air of a garden would improve the effect of the Campo Santo, which nevertheless is very good; trees, shrubs, and flowers, and the green turf, are the best and most natural set-off of cheerfulness, against the melancholy of death and dead things.

The great *forte* of the English is in planning gardens, shrubberies, and pleasure-grounds: they want the sense of beauty in almost all other things; but they have it in an eminent degree in laying out grounds: this talent might be well applied to adorning the cemeteries in the vicinity of large cities, in honour of the dead; if our saturnine souls were not

saturated with a dark and gloomy superstition on these points, as hostile to the spirit of true religion, as of true taste. The Italians wisely abstain from the hideous apparatus of hearses and hat-bands, so redundant in our funerals; they bury their dead in a plain and economical manner; and expend whatever sum is adjudged fitting and prudent, on the permanent decoration of a handsome monument; and in the encouragement of more agreeable and elegant arts than the breeding of black horses, and the manufacture of black crape. Their epitaphs are always neat, and frequently happy; the traveller would seek in vain for any such exhibitions of folly, stupidity, and ignorance, as are always furnished by the disgraceful inscriptions in our church-yards.

I had already done wonders; the shortness of the days, and the inclemency of the weather, being considered; I was not able however to make an excursion to the church of S. Michele in Bosco, in order to look down upon the city, and to see the cloisters, which are painted in fresco, by that all glorious painter Lodovico Caracci. As a little addition to the inevitable discomfort of cold weather, the Italians serve up the dinner all at once, to give the various dishes an opportunity of cooling; they have unhappily no notion of warming a plate. The celebrated Bologna sausages would not be more or less eatable than the German

sausages of London, if they were unpolluted by that truculent herb garlic:—

" Parentis olim si quis impiâ manu
Senile guttur fregerit,
Edat cicutis allium nocentius.
O dura messorum ilia! "

To the nose of the guiltless, garlic is certainly far more noxious than hemlock, for of this the guilty eat but once—would that that also had the like potency!

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12.—I got up at six, on a cold frosty morning, and at seven I placed myself in the cabriolet of a vettura; in the inside were two Englishmen; and there was soon added to these a Sicilian, from Messina, who had studied medicine at Bologna, and was going to prosecute his studies at Padua: we presented our passports at the gate, and were drawn slowly along a snowy road, by three white horses. At noon we baited at Malalbergo, and banished hunger by means of fine pork chops, and part of the intense cold by a fire of vine-cuttings. We continued our journey, and soon came to the Reno, which we crossed in a ferry-boat; the carriage was driven upon the deck. The country was flat, in some places flooded; planted with pollard poplars, which support vines; at this season the vines can only be seen on a narrow examination; there was little, therefore, in the appearance of the country; and still less in the sensations of the body,

and the total want of sensation in the hands and feet, to distinguish our journey from what one experiences in travelling northwards from York.

At about three in the afternoon we came in sight of Ferrara; the aspect of a large city on a plain is noble; so is it when seated on a hill—which is the most imposing? At four we reached the gate, and were detained there at least half an hour, when time was so exceedingly precious; after the examination of our passports, we drove to the Tre Mori, (who were the three Moors?) an indifferent inn, or a different inn, differing in many respects from a good one. We set out immediately in a trot, to see the city. The houses are low, and the place is not so handsome as it is generally reported to be; the roofs are destitute of spouts, which is no small evil when the snow is melting. We passed through the Ghetto, which has gates to shut in the Jews, (to whom we owe so much pleasure for the institution of the Sabbath,) at nine o'clock in the evening. In the library of the university we saw the monument of Ariosto, which had been removed, why, it is hard to say, from a church in this city; the chair and bronze inkstand of that poet; the manuscript of his works; of the Gerusalemme Liberata, of Tasso; and of the Pastor Fido, of Guarini; all in the handwriting of their respective authors. We passed through

the Corso, a long, wide, straight street, but not very handsome.

We presented ourselves at the hospital of Santa Anna, and asked to see the prison of Tasso; we were told that it is not permitted after Ave Maria; we persisted, and were admitted; or rather they did not prevent our entrance into the dungeon, which had been newly plastered and white-washed; it is not unlike a London coal-hole; the top of the door had been robbed by visitors—a morsel of the wood had been sent to me in a letter, seven or eight years before. The adjoining wall was inscribed with the names of pilgrims to a spot, consecrated by the tradition of a poet's sufferings; our guide showed that of Lord Byron, and of S. Rogers, whom he called *San* Rogers, supposing, no doubt, that he was some English saint; but with all our enthusiasm for a paper currency, we have never gone so far as to canonize a banker; perhaps, when we are reconciled to the church of Rome, by the powerful preaching of the nuncio, Mr. Cobbett, we shall make either saints or martyrs of some of these discounting gentlemen. A little discussion has been thrown away lately, to prove that this was not the dungeon of Tasso; it is a cruel thing to disturb our harmless faith, and innocent worship, by useless and uncomfortable doubts. Is not nauseous and tiresome pedantry suf-

ficiently offensive in itself, without being thus obtruded upon our innocuous and pleasing errors? In these instances let us err agreeably with Plato, and hope that puerility will find for itself some other boyish employment, such as slily throwing a stone through a window; and will refrain from demolishing our frail and brittle credulity.

The castle, or palace of Este, now the residence of the cardinal legate, is a large building with four towers, surrounded by a wide ditch full of water; it has a handsome feudal air: it is the place where the kiss was perpetrated, for which, under pretence of madness, the Duke of Ferrara shut up the unhappy poet in the hospital of St. Anne; the brother paid but an ill compliment to his sister's charms, by proclaiming to the world, that no one but a mad man would think of kissing Leonora. So much of our time had been consumed by the miscreants at the gate, that we were unable, it being now dark, to visit the cathedral: in a city governed by a cardinal legate, a fee is of course exacted by the eminent extortioner, for adding to the vast accumulation of nonsense indorsed upon the passport. The intense cold compelled us to give up our purpose of judging for ourselves of the theatre, which is of some celebrity.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13.—We rose early in the cold, and as it was intolerable in the cabriolet, I took the vacant place within. We soon came to the Po at the bridge of Lagoscuro; the floods had damaged the place of embarkation; we were delayed some time until it was repaired. Our passports were examined. At last we got upon the flying bridge, the deck was white with the hoar frost, and the cold was intense. The Po is here a wide large river; it was full of water, and the stream was running down rapidly. The banks are flat and planted with poplars, that recalled the line—

"Faster than poplars by the banks of Po."

As I was standing shivering on the deck, and swinging slowly across, Lucian's account of his inquiries about the amber on this river, in his short declamation, entitled Περι τοῦ Ηλεκτρου, η τῶν Κυκνων, came into my head and amused me. "You also most likely believe the fable about amber;" Lucian writes with astute simplicity, "that the poplars on the river Po wept, lamenting for Phaeton, and that those poplars are the sisters of Phaeton; for bewailing the youth they were changed into trees, and their tears still drop from them in amber. For I myself by chance hearing these things from the poets who sing of them, expected, if ever I should happen to be upon the Po, to go under one of the poplars, and spreading out my garments to catch a few of the tears, and so get some amber. And indeed not

long ago, although for a different purpose, I went to those countries, and I was obliged to sail up the Po; yet I neither saw any poplars, although I looked about every where, nor the amber; moreover the people of the country did not even know the name of Phaeton. When I inquired and asked, when shall we come to the poplars that yield the amber; the sailors laughed, and begged me to tell them more plainly what it was I meant: then I related to them the fable—that Phaeton was the son of the sun, and when he grew up, he begged of his father to let him drive his chariot and make one day; that the father permitted him, and he was thrown out of the chariot and killed; and that his sisters grieving for him somewhere hereabouts in your country, where he fell into the Po, became poplars, and weep amber for his sake. 'What cheat and lying fellow told you these things?' they said, 'for we never heard of any vetturino who was thrown out, nor of the poplars, which you say we have: if there was any thing of the kind, do you suppose we would row for two *soldi*, and drag the boats up against the stream, when we might get rich by collecting the tears of the poplars?' This speech confounded me not a little, and I held my tongue, for in truth I had behaved like a boy in giving credit to the poets, who invent such incredible things, that it should seem nothing sound is agreeable to them. Having been thus disappointed in one expectation,

and that not a trifling one, I was as much cast down, as if I had lost the amber out of my possession; for I had already begun to consider how much there would be, and what use I should make of it." However it may have been in the times of Lucian, there are now poplars in plenty, at least on this part of the Po: as I looked at the rude sailors, I could not help thinking, that if I had asked the same questions, I should have received precisely the same answers.

They had the like difficulty in consequence of the floods to get the carriage on shore, that they had had to embark it. An Austrian serjeant received us as we landed and conducted us to a house, where, to our great joy, was a German stove; round which we stood and warmed ourselves, to the discomposure of the dignity of the officers of the police, who seemed to expect that we should stand cap in hand at the door: they examined our passports minutely, and asked some questions as to our luggage; particularly if we had any books; but they did not open any thing: from the English they received very crusty answers: the Sicilian was more submissive; he was accordingly interrogated with greater strictness. When these gentlemen had exhausted with great civility all their tedious impertinence, we were permitted to continue our journey.

The road was terribly bad; the country flat, fertile, and uninteresting; we were cold and hungry. We

came to Rovigo about one; here they took our passports at the gate as we entered, again whilst we were at the inn, and a third time at the gate as we left the place. So slow, so numb, so torpid a thing is that German despotism, which would enthral Italy! The poor Sicilian fared worse than we did; they sent for him, and would not suffer him to proceed, because his passport had not been despatched from Bologna to Rome, for the signature of the Austrian minister. The poor student was greatly annoyed at being detained here, and with reason; they ought to have told him at Bologna, when he presented himself before the police, that these slow-witted tyrants would not suffer him to travel without the signature of his excellency the victual-sack at Rome. An Austrian, from his voracity and dulness, is called throughout Germany a victual-sack, *speise-sack*.

Having taken some rest, warmth, and nutriment, we set out again, and soon came to the Adige; which we crossed at a village with ease and without delay in a boat. We arrived in the dark at Monselice, where we had a good, but somewhat scanty supper; and some tolerable red wine, which we mulled into a very drinkable liquor: the cold was excessive, but it was soon forgotten in sleep and a comfortable bed.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14.—We set out again early on a fine, cold, frosty morning; the road was now pretty good, and frozen hard; the country was fertile and highly cultivated: on the right it resembled Flanders, or even Holland; but on the left were high hills covered with snow. We passed many large villas; some were handsome; the greatest part adorned with statues; many in what we consider a cockney taste. We looked anxiously along the straight road, and at last discovered Padua. Our impatience was retarded for some time at the gate, by the usual nonsensical formalities about passports; we were obliged to send them to the police; and they were again demanded on quitting the town. Having taken a good breakfast at noon, somewhat in the English taste, we set out to see as much as time would permit.

We visited the cathedral, peeping first into the baptistry, which is painted in the old style, and deserves more attention than I could give it: there was a child brought in a pretty cradle to be baptized; the mother asked me to be godfather, I suppose for luck; a stranger, and so great a stranger, ought to bring good fortune with him; I regretted that time would not allow me to comply with her request; had I been alone I would willingly have sacrificed half an hour, especially as she appeared to desire it more than her modest manner at first would lead one to believe; but

I did not feel justified in detaining my companions. The cathedral is bare within; and is chiefly remarkable, because Petrarch was a canon of this church for some time; I remembered that the roof once resounded with his voice; certainly, if that tender and elegant poet bellowed out the litanies behind the altar in the same manner as canons now are wont. There is a monument erected by one of the canons; it is in good taste; and a cenotaph for his tomb is at a short distance from the city, at a place called Arquá, whither travellers resort to see it and his villa. The poet Bembo was also a canon. Under the cathedral is a crypt, containing the head of a saint and some good reliefs. The sacristy was locked; we could not see the paintings of Giotto, as time would not allow us to wait for the key.

I observed the works of a celebrated native of this city exposed for sale on a stall, the historian of Rome, Livy. We were much pleased with the beautiful and simple style of the church of Santa Giustina, which was built from a design of Palladio. The seats in the choir, of carved oak, are remarkable; and there is an excellent picture of the martyrdom of the saint, by Paul Veronese. The church of the protector of Padua, St. Anthony, is a fine Gothic building, and deserves much study, as it is rich in old paintings, and in the sculptures of Donatello and others. We passed in the

street an old monument, with an inscription in Gothic characters; it is said to be that of Antenor, the founder of the city, according to our guide, and to Virgil:—

> "Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis,
> Illyricos penetrare sinus———
> Hic tamen ille urbem Patavî, sedesque locavit
> Teucrorum———
> ——nunc placidâ compôstus pace quiescit."

In the Palace of Justice is a hall, three hundred feet in length, one hundred in height, and eighty in width; the walls painted by Giotto; it is, however, ugly, and cannot be compared with Westminster Hall. We continued our journey, and leaving the city soon came to the Brenta, which we crossed; and for some distance travelled by its side; on the banks are large palaces, and many villas, apparently comfortable; the window shutters were gay with green paint; which is a sign that the inhabitants are well off; as men will naturally purchase bread, meat, wine, fire-wood, and clothing, before they spend their money upon green paint. In several places the road had been much injured by the late floods.

We arrived at Fusina by the light of the moon and stars, and soon embarked with our baggage in a gondola; we were shut into the little cabin, which would have been comfortable enough, but the cold was intense. We stole quietly away without seeing where

we went. We passed a barrier; and at another place our passports were taken away, and the usual tickets given instead; and a man asked for money for not examining our baggage: we were then told, that we had entered the Canal Grande, and could just see houses on each side; and soon after, that we were passing under the Rialto, of the shadow of which we were sensible; and immediately afterwards were landed at the Scudo di Francia in Venice, hungry, and almost starved with cold.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15.—As I looked from the window upon the Canal Grande, I thought that, although it is handsome, yet too much has been said in its praise; it is not very wide; the houses are neither large nor lofty, nor of very noble architecture. The celebrated Rialto is a good bridge; high in the middle, like the roof of a house; to be ascended and descended by steps; and, as the guide-books say, adorned—but I should say, disfigured—by a double row of shops: it has long been a wonder, because it is a bridge over the great canal; we now wonder that it is the only bridge.

After breakfast we sallied forth, crossed the Rialto, and wandered in a maze of courts and canals, in search of St. Mark's Place; thinking the effect would be more striking, if we could contrive to

stumble upon it by accident, than after a regular and formal introduction by a guide. A street in Venice is not called *via*, as in Rome; or *strada*, as in the other cities of Italy; but by the Spanish appellation of *calle*. The other canals and bridges are mean, insignificant, and ugly; we came to some fine points of view; and at last, from a promontory, saw the tower and cupolas of St. Mark's, on the opposite side of the Canal Grande; we puzzled out our way with difficulty to the Rialto, and recrossing it, we arrived at an arched gateway, on issuing from which we suddenly entered the Piazza S. Marco. The gaudy cathedral; the tall square brick tower; the columns, of which one is surmounted by the lion of St. Mark; the three long masts, and the buildings and porticos; realized the paintings, engravings, and panoramas which we had seen.

We entered St. Mark's; it is chiefly remarkable for a certain air of barbaric and Eastern magnificence; the roof and the five cupolas are inlaid with gold mosaic; they seem as if they were lined with gilt leather; such at least is the ground, for there are figures upon it of all kinds, in bright gay colours. The pavement is also inlaid tastefully with coloured marbles, in various patterns; but by some accident it is very uneven, and as it were warped; and like every thing else in this city, exceedingly slippery: the interior of the church is enriched with every kind of ornament.

We continued our walk to the public gardens, which, it is said, were made by the French, who delight in a promenade; in any other city they would seem poor, but in Venice they are a great acquisition: we met crowds of people there, and on the road; many pretty girls and women; but not any, I think, of extraordinary beauty; they wore good clothes, and were dressed neatly. I never found so great a variety of colours; there was no fashionable, or prevailing colour; each wore what fancy, taste, or the want of taste dictated. There are fine views from the gardens of Venice; of the port, the islands, the sea, and the snowy mountains.

The cold was intense; I never suffered more than at present from its effects. The mountains were completely white with snow; whatever water was spilled on the pavement, was speedily converted into solid ice; the rooms are so little fitted for winter, that the piercing wind enters at a thousand crevices; and although crouching over the fire, it is necessary to wear a great coat, or cloak, and a cap, to be comfortable, or even reasonably uncomfortable; the fire-wood is not of a good quality; it is not wood, but mere sticks; the loppings of the pollard poplars; so that the few faculties of the mind that are suffered to remain, are entirely absorbed in attending to and keeping alive a fire of sticks.

MONDAY, JANUARY 16.—We ascended the tower of St. Mark by an inclined plane, which passes round and round the square chimney, in the middle, through which the bell-ropes act; our guide told us, that the Emperor of Austria rode to the top on a pony; if he did not, he might without difficulty: the view is certainly unique, and the day was clear; but the piercing wind would not allow us to enjoy it long. The Manfreni Palace, besides ancient Flemish and Italian pictures, has a large collection of the best works of the Venetian school.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17.—The church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo is large and handsome, and full of monuments of doges; which are magnificent, especially in size; the inscription on his tomb informs us, that one unhappy doge was skinned alive by the Turks. There are many pictures of the Venetian school; that of Peter Martyr, by Titian, has extraordinary merit; and is, perhaps, even more admirable than the painting of Domenichino on the same subject. The church is rich in marble, bronze, and the usual wealth of such edifices. S. Francesco della Vigna is a large building; but after St. John and Paul, it did not strike us: we visited the Ospidaletto; S. Lorenzo; S. Zacharia; S. Giorgio dei Greci—the last is a Greek church, and is fitted up for the Greek religion; it is

full of Greek paintings; and the tower leans almost as much as those of Pisa and Bologna; S. Martino, and S. Stefano: in all of which we found pictures of the Venetian school, and specimens of the Venetian style of architecture.

The exterior of the Palace Grimani is ruinous and dilapidated; in the court are statues and inscribed stones. Old age in the pictures of the Italian masters had often seemed to be exaggerated; but in the court of this palace we found an old woman, the extreme antiquity of whose aspect justified those imitations. The interior of the palace is handsome, the style peculiar, but by no means displeasing; and after some acquaintance, may seem beautiful; for beauty rarely strikes at first sight. There are paintings by great names, but not any that I remember. We were much pleased with a round room, filled with statues and marbles; it is a model for a *Lararium*. It appears to be the custom to take off the coffin part, or cover of the gondola, and to keep it in the house; we saw it standing in the hall, like a sedan chair.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18.—We went to the arsenal, and were refused admittance, because we had not our passports with us; we retired, scolding the Austrians, to the palace of the doge.

The spacious halls, with gilded and painted cielings,

bring to mind the glories of the republic: the victories against the league of Cambray, and over the Turks, have a distinguished share amongst the paintings; and there is a large picture of the battle of Lepanto; at which place Cervantes lost his hand. The seats and benches in the hall of the senate still remain, but they are sentenced to be removed; this room reminded us of Othello, and of his most potent speech, which we may suppose to have been delivered there.

The hall of the larger and legislative body has been converted into a library and museum, and has some good statues, particularly a Bacchus and Faunus; and the portraits of doges, in pairs, are painted on the walls: that of Marino Faliero is supplied by a black curtain; the series is continued in an adjoining room, and ends with him, who abdicated his dukedom, and resigned, if not his power, his title. The Paradise of Tintoret, at the end of the library, is an immense work, full of figures, with much black; and I presume for those, who have time to study it, many beauties. The apotheosis of Venice, on the cieling, by P. Veronese, is more obviously beautiful: the small antique group, in marble, of the eagle flying away with Ganymede, is suspended at the other end of the room.

We stood upon the Bridge of Sighs; a covered passage and bridge from the Palace of the Doge to the prisons: there was a "palace and a prison on each hand;"

that is to say, a palace on the one hand, and a prison on the other.

Of the prisons of the Inquisition, some are in the attics; they must be hot in summer, and cold in winter; but, for prisons, they are not otherwise incommodious; others are below—the lowest tier of these are said to be below the level of the water in the canal; they are by no means desirable places to reside in, but are not worse than the average prisons in ancient castles; they are lined with wood, and are less barbarous than many of the barbarities of barbarous ages. They are not numerous, or large, and could not have contained many prisoners; they would, I am convinced, in that respect, make a very insufficient prison for the Court of Chancery. In one cell a person was confined eighteen years; this is like an imprisonment for a contempt. There are some inscriptions, in one by an imprisoned goldsmith, in another by a priest. They showed us the corner where condemned persons were strangled; and a pulley, by which prisoners were hoisted up by a rope fastened to the elbows, that were tied behind the back, and then let down with a sudden jerk, in the manner of the Russian knout. The lion's head, through the mouth of which secret accusations were presented, as we put a letter into the post office, has been removed; but the aperture in the wall still remains, to mark the place. In the time of the French, the populace were

freely admitted to view the prisons; they have marked, in very legible characters, their opinion of the Inquisition. We saw a small room, in which the Council of Ten used to meet, and many other apartments.

This morning there was much ice on the canals; they may indeed be said to have been frozen over, as in some places the ice went across; this, I am told, is very unusual, especially so late in the winter; the coldest weather is generally in December. The Imperial Palace is remarkable for a cieling painted in medallions by the seven great masters of the Venetian school; three medallions by each master; for some good paintings brought from the Ducal Palace; and for being comfortably furnished. We saw one of the four Hebes of Canova on sale at the house of a German; this counterpart, or original, of the quadripartite statue, was extremely dirty; probably, because the female cup-bearer had been present at the smoking banquets of her Teutonic master.

In the morning, in going to the arsenal, we looked again into the church of S. Giorgio dei Greci; it was full of these eastern Christians; who were crossing themselves in their peculiar manner, and singing the service in Greek through their noses, in a less slow and lugubrious strain, than we hear in the western church; there was something sprightly in their monotony, however tiresome: as we walked away we met some she-

Greeks on their way to St. George's; they looked so sweet and amiable, that, even on this cold morning, it was difficult to believe they had no other thoughts in their pretty Hellenic heads, than of giving vent to a litany with a nasal twang.

We visited again the church of St. John and Paul; and saw there, in the chapel of the rosary, some excellent sculptures in very high relief by Bonazzo and others: the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, and similar subjects; they are in a style very different from the antique, it may be termed the picturesque; they are like spirited sketches transferred upon marble; a small one, which is the most esteemed, in this instance, but it is by no means always the case, is also the best; it represents Christ disputing with the doctors; the figure of Christ is an absolute model of the attitude of an accomplished orator; of animation blended with perfect grace. The church of Madonna del Ortò is celebrated, because Tintoret took refuge there, and remained in *castigo* for offences with *le donne*, as our guide expressed it, in the adjoining convent, for twenty-six years: during his long residence, the dyer's son painted many pictures, which are still in the church. A large painting on the right hand, as you enter, represents the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple; the figures are ascending and descending a long flight of wide stairs; (I highly approve of steps and stairs in a picture; they

have a noble effect, and enable the artist to place his figures in positions of great dignity and variety; were I a painter living in Italy, I should introduce so many steps in my works, that I should certainly get some nickname therefrom ;) the figure of the young Madonna, who is walking up the stairs to the temple, is full of grace, beauty, and gentility; and shows faithfully a good, quiet young lady of eleven or twelve years, going to school.

In the evening we went to the opera; the Othello of Rossini, an indifferent composition at best, was as ill got up, as Rossini has ill treated Shakspeare's story. The ballet, a ballet of action, was comic, and highly amusing. The theatre is spacious and cheap; the pit commodious, and well conducted: and therefore unlike the pit of a London theatre, which is, especially in the mode of entering it, the *ne plus ultra* of human brutality: I have never been in the galleries.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19.—The church of Santa Maria Gloriosa is vast and handsome, and greatly resembles that of St. John and Paul: it has paintings and huge monuments. Titian is buried there; an Italian distich engraved in the pavement marks the spot and says, that he was the rival of Zeuxis and Apelles. They were erecting a monument to Canova; and were even abusing his abuse of the liberty of making erec-

tions in churches; for an enormous pyramid, on a vast base, advanced seven or eight yards upon the pavement and obstructed the passage. In the school of the confraternity of San Rocco are many and the best paintings of Tintoret: they are dark in themselves, and the day was dark; besides, it is impossible at one visit to judge of the merits of a great painter; yet it is easy to see in a few glances, that the dyer's son was no inconsiderable man: and such was the opinion of Titian, whose disciple he was; and who was so apprehensive of being excelled by his pupil, that he dismissed him from his school. I thought that in the sketchy style of his back grounds, there was something that reminded me of the manner of Rubens. Beauty, dignity, and grace, are not apparently the great merits of his paintings.

The rooms, especially the large one above, give a high idea of the magnificence of Venice; the large square slabs of marble which form the pavement, and the noble staircase, assist considerably these impressions. The church of S. Rocco is also rich in the works of Tintoret and of other great men.

The cold this day was even more intense than before; of my two companions, one was quite overcome by it, and was obliged to confine himself to the house; and the other found it so intolerable, that he left me in the school of S. Rocco, and retreated to the sopha and the

fireside; I was severely pinched by the frost; but as, fortunately, it did not injure my health, I was able to continue my labours.

The church of S. Pietro di Castello is handsome; it possesses many pictures; some spirited reliefs; and what are of more value, the marble chair of the Apostle Peter, which was brought from Antioch; the body of St. Helena; and of a Venetian St. Lawrence. I peeped for a moment in the dusk into the church of S. Giuseppe. *Beppo* is a common abbreviation for the name of that saint, and often occurs here; and sometimes the feminine *Beppa*, for Josephine. When the doge married the Adriatic, the consummation of the ceremony must have been difficult; perhaps, if a fresh mermaid was not to be had, or a seal, he caressed a fishwoman; of whom here, as in all other cities, there is an abundance.

At eight I went to the theatre of St. Luke; a large, commodious, handsome, building; it was not well filled. The performances were but moderate; they caricature comedy, make a great noise, and do not excite mirth; the women were ugly, and bad actresses, except perhaps a loud old woman: upon the men, the utter impossibility of looking like gentlemen seemed to weigh heavily. One buffoon in the play, called Meneghino, is supposed to be a Milanese, and to represent the ideal character of the common people of Milan; as Pulcinella, or Punch, personifies the Nea-

politans: he speaks the dialect of that city, and is a favourite with the Venetians, who delight in laughing at their rivals the Milanese. I thought there was a great sameness in the part of little Dominic (as *Menego* signifies *Domenico*, so *Meneghino* is *Domenichino*); but as I could not fully comprehend his strange jargon, I was unable to judge accurately of the nature of the supposed character of the people of Milan; little Dominic was exceedingly fond of soup, which is certainly an innocent foible. Of the wives and daughters of the commons in the pit, many were pretty, with an engaging gracefulness, an air of good temper, and a quiet cheerfulness; they were neatly dressed, particularly as to the hair.

"Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

On returning from the play such a night as this, it was by no means unpleasant to find this line verified, to detect the—

——— "Ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso,"

and to revive them; a wood fire remains so long alive under its ashes, that it is a good practical commentary upon what Homer, by way of simile, says about saving the seed of fire:—

Ὡς δ' ὁτε τις δαλον σποδιῃ ενεκρυψε μελαινῃ,
Αγροῦ επ' εσχατιῆς, ᾧ μη παρα γειτονες αλλοι,
Σπερμα πυρος σωζων, ινα μη ποθεν αλλοθεν αυοι.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 20.—We were wriggled across the Canal Grande in a gondola, and visited the Belle Arti; this institution, the Royal Academy of Venice, is lodged in the buildings of a suppressed convent; the rooms are not unworthy of Venetian magnificence. The drawings of the present inhabitants of Venice, which are chiefly architectural, were exhibited; they were good and spirited. There is a large assembly of excellent casts; many young persons were engaged in drawing from the antique. There is a collection, but not a numerous one, of the pictures of the best painters of the Venetian school; we were especially commanded to notice a large painting of the Assumption, which is considered a masterpiece of Titian. I like the dogs that are so freely introduced by the Venetians in their pictures: their colouring is always beautiful, and pleases, because it is natural: they excel in the pomp of architecture; and on cielings show admirably the perspective of columns seen from below: they represent the backs of figures in the foregrounds; which make an agreeable and natural variety from the sameness occasioned by the theatrical courtesy of always turning the face towards the spectators, or, at the utmost, appearing only in profile. This sameness is a defect frequently to be found in the productions of the modern French school, as well as all the other faults that the imagination of the critic can conceive.

The barbarous custom of shutting the churches for the remainder of the day at noon, prevented us from seeing any thing more: an Englishman, however, ought to bear this odious practice patiently, through the habit of being entirely excluded from our cathedrals at home; and of submitting quietly to the base and illegal exactions of men, who have an undoubted right to chaunt the services in the churches, and to preserve them from injury; and, if they cannot protect them in any other manner, they are bound to attend in person; but, who have no more right to shut out the public, or to demand money for admission, than to pull down the edifices and to sell the materials.

I found a large, low, ugly church, open in the afternoon, called San Giacomo del Orjo, containing some pictures; of which, from the darkness of the place, I could not judge. The day was as cold as ever.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21.—The weather was still very cold, but not quite so bad as hitherto. The church of St. Jeremiah is spacious and handsome; but incomplete; the bare bricks of the cupola and vaulting may be seen, and have not a bad effect. There are some pictures: the Presentation of the Virgin is a favourite subject, and an interesting one; as it gives an opportunity of introducing a young and innocent female: a painting on this subject, on the right hand

side as you enter, by Bernardino Lucadello, has some pretty faces.

The façade of the church of the Scalzi, which is of the marble of Carrara, is rich with statues; and when viewed directly in front is handsome; but if you stand a little on one side, the brick body may be seen behind; as is usually the case in Venice; it seems, as if not merely the inhabitants, but their churches also, wear masks. The interior abounds in marbles, pillars, reliefs, and statues: the paintings, whether in fresco, or on canvass, are chiefly by Tiepolo; the prevailing subjects are the raptures and ecstatic devotion of that most ardent of glowing females, St. Theresa. The church of Santa Lucia, besides the design of Palladio, and many of the works of Palma, boasts of two marble statues, one the announcing angel, the other the announced Virgin, by the master of Canova; they are not without merit.

We found, by experience, that a cup of coffee in the middle of the day within, and an Italian cloak without, were excellent defences against the cold.

In the evening we went to the theatre of S. Benedetto; most of the theatres are called after some saint, in whose parish they happen to be situated; one has even been called audaciously the theatre of St. John Chrysostom. The playhouse of St. Benedict is large and convenient; the seats in the pit have backs, and are

separated by divisions, and they are well stuffed; the price of admission is about sixpence. It was thinly attended, especially the boxes; whether because persons of quality did not like the piece, which was a fierce attack upon the system of tolerating *cavalieri serventi;* or, because it was an old play; or, because they were otherwise engaged—I cannot determine.

Perhaps this system, like most others that have prevailed to any great extent in the world, was the offspring rather of necessity than of choice; the poverty of the country does not permit a man to marry until he is old; when at last he is rich enough to take a wife, his young spouse naturally desires, in aid of her old husband, a companion of her own years, at least to chat with; for between persons of the same age, the conversational sympathies are more lively and warm. The narrow fortune of a family will not allow more than one son to venture upon the expences of matrimony; to keep the younger brothers therefore in good humour, and to make them bear their lot without repining, they are sometimes indulged, by way of a treat, with a walk arm in arm with the wife of the squire; are suffered to go to the play with her; or to use other familiarities.

The harlequin of Italy is not the preternatural character, the dancing, light-footed magician of our pantomimes; he is a servant, as full of monkey tricks as a midshipman; he wears a mask and a sword of lath, but

it has no other effect upon those whom he strikes with it, than any other lath would have; his party-coloured dress is made of patches, partly from poverty, partly from his fantastic disposition; and bears little resemblance to the glistening, scaly, snake-like attire of our nimble prince of conjurors; the presiding genius of Christmas, who fills our nurseries with his fame.

Brighella, as his name implies, is also full of tricks; we have not this personage, unless he be our clown; he is masked, and his dress is whimsical: so is that of *pantalone,* our pantaloon; a poor, simple, and eccentric old gentleman.

Colombina is a lady's maid, and does not differ from the generality of persons in that situation: she is pretty, smart, and full of gossip and intrigues; but not the brilliant, dancing Psyche of our stage. What was the origin of the characters of harlequin and columbine, as they are represented in England?

There were two masks in the pit; boys dressed as girls, with long white feathers; they sat still and peeped through the holes in the pasteboard that covered their faces. The boasted gaiety of the carnival is a fugitive thing, and most difficult to seize; if you seek it you are sure to be a little too early, or a little too late; it was last week, if you were absent; and if you cannot stay, it will be the next.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 22.—We were obliged to go personally to the police for our passports; they told us to take off our hats, with which order we sulkily complied; but they were not bad, as the victual-sacks did not detain us many minutes, or demand money either of right or of grace.

The sun shone brightly all day; it was therefore more easy to bear the cold. We crossed over to the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, to examine a church of the patron of England, and the enemy of dragons; built by Palladio; rich in a marble pavement; in statues of marble and bronze; in the carved oak of the choir, representing the acts of St. Benedict; in duplicates of the bodies of S. Cosimo and Damiano (another pair of their bodies, equally originals, exists at Rome); and in the works of Venetian painters, chiefly of Tintoret.

We went next to the island called Giudecca, which is the Jews quarter; and contains the church del SS. Redentore; it is considered the masterpiece of the architecture of Palladio; but we ought to have seen it before the larger and handsomer church of St. George; it is, perhaps, richer in paintings. We were wriggled over to the church of Santa Maria della Salute; a building beautiful in itself, and in its pictures. We found the church of St. Sebastian shut, and some others open; in most of them was a priest in a stole, preaching

to a few old women from a pulpit, and making a loud and dreary noise.

If we may believe the guide books, and there is no reason to distrust them, Venice is an inexhaustible mine of fine pictures; they are to be found frequently in the most out of the way and mean little churches; it would seem to be a delightful thing to hunt them all out; but there are many causes which make it less pleasant than one would suppose: of all the cities in the world this, perhaps, is the least agreeable to walk in; and to go about in a gondola is uncomfortable; it is not easy to find the small churches open, or to have them opened; and even if it be possible to gain an entrance, the building, or at least that part of it in which the painting hangs, is usually so dark, that it is impossible to see it with advantage. It would be a pious act in the government to collect the pictures; to take them from the obscure and distant churches, perhaps from all, except a few of the principal ones, and to place them in a public gallery; this has already been done in some degree; but to a very small extent: if it were completely executed, it would save much time and trouble to travellers, and be a vast benefit to artists.

Much senseless stuff has been written about gondolas and gondoliers; that they are simple guileless people; there is no reason why they should be better, and there

is no reason why they should be worse, than other persons conversant with the water, who are most commonly canting and brawling rogues, and shameless extortioners.

When we came to Venice, our gondoliers exacted two pieces of money under the pretence of paying two barriers; we mentioned this to our vetturino, who told us that it was a fraud that had often been practised on his passengers, and begged that we would write our grievance on a slip of paper, that he might show it to the police, and have the gondola sequestrated. Three days after the complaint, when we were at dinner, the gondolier entered the room, and throwing himself on his knees, begged pardon, and that we would write a few lines to say we had forgiven him, that his gondola might be restored. As the offence is said to be very common, I thought that the sequestration of an old boat, probably kept for the purpose by the fraternity, as a leaky old scape-goat, was an insufficient remedy; I asked him therefore to let me look at the two pieces of money of which we had been defrauded, before we certified our pardon to the police: his delicacy was evidently wounded at money being mentioned in a case, which he intended should be quite an affair of the heart; with much reluctance, and after long delay, he produced a part; and declared, with asseverations so solemn, that I had no doubt they were false,

it was all he had in the world; I have little sympathy with rogues and thieves, and I insisted on receiving the residue; but one of our party, a young man, to the credit of his feelings, and the honour of youth, was affected at the unusual spectacle of a man on his knees; and his doleful tale about a wife and four children, all small, and a large abundance of tears, which form part of the waterman's stock in trade here, as oaths do farther north; he obliged me to consent to an act of injustice, to write to the police in his favour, and to allow the robber to retain a part of his plunder; which I have no doubt would alone be sufficient to tempt this hero of romance to go again through the farce of sequestration the very first opportunity, and to make the same touching genuflections.

Instead of imprisoning a crazy boat, it would surely be better to lock up the boatman himself a few days, to feed on his own calm and pure thoughts, and bread and water; and it would greatly add to the respectability of an useful body of men, if, for the second, or third offence, one of these interesting creatures were to be whipped along the Canal Grande to the tune of the Rogue's March.

MONDAY, JANUARY 23.—The Palace Barbarigo on the great canal is full of Titians; they are much out of repair; a picture, like a man, is seldom the worse.

for having its face washed; if they were cleaned they would still have the great defect of most pictures; they are on sacred subjects, which are unfit for painting. In the evening we went to St. Mark's Place; the coffee houses were full of men and women; we entered one, where a poet was reciting verses; his appearance was that of a wet parson of fifty years of age, who is a schoolmaster, and most probably a poet, at least of nonsense verses, which is the first step, and a considerable one; one of his poems was on the tomb of Alexander the Great, the other on Love; the son of the Muses carried round his hat for *centesimi*, little copper coins, each of which is the hundredth part of an Austrian livre, or *zwansiger*, or piece of twenty kreutzers, worth about nine-pence; and having safely pocketed his small gains, (each of his audience gave him from one to five of these eleventh parts of a penny,) he returned thanks to his munificent patrons in an irregular ode, manifesting, by its Pindaric fire, the unbounded gratitude of a susceptible heart,—and then withdrew.

Soon after the bard had retired to supper, three masks arrived; they were boys dressed as ladies with ostrich feathers and white satin mantles; they spoke in a disguised voice, and to the ears of a foreigner they disguised not only the voice, but the words; it was impossible to understand what they said. They appeared to afford much pleasure to the Venetians; they whispered to the ladies, the men made love to them,

and tried to find out who they were; it seemed to be generally agreed that one was Ferdinando; but the masked being would not own the name. One of them addressed me and said that I was a Frenchman, to which, as every thing was to be in masquerade, I assented; I was sorry that I could not understand what the feigned voice said sufficiently well to answer it more specifically.

A very young man in the uniform of an Austrian serjeant, neat and clean, as the Austrian soldiers always are, entered the room at our inn, and addressed us in German, of which we knew but little; and as he spoke excessively fast, in this instance nothing: we begged him to speak Italian, but he said he did not understand that language; he then attempted Latin with more success, and said that he was waiting for his brother, who was to come by sea from Trieste; as far as I could comprehend what he said, for he would persist in talking with extraordinary rapidity; and that he was without money, and asked for a small sum which he named, I think a florin: it is worth that at least, to be called "excelsa dominatio," and it is impossible to refuse a reasonable request, if made in Latin; a supplicant, who spoke Greek, would be still more difficult of denial.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 24.—We committed one of our party to the mercy of the winds and waves, to go

to Corfu, in a trabaccola; and having seen him on board a gondola, (we were not permitted to accompany him to the vessel, as it was in quarantine,) we took a last leave of St. Mark's Place, which we had admired so much the night before by moonlight; and embarked at noon in a gondola for Mestri. The weather was as cold as ever, or nearly so; pieces of ice, large and small, were floating about in the open sea, if sea it may be called, as well as in the canals, in great quantities: it was a strange sight for an Englishman; and what he would look for in the polar seas, rather than in the Adriatic. We had a kind of Parry's voyage in miniature; and it required some skill to navigate our frail vessel amongst the scraping, grating, and crushing little islands of ice. I could hardly believe that the water, upon which we were, was salt; I tasted it, as I had already done several times in the canals, and soon perceived that it was the true brine.

After the refreshment of a cup of coffee at Mestri, in a little shop, where every thing was as neat and bright as in a small country inn in England, we entered into, and took possession of, our capacious vettura; and retraced our steps by the banks of the Brenta, amongst the villas, and their graven images. Having been pent up in Venice, we were glad to see the wide spreading fields, and our old friends the oxen and horses, and we even admired a Turkey cock, not

having beheld so large an animal for some days. I amused myself by reading Cicero's Oration for Cæcina, as we went along; we had a lovely sunset; and arrived at Padua, at the Stella d'Oro, with an excellent appetite.

At nine we went to the theatre; a fine, handsome edifice; neat, clean, and cheerful; it was full, too full, as we could only find standing room in the pit. I had heard that the ladies of Padua are highly distinguished for their want of beauty; I do not doubt however that they are very amiable; but I think it was the ugliest audience I ever saw, even in Dublin.

The play was Medea; the great roaring woman who enacted the part of the heroine, was making the loudest and the most frightfully odious noise I ever heard. In comparison with the Italian, the French tragedy is simple nature. It seems to argue a strange imbecility of intellect, that can be pleased with such extravagant and monstrous rant, and be delighted with an opera; in the latter, the overture and the songs may be, and generally are, very beautiful; it is only the rest of the stuff that is groaned, squeaked, or whined out, with a most tiresome monotony, that is utterly detestable; but in the tragedy there is no good, for the sake of which the bad is to be tolerated. A few minutes of the tragic theatre will cure any man's conceit, who still imagines that the Italian language, as spoken, is most

harmonious; and will convince him, that of all tongues it has the least of harmony: that it is easy to be uttered, arises from the defective articulation of the Italians; their organs of speech are so imperfect, and they are so indolent, that they have turned the Latin into a sort of child's language, for their own use; a babe cannot say mother, it therefore says mamma; or good bye, which is changed into tatá: thus, for *pectus* they say *petto;* for *domina, donna;* for *flores, fiori.*

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25.—The weather was still cruelly cold, and every thing white with the snow, which still remained. We set out at nine; and having shown our passports at the gate, we jogged along an excellent and perfectly level road. The country on both sides is fertile, and highly cultivated; corn fields surrounded by polled poplars, supporting vines; handsome villas, neat villages, and farm-houses. In the spring, this district must be a sort of fairy-land; the young green crop, the young leaves, and the young and delicate foliage of the vines, hanging in festoons from tree to tree, must be beautiful; yet, as my companion, who would hear of nothing but mountains, said, there would be a sameness, which would fatigue: it was so at this season; but I relieved the sameness by reading Cicero pro Roscio Amerino.

We soon approached nearer to the snowy mountains

of the Tyrol; and descried the towers of Vicenza; at two we arrived at the inn; having, as usual, given our passports at the gate to a filthy Italian, dressed out in the Austrian uniform. We immediately set out to see the lions, with a valet de place; having first visited a large and handsome coffee-house; where the dandies of the place were lounging; they seemed to be suffering acutely from their *chronic* complaint, the slow motion of time.

In all the cities of the continent, the coffee-houses are open at all hours, and the most agreeable of all refreshment may always be procured—a cup of coffee and a biscuit: in London there are properly no coffee-houses; the places that are so called are cooks shops, or taverns, and commonly very bad ones: in that ill-fated city, this, and almost all other cheap and rational enjoyments are prohibited and prevented, for wise reasons no doubt, and chiefly by our magistrates.

We looked at the outside of the Palazzo Pubblico, a work of Palladio; it is really a fine building. We walked out of the city, and ascended a flight of steps, divided into fives, and so long as to remind us of Jacob's ladder. We then entered long arcades, that led to a church on the top of a hill, called Madonna del Monte; which brought to mind Madonna di S. Luca, at Bologna. There is a lovely view on one side, over an extensive plain to Padua; on the other, the

city of Vicenza is seen, and the mountains of the Tyrol covered, as well as all the rest of the landscape, with snow. In a hall adjoining the church, is a large and excellent oil painting, of Paul Veronese; the subject is the Supper of St. Gregory the Great, who daily entertained twelve pilgrims, or beggars: at Rome, where they showed me the identical table, they told me, that one day an angel came uninvited: here they have improved upon the story, and say, that Christ himself assisted at the supper, in the habit of a pilgrim; and so the story is represented by Paul of Verona: be this as it may, the picture is very admirable; the figures are full of grace and of nature; and the colouring is so good, that it is difficult to believe it is not a fresco. In the church there is nothing remarkable; some figures painted as sitting on the balcony, round the bottom of the cupola, give the painful idea that they will fall over. From the steps of the church, our guide pointed out a place in the mountains where the inhabitants speak Welsh, *Cimbro*. We descended by a handsome portico, extending nearly to Vicenza.

The public walk seems to have been lately made; it is not bad, but might be better. We met a troop of dirty fellows on horseback, called Hungarian cavalry; they are said to be good troops; I do not pretend to be a judge of such matters; but it is difficult to imagine, that men who keep their horses in such a filthy state,

can be good for much. The cathedral is the most ugly building I have seen in Italy, and has some ugly pictures; there is, however, a handsome flight of steps of red marble, from Verona. We looked at the exterior of many palaces built by Palladio, and other renowned architects; some are handsome, some heavy; the rustic style has generally the fault of clumsiness; they are commonly of brick, covered with plaster; the rustic is well expressed here in brick work.

The Olympic Theatre, constructed by Palladio, from the receipts for an ancient theatre given by Vitruvius, disappointed me; it is chiefly of wood and plaster, which are contrary to the solidity of ancient architecture; perhaps if I had not seen the real theatres at Pompeii, I should have been better satisfied with the imitation. The permanent scenes, which consist of perspective models of streets, are well adapted for acting a comedy of Plautus or Terence. Most of the palaces are in a neglected and desolate state; we entered one to see four pictures, by Luca Giordano, and a cieling by Tiepolo; the servant who showed them was the most dirty and poverty stricken fellow I ever beheld. In the evening we went to the theatre, a small house; the Gazza Ladra was tolerably well performed, without a ballet. The night was intensely cold.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26.—We set out at nine, and continued our journey on a good road, through a flat, fertile country of corn fields, "edged with poplar pale," with vine-inwoven tresses; and sometimes skirted with white mulberry trees, the leaves of which were to be spun into silk by the silk-worm: the neighbouring mountains gave a variety to the scenery, which would otherwise grow tiresome; although beautiful from its fertility and high cultivation. Our vetturino stopped at a half-way house, to refresh his horses; we walked on for two hours before he overtook us; the road was dry, and even dusty; the sun shone bright, and we had a most agreeable walk. I observed that the moles had commenced their subterranean labours. In several places we remarked that the workmen had deepened the channels, and raised great embankments, to carry off, without damage, the mountain torrents. Many cypresses, and a few pines, growing upon the hills on our right, gave a pleasing variety to the scene, and reminded us of Rome. Before the carriage came up to us, we had nearly lost sight of the snow, except on the mountains.

We resumed our seats, and as we drew near to Verona we found meadows well irrigated. I exhibited my long and tattered passport at the gate; and passing through handsome streets, and crossing a bridge over the Adige, a respectable river, we arrived at four at

the Due Torri. We wandered through the streets; and after some guesses, and some inquiries, came to an open space, and to the celebrated amphitheatre: the exterior disappointed us much; it should be seen before the Colosseum: the interior, however, made some amends; for it is, or by repairs has been rendered, nearly perfect. It is greatly disfigured by a building of rude boards in the arena, a stage on which plays are acted in summer; the spectators sit on so many of the old stone seats as command a view of the stage. We climbed to the top, and walked round the highest row of seats, whence there is a good view of Verona, and of the surrounding country, which is agreeable; the rosy light of the sun, still reflected upon the snowy mountains after he had set, brought back to my mind the Alpine scenery of Switzerland. We sat by the fireside during the evening, and looked over the book of arrivals, for the names of friends; or amused ourselves with the pompous titles of the great personages with which it is decorated.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27.—The church of St. Anastasia, the largest in Verona, is a handsome edifice; we saw little remarkable there, except some fine specimens of marble, in which the neighbouring mountains abound. In the cathedral is a good Titian, the Assumption; it had been brought back from Paris. The

church of St. George, a building of merit, has some good paintings; one of Paul Veronese, representing the martyrdom of that saint, under whose auspices ale is sold in every town, and in most villages in England, is fresh and beautiful in its colours, and admirable in many respects; it has also made a tour to Paris. The little church of Santa Maria in Organis, had been lately painted in fresco; the colours were somewhat too dark, which made the effect less cheerful than it ought to be: there was a picture, by Luca Giordano, of the Devil cudgelling St. Bernard; the fallen angel was laying it on, as if he had owed the saint a grudge.

Many of the houses in this city reminded me of the style of building that prevails in Florence. We visited the garden of Count Giusti; it is adorned with some fine cypresses; the effect of these green pyramids, these evergreen poplars, is pleasing—will they not grow in England? The garden gate was locked, and the gardener was not to be found; but we ascended to the hill above the garden, and enjoyed the same view of Verona as the garden commands; and a fine view it is. We saw some carved Gothic tombs of the family of Scaliger, the ancient princes of Verona; one of them was Gran Can della Scala, the great dog of the stairs, who was a patron of Dante: the critics, Julius Cæsar Scaliger, and his son Joseph, claimed lineage with this illustrious house. The Piazza de' Signori is a well built square; I was more pleased with the front of a

house there by Sansovino, called il Palazzo del Consiglio, than with the heavy Grecian or Roman architecture of Palladio.

The museum of Count Canossa is rich in fossil shells, and in petrified fish, (the latter are the best specimens I ever saw,) brought from Monte Bolca, in the neighbourhood of Verona; where are found basalt, coal, and coal-shale, containing the usual ferns and other plants. Napoleon carried off a former collection, although they were not public property, but evidently private; but as the place where these specimens are found belongs to the count, the museum has been renewed: the conqueror, therefore, did a great injustice; but, as is not usual with such persons, only a trifling injury.

We saw a gallery of pictures, of the best masters, but not of their best works, in the house of Signor Gazzola; and at San Bernardino, a pretty circular chapel, by Sanmichele.

Our pompous Cicerone did not fail to point out to us a bridge, of which one arch is said to be wider than the Rialto; some triumphal arches, of which one, inscribed with the name of Gallienus, is handsome; the exterior of palaces, the works of architects of celebrity, and the houses in which the several ministers, and especially the Duke of Wellington, resided at the time of the ever-blessed and most sacro-sanct Congress of the Holy Allies.

When we had seen and heard all that Cicero chose to inflict upon us, we took a cup of coffee, and a quiet walk through the Corso, a wide and even street, paved with slabs of marble, which are so large at the sides as to be quite sublime; and out of the gate, to the end of an avenue of horse-chesnuts, that have been lately planted: in returning we enjoyed a most lovely view of this finely situated place; and of the snowy mountains that back it. We met some women with straw hats, like those worn in the Pays de Vaud, except that they are truncated; the pointed top is cut off. The pretty grey oxen, of the colour of grey, or pepper and salt cloth, are common throughout Italy.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28.—My companion set off for Munich at eight o'clock this morning; I felt a wish to accompany him, at least as far as Trent, to see a place rendered so famous by the council held in the cathedral of that city, and in the church of S. M. Maggiore; an assembly illustrious in itself, and in its historian Padre Paolo Sarpi. I would gladly have visited Catullus's lake, the Lago di Garda; Brescia, which all acknowledge to be an interesting city; and Bergamo, the native city of harlequin, who still speaks the Bergamasé dialect; unwillingly I was compelled to postpone these visits, *until the next time.*

At ten I went on board a vettura, alone; the road

to Mantua is good; perfectly level; the country fertile and flat; for we turned our backs on the snowy mountains. We passed through some large villages, but I saw nothing of interest: in the morning it was a hard frost; but at noon the sun shone with so much force, that the women were sitting at their doors, in the open air, spinning; when the horses remained to bait, I walked on, and found the temperature agreeable. There were white mulberry trees, poplars, and willows; but few other trees. We entered by the citadel, and then passed a long covered gallery, or bridge; at three in the afternoon, we reached the Leon d'Oro; and I immediately sallied forth, with a valet de place, to see Mantua.

The large church of St. Andrew is beautifully painted in fresco; not that there are any works of great merit, but the colours and general effect of the whole are so good, that I have hardly ever seen a more agreeable interior. The only traces which I saw of Virgil, were a coffee-house, inscribed Cafè Virgiliano.

Giulio Pippi, of Rome, commonly called Giulio Romano, is the hero of the place: I walked out of the city by the opposite gate from that by which I had entered it, to visit his great work, the Palazzo del T; for so the palace of the ancient dukes is denominated, from its form; as in books of surgery they speak of the T bandage. The frescos, which tell the story of Cupid

and Psyche; the fall of Phaeton; and some other mythological events, are peculiar and pleasing: the greatest work is an uncomfortable subject, the fall of the Titans; in one of the rooms, which is called therefore the Hall of the Giants, la Sala der Giganti, they are represented as crushed by the rocks; whilst Jove, to the astonishment of the other gods, is hurling his thunder-bolts at the rebels. There are also many lovely arabesques. The delight of Giulio, and of his imitators, seems to have been to represent figures, as seen from below, and to foreshorten them in this unusual and difficult point of view. One room, of which the cieling exhibits the sun setting, and the moon rising, is an instance of this practice, carried to an excess. When a stranger goes to feast his eyes with a fresco of Venus, by a great master, he is confounded and disappointed, to find the goddess of beauty, and the mother of the Loves, placed so immediately over his head, that he can see little more of her than the soles of her feet and her nostrils—this is pushing too far the much admired *di sotto in su*.

The cathedral, which was designed by Giulio, has five naves, and a four-fold range of columns; the style is singular, but not unpleasing. The streets are wide, with a trottoir of bricks. There are many fine palaces, of which some are falling to ruin. There is a large

open space within the walls, which was converted by General Miollis into a public walk.

Mantua, from its situation in the middle of a lake, formed by the Mincio, is much subject to floods; a place was pointed out, where the water had risen to such a height, that boats must have been necessary in many parts of the city. The French, it is said, ruined the nobility; but they drained the country, and opened the water-courses. There are a great many Jews in this city; some of them are supposed to be wealthy. The Austrian soldiers bear a good character; but the Hungarians are sad rogues and thieves. The bundles of faggots bring to mind the classical forms of the ancient fasces, the emblems of consular power; they are four or five feet long, the length of the hearth; they are burned at three goes; at first they are laid upon the iron dogs, till the middle is consumed; then one end is thrown into its place; and lastly, the other is placed on the dogs, to be consumed :—

"Præda tamen canibus non minus ille fuit."

The scanty supply of firing and the cold of Venice, reminded me of a story told of an old man, the Portuguese ambassador at Rome; when the Pope remonstrated with him for sleeping between two ladies; and with great liberality remarked, that if there were one only he would not complain, but that to have two at once was as con-

trary to reason, as to public decency; the ambassador excused himself by saying, that, when he was minister at Venice forty years before, he had learned that method as the only effectual protection against the intolerable rigour of the winter; that he had steadily persevered in it ever since; and having seen no reason to be dissatisfied with the habit, he could not possibly change it. With this apology the indulgent Pope declared that he was satisfied; and that the nocturnal proceedings of his excellency appeared unreasonable to those only, who did not understand the solid and rational grounds on which they were founded.

At half past seven I went to the theatre; the opera was about Belshazzar, and was pretty good; the ballet was a ballet of action; comic and highly amusing; and excellent both as to acting and dancing. The theatre was clean and handsome, and there were many ladies in the boxes. As the ballet occurred between the acts of the opera, I was fortunately able to leave Belshazzar in the lurch, and to go to bed in good time.

It appeared to me that the north of Italy is less dear than the south, but others have thought otherwise; it is sometimes said that the expences increase from south to north in the ratio of the coins of the different states: in the gradation of the Carline of Naples, fourpence-halfpenny; the Roman Paul, fivepence; the Tuscan Paul, sixpence; the swans-egg,

zwansiger, ninepence; and the franc, tenpence. That the Carline will go as far at Naples, as the franc in France. Perhaps we may add to this series the shilling, which in England, except in some few instances from the violence of taxation, or an absurd habit of profuse liberality, will represent the same value as the other coins in their respective countries.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 29.—I got up shivering at five; and after taking some coffee and a warm, set out at six, alone; my passport was examined at the gate; and at a short distance from Mantua, I was joined by a merchant of Cremona, and a young man, a student of medicine at Padua. There was a thick fog and hoar frost all day; and as the sun had little power, it was intensely cold.

The students luggage consisted of a pair of skates, and a book on physiology by a professor of Padua, named, I think, Gallini. I read a little of it; it seemed to be a caricature of the modern French style of scientific writing, in point of pedantic nothingness: it was in Italian. It must be difficult, if not impossible, for a nation, that burns wood fires, to have learned and studious men; even the Germans, who have naturally a genius for fagging, are obliged to use stoves.

We passed through the same sort of country as we had hitherto seen in Lombardy; and the town, or village

of Bozzolo, where a large fair is held in the square in the month of November. We crossed the river Oglio by a bridge, and at noon baited at a small place, where we remained for two hours, and thawed our limbs with soup and a fire. We continued our journey, and at half a mile from the city of Cremona, the student descended, that he might enter the gates on foot, and thus escape being asked for his passport, which he seemed to make a point of honour to be without, and had rather risk being sent back: from his account of the treatment of the students by the Austrians he had much reason for his pique, which I only regret is not more general. Much flax is grown in the neighbourhood of Cremona; it is said to be of a good quality. After the usual ordeal at the gate, we entered this city of fiddle-making celebrity; we drove through neat streets, and through a small square, where was a cathedral with a sort of Saxon front, a good looking tower, and some arcades; and at six arrived at the inn, La Colombina, the wife of harlequin.

For a person of great apathy and coldness of blood, a residence in Italy would be a continual source of entertainment, by reason of the never-ending intrigues and ceaseless tricks of the inhabitants; whose sordid souls are entirely set on getting farthings, no matter how; and which are more and more apparent, as the traveller becomes better acquainted with the country;

the tricks of my vetturino, a fellow-countryman of Virgil, who could not get other passengers to Milan, to induce me to stay a day here, or to go on with another man in an open carriage, and for various other ends, were quite a comedy, and would have afforded an excellent subject for a ballet of action: if not sufficiently cold and phlegmatic, I was at least sufficiently obstinate. No liberality can appease, it rather inflames, the base passion for making small additional gains by fraudulent means; this disposition, and the consequent distrust it engenders, seems to pervade all ranks of society: the inhabitants of unhappy Italy cannot confide in one another; and as they have uniformly succeeded in disgusting all their allies, they have sunk into a state of slavery and degradation, from which there is too much ground to fear that they will not speedily recover. Falsehood and dishonesty are the grand staples of the priests; they infect every society, in which they bear sway, with these diseases; that truth and honesty, which are the real bases of political liberty, may prevail, it is necessary to purify society from those noisome vermin; this is the first step, and the reformation of ecclesiastical abuses will alone afford a hope of civil amelioration.

MONDAY, JANUARY 30.—I would gladly have complied with the request of my old Mantuan, and have remained a day to see the fine Pordenone in the

cathedral, and the cathedral itself; and to look at the tower, which is lofty and handsome, at my leisure; to have avoided the cold, and to have enjoyed the Colombina, a comfortable inn: but time is precious; contrary therefore to my own wishes, and to those of my vetturino, I set out with him at eight. I found in the carriage the student, who had been permitted to enter the city on foot without any questions; whatever doubts he might entertain as to his right to enter, he had none as to his right to go out: in this he judged correctly, for he was suffered to proceed without opposition. He had added to his luggage his pipe, and a wooden implement painted red, which we call a penny trumpet, because it may be bought for a penny; he had purchased this musical instrument at Cremona, for his little cousin, for a smaller sum; as near as I can calculate, for five-eighths of a penny, that is to say, for a halfpenny and half a farthing. He discoursed freely of his university; there were twelve hundred students at Padua; the majority of them in medicine: he would have been a lawyer, for the law, he said, is the most noble profession; but the present times are not such as a lawyer can hope to flourish in; he did not say, whether they are too good, or too bad; and I leave the question to the casuists.

There are two universities for the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, Pavia and Padua; they are not per-

mitted to study out of their own country; as, for example, at Bologna or Pisa. It requires five years standing to take the degree of doctor in medicine. He spoke of Gallini as a great man; the other professors, he said, were sufficient. There is no difficulty in obtaining subjects for dissection; as all who die in the prisons, or in the hospital, may be applied to that purpose. He drew from his pocket what he called a divine work, and insisted on my reading it; I complied. It was an oration that had been delivered two or three days before, in a church at Padua, by an Abate Barbieri, in honour of the benefactors to the house of industry, or hospital for the poor. The speech was deficient in good taste, but not in a certain kind of talent; and was a caricature of the style of Chateaubriand, in mawkish sentimentality and false brilliancy; and so full of *apostrophe* to the shades of benefactors, to disconsolate widows, weeping orphans, and blind beggars, that apostrophe was no longer itself—it ceased to be turning aside for a moment from the discourse—there was nothing but apostrophe; and the reverend orator walked through his sermon sideways, like a crab; to read it indeed was to ride upon a very apostrophizing mule, which would follow every thing but its own nose. He spoke of justice as a secondary virtue; of charity as the main end to be kept in view: the empty discourse rang with the often repeated

sound—charity; to leave property, that belonged to heirs and rightful expectants, to priest-ridden institutions; to purchase with such bequests, and with the money of others, pardon for a life of injustice and fulsome panegyrics; for he extolled the benefactors and benefactresses, even by name; is the perfection of human virtue, and indeed almost divine. Yet what is αγαπη, which is translated charity? Certainly not to sell the alabaster box of precious ointment, and to give the money away, as thieves who keep the bag tell us; because St. Paul himself expressly declares, that to bestow all a man's goods to feed the poor, is just as much charity as to speak with the tongues of angels, and to become a tinkling cymbal. The preacher, therefore, was manifestly guilty, either of the grossest ignorance, or of impudent fraud and falsehood.

The admiration of the young man for this tawdry stuff gave me a low opinion of the state of education in the university of Padua; it is somewhat different from that in a German university; and hardly unworthy of Oxford. A flax-dresser, the flax still sticking to his coat, who was walking along the road, made a bargain with the vetturino, and got inside; he was scarcely seated, before the student insisted on his reading the divine oration: the worthy man with much goodnature consented, and went regularly through it; only remarking at the top, middle, and

bottom of every page: "Corpo! è lunga—stupendamente!"

We came to the student's native place; a large village, in the midst of well-manured and well-watered meadows, and famous for its cheese, where he was received by his mother, a widow, as the only son of a widow ought to be received; and, I doubt not, the little cousin would blow a shrill welcome on the penny trumpet. I was allowed to pass through a small fortress, called Pizzighitone, without being asked for my passport:—O thing incredible and strange! We remained two hours at a village to feed ourselves and our horses.

A lieutenant took the place of the flax-dresser; he was a civil, chatty person; and having served sometime in Germany, he had picked up some German, and had been at Belgrade and seen some Turks, and had thus added to the natural confusion of his head. He asked many questions about England; whether London is on the sea shore; whether he could go there by land; and as to the religion of the English; as they are not Catholics, are they Mahometans, like the Turks? The English, he thought, resemble the Turks; they look grave and speak little, but are somewhat more civilized.

As we approached Lodi, we found the snow deeper; at the Sun, a comfortable little inn, we met with a

blazing fire in the sâla, and several other travellers, the clients of vetturini, like ourselves: they were from Piacenza, and very civil persons; they did not confine themselves to mere verbal courtesies, but produced some good, sound, strong wine, which was creditable to the Piacentine vineyards. The lieutenant spoke to me in his German, of which I understood as much as it was my destiny to comprehend, and I answered him in his own language; fortunately for him it had the desired effect; for the Italians asked him, if he did not understand English very well; he answered, no—with the tone and air of a man who does not wish to be believed; they replied, but you have been speaking English all the evening to this gentleman: I did not say any thing; he therefore got the credit of understanding English; and was so delighted with me for keeping his secret, and for my acquiescence in his harmless deception, that I narrowly escaped being kissed by him when he took leave.

The cold, the fatigue of travelling, and the strong wine of Piacenza, induced drowsiness, and enabled me to sleep like a steed that does not dream of his tail:—

> "This miller hath so wisely bibbed ale,
> That as an hors he snorteth in his sleepe
> Ne of his taile behind he tooke no keepe."

TUESDAY, JANUARY 31.—I would gladly have paused at Lodi; not for the sake of its much-sung maid; or its much fought for bridge; or for any thing in Lodi; but to make an excursion from thence to Piacenza and Parma; and to see in the latter city the best works, and especially the frescos of Correggio; but time would not suffer me to do otherwise than to continue my ebbing course to Milan. I therefore left Lodi at eight o'clock, having exchanged my vettura for a more commodious carriage, and my one-eyed Mantuan for a less suspicious driver.

We rolled over a good, level road to Milan, and arrived at the Locanda di Reichmann at half past eleven. The morning was cold and very foggy; which I am told is usually the case, as fogs are common in the valley of the Po at this season. When I alighted, the servant, taking me for a German, asked me in that tongue, if I would have a room with a stove; I gladly answered, yes; and thawed myself by means of the stove, which, when it is not of iron, is the next best thing to a clear bright fire of coals.

I paid a visit to the Duomo, and still felt the same admiration for that beautiful building; I was much struck with the interior, which is not generally admired; they had taken away the silly pictures about St. Charles Borromeo; and not having seen a Gothic cathedral on a large scale for some time, in spite of my prejudices

against that style, arising, perhaps, from associating it with the many abominations of the middle ages, I felt that it has great power over the imagination.

At four o'clock we had a table d'hôte, at which the guests were all Germans; I heard again a Teutonic language; and we had a hot and plentiful German dinner, instead of the cold and scanty Italian fare.

In England our dinners are essentially upon the Newtonian system; I do not speak of good tables, but of the treatment that a solitary traveller can meet with at an inn; or a bachelor at those never enough to be detested places, the coffee-houses in London. Dunces maintain, that because Sir Isaac Newton knew more mathematics than any one else, he therefore understood all other subjects equally well; but men of sense believe, that, for that very reason, and from exclusive attention to one matter only, he was as ignorant on all other points as a child. Be this as it may in less important departments of knowledge, he was certainly most rude in culinary affairs: he told his housekeeper, as the joke-books relate, that a few friends were coming to dine with him: "What would you like to have, sir?" she asked; "Oh, a boiled leg of mutton:" "That will not be enough for them;" "Then let there be another:" "That will hardly do," said the good woman smiling; "Then," rejoined the ignorant philosopher, "Let us have three or four."

The ordinary English dinner is strictly Newtonian; all variety is excluded; and the unhappy diner proceeds by simple multiplication; one plate of cold or hot meat is not sufficient; then two, or four, or eight, or sixty-four, or *n* plates; on the supposition that the leg of mutton given, may be produced to an infinite length. Why, instead of four mutton chops, may not one chop only be eaten, and three other things? Why, instead of a pound of rump steak, may we not consume a quarter of a pound of beef, and commute each of the other three quarters for a plate of nutriment, with its peculiar specific difference? The man, who gorges like a lion with one substance, becomes sleepy and stupid as a lion; why is that important and delicate organ, the stomach, to be sacrificed to the indolence and improvidence of our cooks?

In the evening I visited the Scala, a most spacious and magnificent theatre; well lighted and commodious; the silk curtains in front of the boxes are handsome and useful; they may be drawn close, and the tired spectator may go to sleep, as safely as if he were in bed, without shocking public decency, or impeaching his good taste; and by means of this humane and elegant contrivance, he may be supposed to be enraptured all the time by the performance, and thrown into an ecstacy by the music: an amateur may even gain credit for attending a whole season, without ever leaving his fire-

side, by merely giving the box-keeper a shilling to pin the curtains together once for all. If the curtains were all of the same colour, perhaps the appearance would be better; in one tier of boxes they are yellow, in the other blue alternately. The opera was Mahomet; the ballet was splendid; afterwards was a masked ball, but I did not stay to witness it.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1.—I had intended to have paid another visit to the Brera, and to some other places; but I was occupied nearly all the day in writing letters, and in necessary preparations; I had intended also to have seen the famous hospital, but I had only time to look at the outside of that very large edifice, and to take a walk about the city. In the other cities of Italy, instrumental music is but little cultivated, and the pianoforte is of rare occurrence; but in Milan it may frequently be found, and much time and great attention are devoted to it; it has been introduced by the Austrians, who, like the rest of the Germans, have a great fondness for difficult and complicated harmonies; the instruments are made at Vienna; and I have heard from a competent judge, that they are often very good: and that amateur performers of considerable merit are not uncommon.

The inhabitants of Milan are much addicted to horses and carriages; and many good specimens of both are

to be seen here; indeed, a good turn out in this way is more frequently to be met with in Milan, than in any other foreign city that I have visited. By means of the avarice and conceit of our tailors co-operating, the English great-coat has been gradually made to look, what is considered very neat, that is to say, it is succinct, precise, tight, and scanty; but it is a most insufficient defence against wet and cold, and unworthy of its name of great-coat: the Italian great-coat still retains its primitive simplicity and utility; it seems always too large for the wearer, who looks like a boy in a man's coat; but, by reason of its greatness, by coming up, down, round, and over, well—this ancient severity of costume is a real protection against the inclemency of the sky.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2.—My Teutonic chamberlain had promised to call me at six; but the gods, who are very envious of man's happiness, which, if he always had a clear stage, and no favour, would be great, are particularly unwilling that he should be called punctually; a most necessary condition of perfect felicity. I was permitted to sleep till seven; and in a great hurry dressed, breakfasted, paid my bill, and walked a good mile to the coach-office; and at eight got into a commodious diligence with five other persons. It was a general thaw, and therefore not nearly

so cold as it had been for many days. We were dragged slowly along a level road by four horses.

Having stopped an hour at Sedriano, to take a second breakfast, and to warm ourselves, we continued our journey; and crossed, by a bridge, the fine wide canal which leads from the Lago Maggiore to Milan and Pavia; and came to Buffalora; where our passports were examined with slow and grave deliberation, as they had been at the gate of Milan. We crossed the Ticino, a wide but shallow river, of clear, beautiful water, by a bridge of boats, most of which were aground; but the stones upon which they rested, showed that they are sometimes afloat.

A little lower down, is a fine bridge, of many arches, all of the same size, so that the road will be level, like our Waterloo bridge: it was commenced by Napoleon; and after having been neglected for some years, the works have been resumed by the two governments, of whose states the Ticino here forms the boundary. I presume it was left for some time to sweeten, that legitimate hands might not be defiled by touching the works of illegitimacy.

I was glad to see the Ticino again; an old friend, whom I had viewed rising from the little lake on St. Gotthard, and afterwards flowing past Pavia, a large and flooding river. I was glad also to see, once more, a river of clear water, after the muddy Arno, the

yellow Tiber, and the paltry and unclean streamlets of Italy: the transparency of this river reminded me of father Thames, and of the charming scenes where he flows in his purity, unpolluted by tides. All the numerous streams which we crossed, were of clear water.

About a mile from the Ticino is the custom-house, where our passports were examined, the horses taken out of the diligence, every thing unpacked, and all our baggage routed out unmercifully; books were severely scrutinized; and it was laughable to see a dirty clerk, on behalf of the king of Sardinia, as ignorant and as illiterate as his master, or as a marmot, pretend to read the books that he found in the bags and boxes of the several passengers; and being equally ignorant of all languages, he professed to be conversant with all: he was told, and he believed, that an English book was Greek; a Greek book, English or German; but the fellow was too dull for a joke; and was good for nothing but to be thrown, with a stone round his neck, into the Ticino; and it is by no means creditable to the persons amongst whom he lives, and who suffer from his impertinence, that he is permitted to remain on dry ground. After a delay of at least two hours, we were allowed to proceed; at five we reached the city of Novara, where we found a good fire, and, in due time, a good supper, with good wine;

all the party, save one little Frenchman, who went to the theatre, retired early to bed.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3.—At two in the morning we were routed out of our nests; we arose, execrating the stupid monarch in whose dominions we then were; and by whose dislike of books we were compelled to rise two hours earlier than would otherwise have been necessary: our host was, however, kind enough to furnish us with a cup of coffee, to open our drowsy eyes. We got into the diligence with a strong reinforcement—not into the same carriage, but one formed to contain nine; and so formed, that we might be creased and tumbled by close packing, but could not possibly be injured by shaking loosely about. In much misery, and in the dark, we passed through the city of Vercelli, without stopping to examine, by candlelight, the autograph of St. Mark's gospel, which is preserved in the treasury of the cathedral; it is in Latin: there is, I believe, another autograph at Venice, so much defaced, that it is not possible to decide, by inspection, the much debated question, whether that gospel was written in Greek or Latin; but nevertheless, all who see it instantly recognise the handwriting of the evangelist.

When it grew light, we found ourselves in a country resembling Cambridgeshire; save that the fields were said to be rice fields; save the mulberry trees and the

snowy Alps. After a ride of eight hours, we were permitted to alight for an hour, to stretch our legs, to warm ourselves, and to eat. At this inn, by whatever name it be called, I first met with the bread of an indefinite length, like reeds, pipe-stoppers, or macaroni; as men who live in chalk countries say, that they never find a flint entire, but that it always seems to have been broken; so it may be said, that these filaments of bread are only entire at one end; the other appears to have been broken. They are dry and hard, but less dry and hard than biscuit; they would be an inadequate substitute for bread, but are fully adequate to supply the place of biscuit, that is, to be eaten, not from hunger, but, by landsmen at least, through idleness.

We continued to approach Turin by a level road, crossing many clear rivers, for which a toll was generally paid. We did not see the Po; but we could trace his course by a stratum of dense fog, that hovered over him; the valley of the Po is said to be extremely subject to fogs. The Alps, on our right, reminded me of my Swiss labours; and the Grand St. Bernard, of the night passed amongst the disagreeable fellows who inhabit its summit.

At five we arrived at Turin; I was surprised by the unusual spectacle of a row of handsome houses, in progress: except at Brussels, I think I had not seen a

single house on the stocks since I left London. I was told, that the Europa, to which I had intended to betake myself, had vanished; had possibly eloped with a bull; and had left only a *trattoria* behind. I was taken therefore to the Hotel of the Universe; a name sufficiently comprehensive to take in myself and my carpet bag. We do not venture upon such large signs in England; or sell beer at the sign of Eternal Duration, or Infinity of Space; they would confound the art of our sign-painters, however great in their profession. How would they represent the universe?—by the solar system, surrounded by the stars, with the milky-way, and a sprinkling of comets? I do not like an inn with its name written on a board; let me have an honest sign, fairly painted, with the best skill of the carpenter; that I may know what I am about; and see plainly under what auspices I eat, drink, sleep, and pay my bill: if it be the George, let us look at the warrior saint, gallantly breaking a lance with the pea-green, or sea-green dragon; if the arms of some person, or place, let them be properly emblazoned with their just tinctures. It is sweet to gaze on the pretty face of the angel; to see her hold up her celestial head, and turn out her little tripping toes, like a good girl, whilst she waves her sky-blue wings over her long auburn locks; and it fills us with noble

thoughts to view the black lion, a royal animal, dancing and prancing majestically on his hind legs, in defiance of the old blue boar, which hangs snarling across the street, gnashing his gilded tusks, and twisting his golden tail.

I did not find in the Universe a table d'hôte; but I found the next best thing, a coffee-room, where it is dined by the carte; some persons even prefer this method of feeding; but I confess that I do not like to order my dinner; it is an onerous duty; my understanding sinks beneath the task; I do not think that the unassisted reason of an ordinary individual of the human species, is sufficient for the double purpose of ordering a dinner, and afterwards eating it. I chose my plates with difficulty; but I cleared them with ease. Nothing is so delightful as mutual confidence; the traveller sometimes, but unfortunately not often, finds an amiable and intelligent innkeeper, who can sympathise with his infirmities, to whom he can briefly say—Give me a dinner at such a price; if you are benevolent and well disposed, it will be good; but if you have one spark of humanity, you will not question me about it; for nothing that you can furnish was, is, or ever will be, worth the trouble of asking for. Oh, that man would not love botheration! is an ejaculation uttered aloud twenty times a day. Respecting woman

also, if we are ever tempted to breathe in secret the like prayer, the most perfect intelligences alone know perfectly, how utterly vain it is.

I conversed with some Americans, who had just crossed Mont Cenis, and gave a favourable account of the pass. I retired early to bed; a person who has risen at two in the morning, especially in the winter, can sleep without rocking.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4.—"Heaven first taught letters;" this I very much doubt, and do even deny; and I dread the sight of a letter; it is sure to bring more pain than pleasure: from a stranger it is rarely worth the trouble of reading; if from a friend, it generally has painful intelligence. They say at sea, that "God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks," (some of our cooks on shore are no great God-sends.) I can believe that heaven sends oral messengers, who come running, breathless with good tidings; but the evil principle speeds the letter with bad news, neatly written, duly folded, sealed and directed with unerring aim, like the fatal arrow. That we rarely receive agreeable intelligence by letter, shows that it is not the intention of nature, that we should quit our friends: when we have found a person with whom we would wish to correspond regularly, we ought to communicate

without the intervention of pens, paper, flaming, scalding wax, and postmen. A letter, in my eyes, looks too much—as if it came from the apothecary—to be palatable; it resembles too closely the labelled phial; the neatly folded packet of powders; the trim pill-box; or the envelope of the soul-sickening bolus.

The square, called Piazza di Castello, is spacious and handsome; the arcades with which it is nearly surrounded, are convenient; I like to oscillate in a portico; and so far at least I am a stoic, and adopt the philosophy of the porch. I was asked by an American, if I had ever seen a finer square? I answered, without hesitation, St. Mark's Place, at Venice; but it is no mean square which is second to that, or which can be named with it: if the American judges, like many of his countrymen, by the size alone; the square at Venice is very inferior in magnitude, and consequently in transatlantic beauty, to this.

The museum of antiquities, at the university, has some valuable antiques; a marble statue of a sleeping Cupid, is very entire and beautiful, if it were only on account of its exquisite nature. The museum is rich in Egyptian matters, and contains the Tabula Isiaca, which has given rise to so much discussion, as to its meaning and antiquity. I saw a printed list of the hours at which the professors lecture, and the subjects

of which they discourse; it was at least sufficiently long; a catalogue of the sciences that the professors teach at our universities would not be very extensive.

The chapel of the Santo Sudario, built by a priest named Guarini, is a whimsical place of a circular form; it is lined with a dark marble, brought from Como, and is of a sorrowful aspect: it communicates with the cathedral; and is indeed a kind of squire's pew, in which the royal family hear the mass, and are present privately, in the public church.

There are some good rooms, well fitted up, in the royal palace; I observed, that the doors of many of the apartments, instead of list, had a narrow strip of fur round them, to exclude the air. There is a noble collection of paintings by the first masters; and it is peculiarly rich in the works of Albano. I wished that they were in a public gallery, open at all fit times to the curious visitor. There is a building in the middle of the square, the commencement of an unfinished palace; of which the staircase is remarkable.

I visited the cabinets of natural history; they are well supplied in the other departments; but are chiefly rich in minerals: there are some good models in wax of fungi, of which this country is said to produce a great many species; the truffles are famous, and are esteemed a great delicacy, especially the white ones, which, it is asserted, are not to be found elsewhere; and of late

have been scarce, even here. Persons who are very resolute in finding all things in Scripture, say, that the truffles are the mandrakes, of which Solomon sings, in his Song of Songs, "The mandrakes give a smell;" and which determined a delicate family dispute between the two wives of Jacob, in the 30th chapter of Genesis. The Jews, to whom, perhaps, we ought to allow the credit of being best able to interpret their own laws, say that the "dudaim" are violets; notwithstanding the Septuagint, where we see μῆλα μανδραγαρῶν: whether violets are to be found in the fields in the days of the wheat-harvest, the authors of the Talmud were doubtless aware.

I visited a manufactory to see some carving in ivory, where my guide told me I was not to pay any thing. It is seldom agreeable to visit pictures where you are not allowed to pay, for they look at you as if they thought you ought to purchase a Correggio or two; and so with other things: when money is current, a franc is thankfully received, and there the matter ends.

I was told that the great theatre is very handsome, and that it is open during the Carnival only; that it is necessary to be there at half-past four to get a place, and to wait till half-past six: a theatre is intended to be a place of amusement; and whenever you can go at any hour of the evening that may be

convenient, with the certainty of finding a good seat, it may be a pleasure; when it is otherwise, it becomes a business, and, in my opinion, a very unpleasant business. The theatre was built by an architect named Alfieri, the uncle of the person who wrote the tragedies; and who, strange to say, is called "the poet."

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5.—I visited the churches of S. Filippo Neri, Santa Teresa, and some others; they are only remarkable for pictures; and these are not striking. Every morning at eleven, the Marchese Cambiase, adorned with a pair of emerald ear-rings, politely shows his collection of paintings, in person, to foreigners: to-day I was favoured by the sight of some pictures of the first masters, in the palace of that courteous nobleman. A Holy Family, by Correggio, presents figures of the same broad-faced family which we recognise in his other works; it is said, that the painter always copied his own children, and that the Madonna in this picture is a portrait of his daughter.

Four signatures are requisite to a passport from hence to Paris; and the king of Cyprus exacts four francs from each traveller, who has incautiously entered his capital, as his share of the plunder. It of course requires much labour, or, what is the same thing, much expense, to obtain four signatures; especially as the blockheads who represent their respective sovereigns,

are too great men to give themselves the trouble of attending to their business.

The day was fine; and the sun had so much power, that it was even warm; but the worst possible weather for going about, by reason of the thawing of the deep snow; I contrived, nevertheless, to walk, or rather to wade, round a great part of the city, and to gaze from various points at the white Alps. I afterwards crossed the elegant and level bridge of five arches, over the Po; and waded through the melting snow, to a pretty royal villa, named la Vigna della Regina, situated on an eminence: from the terrace in front, is a fine view of Turin; of the plain, over which a fog hung, and, as I was told, ever hangs; and of the snowy chain of the Alps. It is a comfortable, unpretending, enviable villa. The only painting of much merit, that I remember, is the middle of a cieling, by Paul Veronese; representing, I think, Solomon and the queen of Sheba. The person, who showed the place, explained one picture to me, as the Siege of Jerusalem, by Titus Vespasian, in the time of the crusades. I saw, on the Po, some boats of a semi-lunar form; these floating half-moons reminded me of the views of that river.

At four in the afternoon, (the king, and of course all the rest of the people, dine at one) the streets, and the Piazza Castello, were crowded with spectators; as the king, the royal family, and many of the nobility, it being

the last Sunday of the Carnival, were to drive about in carriages; the more dignified portion in vehicles, like those of the lord mayor, and the sheriffs of London, and Mr. Speaker; others in handsome modern carriages; others in moving edifices resembling hackney-coaches. The good people of Turin, unlike the inhabitants of any other city, save London, did not think that one look at a king (no doubt a live king is a very fine sight) was enough; but they followed him about, and stared—and stared—and stared again. To a stranger, the view of a monarch to whom he owed no allegiance, could awaken no other feelings in his breast, than a desire to take the father of his people by the ears, and to shake him, until he disgorged the four francs, of which, like any other highwayman, taking advantage of the helplessness of the traveller, the king of Jerusalem, the successor and lineal descendant of Solomon (to call the act by its proper name), had plundered him.

I saw many pretty women in the crowd; the country-women wore white caps, of a whimsical form, like a helmet; not of steel, or brass, but of muslin, sustained by wires in that quaint shape. I met a troop of carabiniers, well mounted, well dressed, and well appointed; they have large pay and allowances, and find their own horses and appointments.

The king has a numerous body-guard of Sardes, who bear a bad character, and are much disliked; and

it is complained, that they are unjustly upheld when they misconduct themselves towards their fellow subjects: it is not an uncommon policy to have a guard of Janissaries; and it is not difficult to foresee the consequences. For the credit of the island, it is to be hoped that the mercenaries will earn their pay, when required, as bravely as the Swiss guards of the king of France; that some future traveller in Sardinia may see, as at Lucerne, the end of a rock carved into the form of a lion, a bear, a bull, or some other untoward animal, to make perpetual the glory of these little thievish, Jewish, bandy-legged heroes.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6.—In the town hall I saw a room lined, at least in part, with marble; and a bas relief of a king of Sardinia, on horseback: it is said to be a good likeness of his present majesty; of his predecessor; or of some other king.

In all religions, high places have been adopted as possessing an extraordinary sanctity. It is certainly a mechanical mode of getting nearer to heaven. How many churches are there of Madonna del Monte? Of all the obligations imposed on a traveller, no one is more irksome than that of ascending, in every city, to the High Place. At Turin it is called the Superga; and it exceeds the utmost license that is usually allowed to the exactions of this kind; being perched upon an

extremely high hill, at the distance of several, I am afraid to say how many, of the long miles of the country; and is approached by a road which must be bad at all times; but during the rapid thawing of a deep snow, it was most abominable. The church was built by Victor Amadeus, in consequence of a vow made when Turin was besieged by the French.

I waded through the dissolving snow and ice; and on inquiring the way, had occasion to remark, how little imagination the common people must have, as they cannot even go out of themselves so far as to fancy, that they are the person who asks the road; but when you inquire of those you meet, as they face you, they describe according to their own position, and not yours; they say, therefore, turn to the left, when they mean to your right; and vice versâ: they accompany the direction with a gesture, which points out, if the inquirer luckily remarks it, the important correction that is to be made in following their instructions; otherwise, the unhappy traveller who asked for directions, and obeyed them, in the ordinary sense, would wander for ever, with little chance of finding his way; or rather, with the absolute certainty of never arriving at the spot he sought. The first half of the road is on level ground, by the side of the Po; the remainder is an ascent, through a wood of brush-wood, long and steep; so much so, that it is given as an

example of the astonishing good temper of some individual, that having just descended from seeing the Superga, a stranger inquired the way, and he was so obliging as to walk up to the top again, for the purpose of pointing it out.

When I had reached the summit, I had some difficulty in gaining admittance into the church: the sacristan had gone away with his key, to keep the Carnival, of which it was the last day but one; as we call the penultimate day, it was Collop-Monday. I waited for some time with wet feet; at last the man was found; he produced his key, and showed me the royal sepulchres, and the interior of the church, which is certainly handsome; it is lined and adorned with a profusion of second-rate marbles; there is nothing first-rate, either in the materials, or the style of architecture: like Turin, it has been far too much puffed, and is not worth a walk for the sole purpose of seeing it; but if the stranger wants an excuse for a long walk, let him go there. It is a new erection, and in no respect venerable; it is therefore a place of no religion, or peculiar sanctity. To omit nothing of the usually prescribed dose, I ascended to the top of the cupola, from whence there is a fine view of the Alps; as there is from all points near Turin; the air was then, and is said to be generally, very foggy; but it was said, on the contrary, that when the weather is

clear about four o'clock in the afternoon, the Duomo at Milan may be distinctly seen with a good telescope. The distance, I suppose, is nearly one hundred English miles. I descended more easily than I had climbed up; and found a better, or at least a pleasanter walk back, on the raised mound by the side of the Po.

I visited the great theatre in the evening; it is dark, heavy, and tawdry; there was a great crowd, and a great heat; in these respects it was nearly as uncomfortable as a theatre in London; and moreover, the smell of garlic was so intolerable, that I soon fled for it.

There have been many violent persecutions for matters of opinion and conscience, which appear to concern but little, any one, save the wearers: but strange to say, not one for eating garlic. We should suppose, *à priori*, that a traveller, who came to a square in Madrid, and found there a man burning, and was informed, in answer to his inquiries, that it was for being a Jew, like his father before him, and because he paid a little too much respect, in the spirit and in the flesh, to the memory of the Patriarch Abraham; would probably think the reason for kindling the fire insufficient; but, if he were told that the criminal, although often warned of the consequences, would persist in eating garlic, and afterwards going into public places, we should imagine,

that he would cry, "That is right; if you run short of faggots, I will give you a few; help yourselves from my wood stack; I will lend you my wife's new pair of bellows to blow up the fire and singe the monster!" But experience and history contradict speculations, which to our reason appear to be so probable.

The ballet was rich, and there were horses upon the stage; but so powerful was the odour of garlic, that I soon withdrew, singing, like Solomon: "The mandrakes give a smell!"

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7.—I had been told, when I sent to take a place, that the diligence was full; but I was informed this morning, that there was a seat in the cabriolet: I hurried together my things, and in half an hour was at the coach-office. I had here the usual scene with my valet de place, who was of course dissatisfied with the sum I gave him: after having exhausted the western eloquence of words, he had recourse to the eastern style—the eloquence of actions, practical tropes, and active figures; he laid down the money upon a stone, and pretended to go away, but took good care to watch it; I went away in earnest, and took possession of my seat: the good man finding that my eyes were as deaf as my ears; that I did not appreciate his performances; and was unmoved even by the oratory of

types and symbols; put the money into his pocket, came and wished me a good journey, and begged me to recommend him to my friends.

At ten we quitted Turin; a city which, I must confess, disappointed me; it tries hard to be a very fine place, but in my opinion does not succeed; it is neither French nor Italian; and has none of the excellences of either country; it owes its fame, I suspect, to having been puffed with great diligence, and to the praises of persons who have seen nothing better; for many travellers come as far south as this city, and then immediately turn their faces to the north. We were dragged along an excellent and level road by four heavy horses, as fat as bullocks, at a pace which I had erroneously supposed was used only at a Quaker's funeral: we thus at least escaped the vanity of travelling with all celerity, as by one of our light coaches; a vanity against which Thomas à Kempis warns us in his edifying work; "Vanitas est, diligere, quod cum omni celeritate transit."

At Rivoli, about ten miles from Turin, I took leave of the plains of Lombardy, which I had traversed continually from Bologna to this place, and entered a valley. The usual time required by an Alpine pass is a day's walk up a valley, which gradually becomes narrower; a day's walk over the mountain; and a day's walk down a valley, which gradually widens. We kept

on at the same phlegmatic pace until near eleven o'clock; when, half dead with cold and hunger, we arrived at Susa; we were tolerably well treated in the important matters of supper and bed.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8.—With exemplary punctuality, we were called at a quarter before two, and at two in the morning took our places. A price must be paid for every thing; part of the price, which I paid for visiting Rome, was to turn out of my warm bed at two o'clock in the morning in the middle of February, to sit in the dark in a cold, miserable, and open cabriolet, in a snowy Alpine valley, the sharp mountain wind, like good advice seasoned by reproof, blowing in at one ear, and out at the other; and whistling shrilly through the head.

We slowly ascended, and at daylight came to a place where every diligence is unavailing; our luggage was unpacked and placed upon a sledge, and we seated ourselves in another. The vehicle was not incommodious; it was like part of a drain, or sewer, placed on a sledge, for it had an arched roof; because such a roof is less liable to be crushed by an avalanche; it contained eight persons; we were seated face to face on benches, four on each side, and were drawn up the mountain slowly over the snow, by six horses in single file, or tandem fashion. Where the snow was

smooth the motion was smooth also, and hardly perceptible: it would have been as easy to have written a letter, if the writer had any thing to say, as in any situation; and not more difficult, if he had not. The rubbing of the bottom of the sledge upon the snow, caused sounds to be heard, like those so familiar to the ears of men who have waited in the theatre until the performances commence; and which arise, when those persons, who look so indignant when they are called by the gallery "fiddlers!" I mean the gentlemen of the orchestra, are tuning their bassviols: we cannot doubt that the same sounds saluted the ears of Hercules and of Hannibal, who, it is said, severally crossed the Cottian Alps at this place, if they rode over the snow in sledges. We passed many sledges of a rude and simple structure, laden with merchandize, wood, and various burdens.

I had formed a wish in Switzerland to see that country in the winter; to-day I was gratified, as the nature of the scenery is nearly the same: it is singular, striking, and interesting; but less wild and sublime; for the covering of snow softens down the rugged landscape, conceals the rude angles, fills up the hollows, and converts the perpendicular precipice into a gradual declivity. The quantity of snow was unusually great this year; it was really prodigious, and gave an enlarged idea of the fertility of the sky in that pro-

duction. In many places houses were buried in it, and could only be discovered by the ridge of the roof, or by a chimney. We often slided over snow which was at least twenty feet above the usual road. At this season the scene is sufficiently Scythian, or Lapponian; but in the summer the summit cannot be compared with the wild horrors of the other passes, especially of the St. Gotthard; for at the summit is an extensive grassy plain, which affords abundant and excellent pasture; and the rich cheese of Mont Cenis, the product of this plain, is very famous. There is also a large lake, of which the trout are much esteemed; they were now, by the care of nature, all potted alive; for the lake was not only frozen, but deeply covered with snow; we could, however, distinctly trace its shores. At the summit there is also a hospital of the monks of St. Bernard; who are hardly needed here, as there are several other habitations; there are, I believe, more carabiniers in the hospital than monks: one of that equestrian order of Cœnobites took the trouble to examine our passports. The air was cold, but the sun came out with great force, and his rays were reflected from the snows; we set open the door of the sledge, and enjoyed the genial warmth. We left five of our horses at the top, and descended rapidly with one: the descent in many places was extremely uneven; we were jolted with excessive violence, and

even thrown out of our seats. We had quitted the waters that pay tribute to the Po, and that fall with him into the Adriatic; we now saw streams rushing with equal eagerness to join the Rhone.

About the middle of the day we arrived at the village of Lanslebourg, at the foot of Mont Cenis; where we found two of our party; who had been induced to descend in a more rapid manner, on a little sledge guided by a man; which they said was a pleasant and safe conveyance, and glided down the steep side of the mountain with inconceivable swiftness. We were glad of meat, drink, and a fire; and by means of food and fuel, took away hunger and cold, which subtraction added greatly to the value of the remainder.

It became necessary here to say *adieu*, or rather *addio*, to the sweet bastard Latin, and to resume the French, which is not only a bastard, but a deformed child of the same father: the nose now reassumed its consequence, and was no longer a mere ornament to the countenance; but a most important organ of speech. I was struck, in descending the mountain, with the effect of the strong contrast of some dark pine forests with the white and glittering snow.

We left our sledge at Lanslebourg, and got on board a most incommodious diligence: this evening only we changed our horses several times, and advanced consequently a little more quickly. We arrived late at

St. Michel. I was so cold in the cabriolet, that I doubted whether I could proceed farther; but fortunately I persuaded one of the inhabitants of the interior, partly for love, and partly for money, to exchange places, and give me his seat in the inside.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9.—At the same unnatural and barbarous hour of two, we recommenced our journey; but I was now rejoicing in the inside, and sheltered from the cutting mountain blasts, which swept around the open cabriolet, accompanied at day-break and night-fall with an intensity of cold that was absolutely intolerable. The valley of the Arc is pretty and well cultivated, and abounds in fine walnut-trees. The inhabitants are ugly, and I saw many afflicted with goitres; they are said to be by no means addicted to robbery; and that the traveller is as safe in Savoy as in Switzerland. At the doors of many houses I observed a large bunch of missletoe, or some other evergreen; whether they have any superstition of the same kind at Lent, that we have at Christmas, or whether it only denoted that wine was sold there, I neglected to inquire.

The restless Arc cannot remain quiet in its bed; but, on a small scale, imitates in some places the ravages of the Rhone in the Valais. At Aiguebelle, the valley is merely a narrow pass; the mountains on both sides are steep,

rocky, and naked; in the year 1760, the village was damaged by the fall of part of one. Here we found rest and refection; and afterwards continued our downward course, until the Arc flowed into the Isere; we then followed that river, and passed the city of Montmelian; remarking its citadel, seated on a hill; and its vineyards, of which the wine is celebrated. We entered the city of Chambery in the dark, and enjoyed a good supper and good beds, at a comfortable inn; we were sufficiently near France to meet with the French cookery; and the French of our party declared, that the style in which the supper was got up, was quite correct: whatever else I might regret of Italy, I certainly preferred the savoury kitchen of France to the villainous culinary deeds of that classic land.

One of our number, a white-faced, demure, silent, sly looking, little man, petted his soul much more than his body, as he ate nothing but fish, eggs, and vegetables; this seemed to be carrying the wholesome doctrine of fasting to an excess; for a lady of the party (and the fair sex generally take abundant care of their immortal parts) devoured indiscriminately every thing that she could lay her hands on; and said, that "On a journey we are dispensed from the observance of fasts." And what is life but one great journey? Do not divines and philosophers for once agree; and what is still more wonderful, do not divines agree amongst

themselves, in saying that we are always at an inn? If so, then the dispensation is perpetual: this opinion is so highly probable, that until it is overturned by weighty reasons, I will abide by it, and omit to fast.

* *

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10.—At the usual early hour we were again slowly making our way; when daylight appeared, we found ourselves in a remarkable place, amongst barren, sloping rocks, quite bare of grass, but full of cracks and crevices, from which shrubs and bushes sprung up. I should like to see this spot in early spring; the tender green of the young leaves must make a striking contrast with the stones, from the bosom of which they grow; a contrast of youth and age; fertility and barrenness; life and death. We presently came to a mountain of rock, that rises perpendicularly like a wall; a passage of considerable length, and commodious both in height and width, has been cut through the rock by a duke of Savoy; through this we passed, and suddenly entered, as by a door, upon a fertile, extensive, and beautiful country.

We passed through the village of Echelles, and in due time reached Pont Bonvoisin; we descended from our carriage, which we changed there; and once or twice a day, during this journey; and walked over the bridge out of the kingdom of Sardinia into that of France. As we passed the bridge, which is the boundary,

the soldiers of Charles, the amiable, gently felt our ribs, as butchers feel cattle; the character of the French is certainly (as even the most anti-Gallican must allow) above all suspicion in this respect; but in a country where the slightest tinge of cannibalism remained, such a reception would be truly alarming, not only to the stoutest, but to the leanest also. The soldiers being satisfied that we had not about our persons any little comfort or convenience of life from a foreign country of a lower price, or of a better quality, than could be made in France; in which case, and for the injury of bringing it into their country, we should be treated as public enemies, according to the stupid policy of the dunces, whom men select to govern them; permitted us to go to the inn.

The appearance of the house was uninviting; and the dinner, which some English travellers were eating, frightened me, although hungry, so much, that I beat a retreat and intrenched myself in a coffee-house, and breakfasted agreeably, finding there, coffee, with milk, bread, butter, and eggs; all good; a warm stove, newspapers, and a gentle landlady.

This state of tranquillity and comfort was soon interrupted by the prefect of police, who sent for me, and insisted upon transmitting to Paris the long web of paper which I had collected by degrees, and on giving me a new provisional passport; I objected to this arrange-

ment, and at once revenged and recreated myself by making the dirty little animal read all his laws and orders; utter various solemn protestations; pledge his sacred word of honour, as a Frenchman and a prefect; and swear all possible oaths by all objects of a sacred nature, or of a blue colour; by every thing in short, which could be placed between the words *sacre* and *bleu*. His mother, a paralytic old woman, assisted him with extraordinary earnestness in all his official duties but swearing, to which, I suppose, she felt herself inadequate. When I had done my duty in showing a sufficient contempt for the constituted authorities, and when the little man began to grow tiresome, I took his provisional passport, and paid his paltry provisional fee, which would buy provisions to sustain his miserable life, and the still more miserable existence of his aged mother; had the fellow asked for the same sum in his natural capacity of a beggar on the highway, and not as a high officer of state, he should have received it without altercation: and I went to the custom-house, where my baggage was examined in a manner which, to one who came from Italy, appeared by no means ungracious. The ceaseless torment of passports is as useless as it is odious; if after so long an experiment Messieurs the Bourbons do not find themselves sufficiently strong to govern France without annoying the weary traveller by this absurdity; and cannot, consist-

ently with their safety, suffer him to take his breakfast in peace, they had much better return to eat, drink, sing psalms, and pray at Hartwell.

We wasted four hours in this dirty village, and then continued our slow journey; we passed through a pleasant country, where I had the satisfaction of seeing some hedges, the greatest ornament to the fields, and a sure criterion of agricultural industry. We arrived at midnight at Bourgoin, where we supped by a stove, in which coals were burning; and resumed our seats again in the diligence.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11.—When daylight came we found ourselves in an open corn country, with a row of white mulberry trees on each side of the road. The night was frosty, and the ground was frozen hard. The white mulberry is a pretty tree, somewhat similar in appearance to the lime; they are polled; but the ramification is free and graceful, and the spreading of the branches seems to favour the operation of gathering the leaves. We were cold, tired, and miserable; and impatient to finish our tedious journey by arriving at Lyons.

The pace at which the sluggish brutes dragged along our heavy and incommodious vehicle, did not cheer us by its vivacity; it was mortifying to be continually

passed by the dung-carts; but bad as the conveyance was during the whole of the way, the real wonder was, that it was not worse; mischievous as monopolies are, they would be still more mischievous, but for a sense of decency, which makes men ashamed to sink lower than a certain point of degradation. Bad and dear as our two great theatres in London are, it is not to be denied that they might be worse and more expensive. Messieurs Bonafous have purchased of the king of Sardinia, the exclusive privilege of having a diligence on this road; and I feel grateful to those gentlemen for conveying me from Turin to Lyons, even in four days and four nights; I admit that I have been treated with great generosity; inasmuch as I am not still a prisoner in one of their coaches. The king of Sardinia sold me to them for a slave, as he had a right to do by the laws of his happy country; as we read that our king Henry the Third sold the Jews to Earl Richard his brother, for a term of years, to make what profit he could of that ancient people; and as, with an equal right, and for the same purpose, another of our kings sold, or granted, all play-goers to his patentees; I being therefore the property of the Messieurs Bonafous, was used by them with much humanity; they did not take my life, as they might easily have done; they did not imprison me for a very long period, and

they did not fine me more than three times as much as I should have paid for my fare, had their business been free and open to competition.

At nine in the morning we entered Lyons, and crossed the Rhone by a bridge; the river sent forth such a fog, that it was impossible to see any thing; the Po sends forth the like at Turin; this price, it seems, must always be paid for the society of a great river. The number of carts in the streets bespoke a large trading town; and the coals which I saw in some of them, and a certain blackness in the mud, reminded me of London. After some delay I reached a hotel; I was hungry, tired, and cold; and had caught cold; I was glad to wash and dress, which comforts had been impracticable during our journey from Turin; to repose by the fire and to breakfast.

The cheerful and civilized aspect of a French apartment was agreeable to the imagination after the squalid jail-like air of an Italian bed-room. The French are unrivalled in the art of making drinks; their wines are the best in the world; if we allow perhaps the single exception of the wines of the Rhine; their coffee is nectar; their beer good; their lemonade, orgeat, eau de groseilles, and all the vast variety of confectionary fluids, are agreeable; their liqueurs are said to be poisons—they are at least specious poisons; and their brandy is perfect.

It is not without reason that foreigners complain, that they cannot get any thing to drink in London; the wine, such as can be procured at public places of entertainment, to say nothing of the monstrous price, is unpalatable and unwholesome; spirits of all kinds are uniformly bad; the beer is very rarely good, being most usually adulterated and drugged; the various unfermented liquors, in which foreigners delight, are unknown; and even a glass of iced water cannot be had: our coffee is an execrable abomination; and our tea itself, (which the English alone can enjoy, or understand,) thanks to the East India Company, is generally grown on an English hedge. Why are we not permitted to have caffés, which deserve to be ranked high amongst the consolations of suffering humanity? Our coffee-houses are not entitled to the name; they have sunk into taverns, where an enormous price is demanded for a bad and slovenly dinner.

I sallied out for an hour to reconnoitre my position; I soon found a noble river, with handsome quays on both sides—and bridges, one ancient of stone, one more modern of wood; the ancient bridge was free, at the wooden one a toll was paid; there were washer-women and floats of timber on the river; and on the other side was a town, and the sun was shining across the water. After gazing for some minutes, I resolved to plunge into the city; I accordingly turned my back

on the river, and walked for no great distance along a straight and handsome street. I had no doubt that I had walked straight, and had not turned round imperceptibly; yet I came presently upon a noble river, with handsome quays on both sides; and bridges, one ancient of stone, and one more modern of wood; the ancient bridge was free, at the wooden one a toll was paid; there were washerwomen and floats of timber on the river, and on the other side was a town; but the sun was behind me and not in front, or on the opposite side of the river: I looked at it a long time; t was evidently the same river, yet I had walked straight away from it; it was either a reflection in a mirror, or the city was enchanted. It seemed at last that I must have turned round without knowing it, and I resolved, therefore, to walk carefully back, and to discover the cause of such a ludicrous mistake. I did so, and on my way I observed in the window of a bookseller's shop a plan of Lyons, which fully explained the mystery; and showed me the two rivers, the Rhone and the Saone, flowing parallel through the city for a short distance before they concur: I had expected to find the confluence of these rivers, but not what I found, two noble streams adorned with quays and bridges. On another view I discovered sufficient distinctions to prevent my confounding them again;

but still sufficient resemblance to justify in a stranger the mistake which I had made.

It is a great pleasure to wander about a strange city without a guide; a guide would have told me that there are two large rivers, the Rhone and the Saone, flowing parallel through the city, equally adorned with quays and bridges; I should doubtless have heard the truth at once, but I should have lost the whole effect of the peculiarity, and the magical interest of the deception: it is a miserable thing to be mistaken in important matters; but in unimportant things it is also miserable to be always in the right.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12.—It would be difficult to find a city that has less consideration for the soles of the feet than Lyons; it is paved with gravel, with walnuts, with marbles; so small and so round are the stones; and the streets are filthily dirty with mud. This day was a great fête, the last Sunday of the Carnival; the crowd in the streets was immense; men, women, and children seemed equally to enjoy it. In Italy the people do not run against one another in the cities; they walk slowly and at large, and take plenty of time to pass from one place, in which they have just been doing nothing, to another in which they are just going to do nothing: but the tradesmen of Lyons carry their

mercantile habits of haste even into their amusements; and, like the shopkeepers of England, they repose in a breathless hurry and lounge in a bustle.

I was pleased with one instance of right feeling in the active inhabitants of this city; a fellow in a blue linen frock, whose aspect sufficiently promised unrelenting brutality, in galloping amongst the crowd in the Place de Bellecour, rode over a woman and a child, and threw them down, but without further mischief: the general feeling of indignation manifested itself so strongly, that the horseman was obliged to do a violence to his nature; to return, dismount, explain, and apologize. In London, there would have been no expression of public displeasure to deter the brute from riding away laughing. When such injuries are brought into courts of law, ample justice is done; and the common law is declared, by the constitutional organs, in a manner highly satisfactory to the foot-passenger: but the spectators always seem to participate and sympathize strongly, in that strange feeling of the many, the delight in being oppressed by the few; and I have sometimes seen a coachman suffered to drive off with impunity, in cases where all the marrow of all his bones ought to have been made to recognise distinctly, and to repent bitterly, his savage misconduct.

There were many masks, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages; some were comical figures, especially a

man, who was mounted bare-backed, on an old grey mare, in a general's uniform, and with a barrister's wig. The good people of Lyons appeared to be truly happy, and to enjoy the Carnival to the utmost.

The city is, doubtless, handsome; there are several good squares, especially the large one, called the Place de Bellecour; yet is there little of interest in it. The cathedral is tolerably good, as a Gothic church; but as the cathedral of so important a city, it is small and mean: although all the streets were so much crowded, it was well filled; but, it must not be concealed, chiefly by old women; they were performing the evening service in pretty good style; and the canons were roaring with an earnestness, that must have been pleasing to devout persons, in a loud, deep, full voice; assisted a little by bassoons and serpents.

In the evening I visited the little theatre of the Celestins; the theatrical performances commence here at half-past five; the theatre is mean and dirty, and was filled with tradesmen, tradeswomen, and trades-children; the vaudeville was well acted; then came a melo-drame, which soon drove me away.

Monday, February 13.—The museum contains a few good pictures of the old masters; and some interesting objects, such as mummies, bronzes, and so forth: but, for so large a city, it is chiefly remarkable

for its poverty. The Hotel de Dieu is an extensive and celebrated hospital; it is impossible, in a hasty visit, to judge of the merits, or defects, of an institution of this nature.

I walked along the banks of the Rhone, by a long avenue of poplars, to the confluence of that river and the Soane: as two rivers seldom flow through the same kind of soils, their waters are seldom of the same colours: the Rhone is comparatively clear; it is therefore of a blueish, whitish, greenish colour; the Soane is muddy, like the yellow Tiber, and like coffee with milk. In the evening I ascended a steep and considerable hill to a church, whence, if it had not been dark and foggy, I should have had a fine view of Lyons and its vicinity; even as it then was, the prospect repaid the trouble of ascending: I descended part of the way by a shabby flight of countless steps.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14.—I rose at six on St. Valentine's day; the morning was cold, and there was a heavy, dank fog. The habits of a commercial people are rarely comfortable; I could not discover any place at which a breakfast was to be had. I felt the same inward satisfaction at quitting Lyons, which is always perceived at leaving a large trading town; was there ever a single instance of a man quitting Manchester, Birmingham, or Sheffield, with regret? Is it indis-

pensably necessary that a trading people should be rude and illiterate, and vulgar and barbarous in their manners, views, and habits? Might they not be instructed? Would not education tell even upon them? Would they not still be able, although slightly civilized, to hurry about; to run against each other; to buy cheap and to sell dear; to out bid, and to under sell; to give credit, and to stop payment; and to enter all these things in a staring hand in their ledgers?

At seven we quitted Lyons, in a large diligence, drawn by six horses, yoked three abreast: at ten we dined, or breakfasted. The sun conquered the fog; and the day turned out well. We walked for an hour and a half up a long hill; the view was fine, and the country, during the whole of the day, was interesting. At the top of the hill we took leave of the waters that flow into the Mediterranean, and to the south; and came to those which, if they do not run directly northwards, at least are carried by the Loire to the west, and into the Bay of Biscay.

We had a sulky girl on board: the French women are, in general, singularly affable and obliging; nevertheless, I think I have met with girls in France more sulky than in any other country; and who had more of the predisposing cause, an utter imbecility and want of understanding. We had also, but unfortunately for a few leagues only, an old girl, an Iris of all the colours

of the rainbow, and twenty more at least, with a physiognomy truly French: an old coquette in perfection, in her utmost simplicity and purity, is to be met with only in France.

We supped miserably at a paltry pot-house, and passed the night in great discomfort, being six, or rather seven in number; for there was a little girl, who, as a nuisance, was worth all the rest put together; she was sick, and exhibited all the odious phenomena of a child in a coach. Political economists talk and write much of the inconvenience of transporting gold from place to place; that it is much better to dispose of the cumbrous metal, "aurum inutile summi materiam mali;" and to adopt in its stead a nice paper currency: of this inconvenience I cannot judge, as I never had much gold to transport; but with respect to children, I can say with confidence, that it would be much better to pay away your children at the town of departure, and to take a bill for one, two, or twelve children, as the case may be, value received in parental affection, giving or receiving a small premium, according to the demand for such accommodation, and to receive a like number, when you arrived.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15.—Cold, tired, and hungry, I reached Moulins at noon. The society one usually meets with in a diligence, would give a very

low average of humanity in France. I do not doubt, that travelling may be carried too far; that it is chiefly good for the method, like mathematics, and some other studies, which it would be a miserable thing not to know at all; yet to know nothing else, would be almost more miserable than absolute naked ignorance. The period usually prescribed, of two years, is, perhaps, too long; it makes too large a gap in human life. It is not necessary to keep bad company, in order to get a relish for good. There are, besides, many objects at home well worthy of attention, which travellers are too apt to neglect: "Ad quæ noscenda iter ingredi, transmittere mare solemus, ea sub oculis posita negligimus: seu quia ita naturâ comparatum, ut proximorum incuriosi, longinqua sectemur; seu quod omnium rerum cupido languescit, quum facilis occasio est; seu quod differimus, tamquam sæpe visuri quod datur videre, quoties velis cernere."

I had not broken my fast; and was as glad to behold bread, butter and coffee, at the Hotel d'Allier, as the whole population of Barbadoes, black, white, and tawny; free and enslaved; cart-whippers and cart whipped; orthodox and heterodox; assenting and dissenting—were, we are told, to see the new bishop; the whole island was drunk with a giddy joy; such joy as we might conceive would be felt by the herbage and butter cups, and the red, white, and yellow clover,

they had sense enough to feel any thing, when the lean and hungry bullock enters a deep and rich pasture, in order to become a fat ox by feeding upon them; treading them under foot, and defiling them. This joy, to the carnal minded, may be somewhat unintelligible; but we have only to read the narrative in the right spirit; in the spirit which St. Augustine recommends, as cited by a poor, mad, mystic; and we shall be rewarded by believing it: as aids to reflection, or rather to credulity, the saint says, "So receive this that you may deserve to understand it. For the faith ought to precede the understanding, so that the understanding may be the reward of the faith."—"Sic accipite ut mereamini intelligere. Fides enim debet præcedere intellectum, ut sit intellectus fidei præmium." My joy was intelligible enough without the aid of St. Augustine, or Archbishop Leighton, to explain it, for it was the joy of the lean and hungry bullock.

The country round Moulins is flat, but not unpleasant; it is by no means romantic, or suited for the scene of such a story as that of Sterne's Maria. Who can decide whether this kind of writing be beneficial? It is no doubt good to cultivate the affections; yet sentimentality is so false and unreal. "I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar;" the aspect of the neighbourhood is as little adapted for the

tale, as a poplar or a hop-pole can be for poor Maria to sit under. The little town has a good bridge, of many arches, over the Allier, a handsome river; and on its banks a long walk, planted with poplars; it is a dull place; but certain parts of the middle of the town, called Tours, are shaded by trees and afford good houses; no doubt at an easy rent; where it might be lived cheaply.

They are building a mansion-house for the mayor, on an extensive scale; and a large edifice, named the Palace of Justice, which is nearly finished; and there is also a college, or public school. The short, high, cathedral, is manifestly only the choir of an unfinished building, which most certainly will never be completed, for the age of chivalry is past: there are some pictures, and painted glass, but without merit or interest. In a corner of the church is a wooden figure of a disagreeable fellow, with the worms creeping out at his eyes, ears, and mouth, and crawling through his spare ribs, and with this inscription:—

"Olim formoso fueram qui corpore—putri
Nunc sum—tu simili corpore lector eris."

Why could not the good man write up something more cheerful?—eat, drink, and kiss your wife, or maid, while you may; or words to that effect.

I heard complaints, that the police are extremely troublesome at Moulins; they seemed to take me for

a German, and sent, to speak German to me, a man who did not know much of that language, or of any thing else; perhaps they had received information, that a very dangerous German was coming, to extirpate corns and the Bourbons; to cure cancers and legitimacy; a foe to tape-worms and the church; or who would, peradventure, take rats in such traps as would catch Jesuits also. I observed, in this city, many comfortless carriages, called patachés; and that the women wore large straw hats, originally round, but which were converted into half-moons, the brims being tied close down at the sides, and much turned up before, and more behind.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16.—It was a rainy morning; the diligence arrived at eleven; I took my place in the coupée; which would be a pleasant seat, if it were not the station of the conducteur, who was incessantly getting in and out; and, in the execution of his high office, leaving the door open. At noon we started; and at nine in the evening we came to Nevers; of which city I could only discern, that it is in a marshy situation, and that the ground was in some places flooded. I was half starved, and expected to have eaten, at my leisure, a good supper; but I was led to a wretched inn, and told to make great haste; a parcel of women persisted in teazing the passengers to

buy purses, and other trumpery, made of Venetian beads; and the people of the inn, who were well versed in the nightly fraud, would not bring any thing to eat; the whole entertainment consisted of hunger, seasoned by dishonesty and insolence.

After this rich banquet we hastily resumed our seats; it was the intention of the conducteur that night to have squeezed me flat, like a dried plant, by forcing himself, as a fourth, into the coupée; but although I was a bruised reed, for want of my supper, I was not disposed to be so broken; by dint of open, undisguised rowing, I drove him forth; and like a scared bird, he perched himself on the roof, to meditate there, and watch the effects of the cold night air upon an empty stomach, leaving me hungry, but with elbow room. It was a moonlight night; all night, and for some time the next day, we had the Loire on our left hand; as it flows to the north for some leagues before it turns away to the west.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17.—We entered a little inn at eight o'clock: a goose roasting by the fire, was a pleasing sight to a famished man:—

> "Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
> Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat;"

but that amiable bird was not dressed in the English fashion, with her proper gravy and stuffing; and her

constant attendant and handmaid, the apple sauce: the savoury fowl was juiceless, and dried up, with the skin burnt, and the whole body parched:—

"Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet."

Had any one drawn Priam's curtain, and put a slice of this woe-begone food into his mouth, the venerable monarch, if he had only eaten roast goose, as we have it in England, could not have guessed what it was. We contrived, however, to make a breakfast. The French cookery is admirable in making indifferent materials palatable; and is possibly superior to ours; yet, in some things, it falls far short; in the mode of getting up a turkey, a goose, a hare, a pig; in dressing fish, a haunch of venison, and game.

The day was bad; we continued our journey through a flat and most uninteresting country, at a very slow pace; the six or seven cart-horses that dragged us, seemed to have no strength whatever; where the road was dry and level, they made a kind of trot; but where there was an ascent, though hardly perceptible, or the least mud, they walked. I was sorry to see that most of the horses were galled from carelessness and the clumsy harness; this is real and unpardonable cruelty; I should be almost inclined, were I a legislator, to impose a small fine upon any person who was found using a galled horse. Nothing can be less interesting than the journey from Lyons to Paris, or more un-

comfortable; the diligence has all the defects of the old diligences united with those of the modern coaches; for the passenger is cruelly hurried, and has no time for any necessary purpose; there is the painful haste without the speed, which alone can excuse it. We supped at night in somewhat better style, and were then dragged on through sandy roads more slowly than ever: but little of the road was paved; for such heavy carriages pavement apparently answers best.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18.—At last, at five in the morning, we reached Fontainebleau. After the refreshment of lying some hours in bed, of washing thoroughly, putting on clean clothes and breakfasting, I went forth to see the castle. The high roofs, attics, and long chimneys of a French palace, form a contrast with the Italian mansions, of which the roofs are extremely low; the latter are doubtless in the best taste; yet the former have a rich effect. There are many good rooms and galleries, with French paintings only. We find in the great houses in different countries, the different crack productions of those countries; in France, large mirrors, the porcelain of Sevres, and the tapestry of Gobelins.

A little, shabby, rickety, round table, like those tables which we see in public houses in the country, placed before persons, who are drinking spirits and

water, is shown as that on which Napoleon signed the abdication; the important service, which the table rendered on that occasion, is ill engraved on a brass plate fixed in a place where no one would look for such a thing, at the top of the stem; so that when it is doing duty, as a table, the inscription cannot be seen; it might remain a whole generation in a family unknown, and pass unobserved amongst the herd of round tables.

The gardens are in the French style, avenues of clipped trees, large and long gravel walks and terraces: I own I like a French garden; it suits many of the purposes of life; to walk in the sun, or the shade, in the dry, or in the cool, to converse on business, to meditate, or to make love, are equally in harmony with the genius of the place. One charming mixture of art with nature is only to be found in England; the smooth shaven green, the grass plot, kept like a billiard-table, which, I presume, originated with all its trimness in the bowling-green, once universal, but now of rare occurrence; nothing so gladdens the sight as a choice piece of old green sward, carefully cleansed of dandelion and all unworthy weeds, and duly and regularly mown, rolled and watered. Persons of narrow views, who fancy that there is only one kind of beauty, the picturesque, will not allow of this; they would have every piece of grass rough like a rushy bottom; they will not tolerate a terrace, because it is not a mountain;

or a gravel walk, because it is not a waterfall. The first crop of peas are very delicious, but they are not red beet-root; nor is a cauliflower the worse, because it is not an artichoke. An anonymous Homer teaches us, that our English Achilles was fond of the green turf: he sings thus in a ballad, which has drawn tears from many bright eyes that have long been closed for ever; and made sad many a brave and generous heart, that has long ceased to beat:—

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

The forest, of Fontainebleau, not of Sherwood, seems to afford, by reason of its extent, a great variety of pleasant walks: the ground is sandy, it must therefore generally be dry; and in many places it is rocky; the rocks are an agreeable change in the midst of a flat country; the trees are not large, except the pines, of which some attain to a good size.

As soon as a ship enters a port, harbour, creek, or navigable river, a pilot comes on board, takes the com-

mand, and supersedes the captain, who is as nothing; thus in France, when a traveller enters an inn, or dwelling-house, some female immediately takes upon herself the absolute disposal of him.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19.—In France women mingle themselves much with the affairs and duties of men; the maidservant wheeled my baggage in a barrow to the coach-office. At half past eight I quitted Fontainebleau in the coupée of a good diligence, and was jumbled with tolerable speed along a paved road; soon after we got out of the forest we saw the Seine on our right, and had occasional views of that river all the way. There was nothing of any interest or beauty; although France is fertile, the want of hedges and timber makes it appear bare and sterile. I saw many large and handsome country-houses, but they had all an appearance of nakedness; they were generally provided with a long row of tall poplars, which are cut and lopped to supply the family with fuel. Long straight lines of poplars delight the French; they suit the military turn of the nation, and resemble ranks of soldiers, into which they delight to form themselves, to their own impoverishment and to the great annoyance of their neighbours, for the acquisition of what they call glory.

I found a little English vulgarity, for once, a great

treat, as it was a full assurance that I was not far from home. The day was wet, and the road muddy; we met, nevertheless, when we came near Paris, parties of men and women issuing from the gates to have a good drink at the inns without the walls; to save the toll, which is paid on wine brought into Paris; six *sous* the *litre;* a heavy duty, amounting, as it was explained to me, to two-pence a bottle on all wines equally, good and bad, dear and cheap; a cruel burden on the lower orders; a piece of oppression nearly as detestable as our malt tax, or the still more odious augmentation and four-fold increase of the price of tea.

"We arrived in Paris at four in the afternoon; nothing can be more abominable than the streets at this season. In the evening I visited the theatre des Vaudevilles; it was crowded, hot, and unpleasant: the acting is amongst the best in Paris. For a short time these little pieces are amusing enough; but after an hour or two, the fatigued attention is very apt to consider them as childish nonsense.

Persons who visit the theatres abroad for the sake only of enjoying the noise and tumult which are abundant in those places in England, or who seek only the selfish gratification of a broken head, will be cruelly disappointed. A foreign audience is always quiet and orderly in entering, abiding, and departing. The expectations of an amateur may be, however,

sometimes deceived even in London; and a whole evening may occasionally pass languidly away without a disturbance. An Irish acquaintance, who had left "his own green isle" for a few weeks, reading in a newspaper of the improvements that had lately been made in some theatre, I think the Haymarket, that the orchestra had been considerably abridged, and consequently that "three entire *rows* had been permanently added to the pit," repaired thither the first evening of his residence in London, full of the most pleasing anticipations, which were by no means realized; for all was quiet; and when the performance was nearly over, and he was just trying to begin one *row* a little, the barbarians turned him out, and would not return his money. This stillness has sometimes doubtless been found, but more usually have the pittites, like Milton's shepherds—

"Sat simply chatting in a rustic *row*."

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20.—I was engaged all day in reading and writing letters, and in making calls. I heard a little news about England, a subject which I had for some time as it were avoided—of breaking and broken banks. In the evening I found the theatre Feydeau crowded. The day was gloomy. The streets of Paris serve to remind us of the early ages of the world, when the gods walked about amongst mortals,

for men and cabriolets pass along in common paths. In London, when in an absent mood, one sometimes meets a person equally absent, and when he goes to the right one goes to the right also—when to the left, to the left; doubt increases doubt, and delay delay, until the one happily stands still: but here you may, if you forget yourself for a moment, meet full in the face, and dodge in the like manner, a coach and pair, a coach and six, or a coach and nine, with its three tiers of horses three abreast. Thus, for the first fifteen hundred years after the creation, a man who was tapped on the shoulder in the streets, doubted whether it was by his brother, by the thundering Jupiter, or by a mere human bailiff. The streets of Paris are also a curious instance of the readiness of the majority of those who consequently have really the power, to submit to the minority, and to those who have it not: the many on foot skip about with hasty terror, wherever the few in carriages choose to drive them; by a proper application of a fly-flap, or whip, to the faces of the horses, the few would soon be brought to the same state of submission in which the many now are; and would drive as precariously as the many now walk: but the many never think of these things.

The high roofs and long chimneys of the French palaces are an acknowledgment, that the buildings are wanting in dignity: as a little man confesses the little-

ness of his stature, that he is perpusillous and nanous, by having recourse to a high-crowned hat and a long feather.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21.—There is, perhaps, as much trouble in getting a passport *visaed* at Paris, as at any other city I ever visited. I was told that it must be done in person, and not by deputy; from what I saw in the course of the business, I was inclined to doubt the truth of this, at least in part; but I was not sorry for the mistake; if it was a mistake; as it afforded me an opportunity of witnessing and estimating the extent of the oppression. In the first place it is necessary to go to the prefecture of the police, at a dismal old building in the Island, which was formerly Paris, to exchange the provisional passport for the original; if it has been transmitted from the frontier. After some delay you are despatched with it to the British ambassador. Whatever trouble is given by a foreign government, at least as much more will surely be given by our own minister; that is to say, by the agent and servant, whom we pay to transact our business. Instead of sending his secretary to an office in the Island near the police, he permits him to live in his own house, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, at least two miles distant. The passport is signed by the secretary, not by the ambassador; Mr. Secretary, to prove that he is not unworthy of his master's indulgence, far from

signing the passport immediately, requires that it be left, and you may call for it in two or three hours; your residence is, most probably, at some distance, and you may fill up the interval as you can: I preferred waiting, and accordingly waited in a damp hole, without a fire; and by dint of lively remonstrances, obtained my passport in about an hour; when, with sulky incivility, it was handed to me, I returned with it to the dirty den in the Island; where I was detained for some time; and I was then sent to the Foreign Office, which is not in the next building, or in the next room, as it ought be; but at as great a distance as the British minister's. Having arrived here, a dirty clerk takes the passport, and gives you a card, and tells you to give the card to another clerk, as dirty as himself, who sits opposite to, and within a few feet of him; the latter then demands ten francs; I presume, as a grateful return to the English nation, for having found the royal family of France in meat, drink, washing, and lodging for twenty years; you are then told to return in two hours; and as this office is probably far from your lodging, you may employ the interval as you can; but in the anti-chamber, a person offers to bring the passport to you in the evening, if you will leave your address, for which service he of course receives a fee. This last stroke is plainly a fraud of the two dirty clerks, who, instead of disburdening their pens of whatever nonsense they intend to write

upon the passport, and returning it immediately, interpose a delay of two hours to earn a fee, to show that they are not unworthy familiars of the house of Bourbon; and to keep the British ambassador in countenance. But, perhaps the shameful exaction of demanding two guineas for a passport at the Foreign Office in London, has never been equalled by any government, certainly never surpassed; whenever we permit our ministers and servants to become our masters, they transcend all foreigners in real substantial extortion.

The morning was consumed in these diplomatic acts; in the evening I found at the theatre des Variétés, a large, but shabby audience; and four childish, but tolerably amusing farces.

WEDNESDAY, FEBURARY 22.—The dimensions of Paris are considerably enlarged since the times when it was the residence of the Emperor Julian; the historian of Declining and Falling Rome says, "That splendid capital which now embraces an ample territority on either side of the Seine, was originally confined to the small island in the midst of the river, from whence the inhabitants derived a supply of pure and salubrious water. The river bathed the foot of the walls, and the town was accessible only by two wooden bridges. A forest overspread the northern side of the Seine; but on the south, the ground, which now bears the name of

the University, was insensibly covered with houses, and adorned with a palace and amphitheatre, baths, an aqueduct, and a field of Mars for the exercise of the Roman troops." The law is fond of old places and ancient customs; the courts are therefore still held in the Island; and if the judicial sense of France resemble that of England, I presume they will not take judicial notice of the continental portion of Paris, but only of the insular.

I went to the Island and to the Palace of Justice, where I saw many advocates walking about; I think even more than are to be met with in Westminster Hall. I entered a court, in which a gentleman was speaking fluently concerning the claims of some personal creditors to two houses; I listened to him for some time, and acquired, as I have often acquired in the Court of Chancery, a more extended notion of space, than from Locke's chapter: I could not conceive how the speech could have begun; or how, or why, it should ever terminate.

I told one of the advocates that I was exceedingly desirous to hear a trial by jury; he very obligingly conducted me immediately up stairs to the Court of Assize, and procured me a good place.

The court was held in a long narrow room, not very commodious, or well adapted for hearing; persons of all ranks were freely admitted. Instead of bailiffs to

keep the doors, were soldiers, and too many of them; perhaps one of these folks in a court of justice is too many. I thought that I could discover in several things, that they were but young in the art of administering justice: for example, silence is necessary in a court; but this maxim was taken in a military sense, and enforced too strictly, so as to defeat its object: if an advocate whispered to another, "Will such a thing come on to day? how long will this last?" a gendarme marched up and silenced him; to communicate, therefore, it was necessary to go out; the advocates were consequently continually going out and coming in, and made much more noise in this manner than an occasional whisper would cause. A juryman could not ask his neighbour what did the witness say? a counsel could not give a hint to his friend, without running the risk of being bayoneted. It seemed also that the different constituent parties of the court, judges, advocates, jury, and witnesses, were not well brought to bear upon one another.

The president took much pains, and appeared to understand his business; but was, perhaps, a little garrulous; the common fault of judges and of old men.

The witnesses were not examined by a series of distinct questions, as with us; but ran on glibly with a long story, as if they were reading a lesson, or repeating something by heart.

The prisoners were examined at great length by the president; but I must say, that I did not see much use in what was elicited; they were made to contradict themselves, and shown to be liars; but what of that? A is found murdered; B is such a liar that he is not to be believed; does it follow, therefore, that B murdered A?

The advocate-general, or public accuser, or his deputy, took part strongly against the prisoners, in a way that was extremely offensive, and contrary to our principles and practice; his tone, gestures, insulting manner, and continual remarks to the court, jury, and public, greatly displeased me; even the circumstance of his sitting, not at the bar, but on the bench with the judges, had an air of unfairness: the calm mode in which pleas of the crown are heard and determined in England, is more satisfactory at the time, and must be still more so on reflection. It is a miserable and unequal contest, between a poor, needy, ignorant, foolish, frightened wretch, and a man of talent and education, in the full possession of honour and affluence; it is, besides, a sorry compliment to truth, to fancy that it is necessary to allow it the benefit of unfairness.

The examination of the prisoner, for which some warmly contend, would do little good; but I believe would do little harm: the hope that certain facts would be extracted from him, might sometimes induce prose-

cutors to trust to that hope, and not to bestir themselves to procure other evidence; but if the judge insisted rigorously upon the production of other evidence, this mischief might be obviated, and there would be no other evil than the loss of time: the best proof of the inutility of these examinations would be, to allow them to be introduced: I am convinced, that they would soon fall into disuse: they were formerly the course; but they ceased, because it was found that nothing more could be discovered than was already known: by interrogating the prisoner, the suspicion that he might be guilty was strongly confirmed; but it was already ascertained, that he was a suspicious person; if he were not, he would not have been brought to the bar; these interrogations would never lead to conviction; they would never carry the case beyond suspicion. If the prisoner is to be examined, it should be conducted by the counsel for the prosecution—by the judge on no account—the inevitable effect of permitting the court to interfere, would be to introduce warmth and passion, and to destroy that equanimity and coolness, that moral equilibrium, so essential to a due execution of the judicial functions; neither judge nor jury should be suffered, on any pretext, or under any circumstances, to ask the prisoner a single question.

The witnesses were sworn by the president; they

merely held up the right hand, which is more decorous than our osculation, and more extensively applicable than "a holy kiss," to which many object. A large picture of the crucifixion, which is suspended in the courts, over the seats of the judges, is out of place, and consequently displeasing; it is an attempt to mix, indecently, what ought to be kept distinct—the civil and the religious; a court of justice is a court of justice; and a church is a church; in like manner, a man is a man; and a horse is a horse: the union is a centaur—a monster.

The prisoners were defended by counsel, who made speeches to the jury. All parties took great pains; but much time was wasted. If the sessions at the Old Bailey were conducted in the same manner, they not only would be made perpetual, but there would soon be as great an arrear as in the Court of Chancery: all hanging would be suspended; and unless the right to a violent death survived after the natural death of the person entitled, and his heir, or personal representative, might serve his turn, the punishment of death would be abolished; and the ordinary would become as ordinary in deed as in name; for he would be driven to read the burial service in an ordinary manner, like the rest of his brethren, to the dead, and not to the living.

The first trial was for assaulting a woman, and causing loss of labour, not in child-bed, but daily occupation; the prisoner was found guilty, and immediately

sentenced to three years imprisonment. Three men were tried together for an attempt to commit larceny; they were ill-looking fellows, especially one in a blue shirt. The advocates wear gowns, and a little black octangular cap, called toque; it is convenient to have a covering for the head, as a defence against cold draughts in a hot and crowded court; and also to facilitate the egress and ingress through a crowd, when the head alone can be seen: the toque is very preferable to our filthy wigs; it is not heavy, but it might be made lighter.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23.—"Lui jurer que Paris est toûjours plein de fange." It was a most disagreeable day; it is wonderful how the streets of this city become so dirty; I presume that they never clean them; but this will hardly account for the marvellous filthiness. I am destined never to see the gallery of the Louvre; when I was in Paris ten years ago, it was shut in the sulks, because the allied powers had caused restitution to be made of the stolen goods: it was shut the day before I arrived in Paris this time, because of some repairs; I will not come here on purpose to see it, lest it should be burned down.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain, I walked to the Jardin des Plantes, for the sake of the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, which I had not seen. It is

good; but I confess that it disappointed my expectations: there is a large collection of preparations; but the dry sweetmeats are not beautiful, or tasteful: and the wet are, no doubt, what they profess to be; but they are not well displayed; they might be any other pickles, or preserves, whatever. I speak generally, for there are some exceptions; all the skeletons are to be excepted, in which the museum is very rich: the general aspect of the place reminded me strongly of modern French scientific works; a collection of outlines, frame-work, and bones; dry, accurate, systematic, devoid of beauty, and wanting all the plump fillings up.

I saw there the mortal remains of a foreign lady, who was for some time a resident in Piccadilly, and was much visited by all ranks. The saints of Manchester, or Birmingham, amongst whom she once lived, converted her to Christianity, and baptized Saartdjee Baardtmann by the name of Sarah Bateman; the French anatomists, amongst whom she died, sliced away all her flesh, fat and lean, even her most prominent feature, the foundation of all the fame of the Hottentot Venus, and made a skeleton of poor Sarah. I hope that her death was easy, and her life happy; the only time I beheld the goddess of African beauty, she was, I remember, very cheerful.

The porter at the Anatomical Museum is a less

troublesome fellow than his masters, or I should not have seen it; a ticket from some professor is necessary, to certify that you really wish to be admitted, and that you have not walked three miles through the rain, merely to knock at the door with an affected curiosity. When I arrived it was so late, that if I had gone to look for a professor, the time would have been past; the porter, therefore, kindly took me at my word, or I should have waded through the dirt and wet for some miles, in vain.

At the Museum of Natural History, I met with a more literal door-keeper, who sent me for a ticket; and when I went to get this piece of secondary evidence of my desire, I was told, that it was too late. I believe it is necessary to show your passport, to obtain the document; but I did not get far enough to encounter that difficulty.

Surely this is a piece of naked tyranny, and an useless abuse of power; it is just possible to conceive, that there may be reasons for demanding a passport at the frontiers, or at the gate of a city; but what matters it to the security of the government, whether the person be disaffected, or otherwise, who looks at the fossil skull of an otter, or the petrified horns of an elk? Where is this scrutiny to end? If I go into a coffee-house, and call for a cup of coffee, is the waiter to say to me, "Do you believe in the infallibility of the Pope?" "No."

"Then I cannot sell you any coffee." "But I have seen his holiness; and the old gentleman has such a sagacious look, that I think he is as seldom mistaken as any one; I have a kind of half belief in his infallibility—will not that entitle me to half a cup?" "No—faith is not to be kept with heretics; coffee is not to be sold to heretics." Formerly there was great facility in seeing any thing here; that, however, is not the case now: by being ten years under the government of priests, things have altered for the worse—how could it be otherwise? Priests have a natural hatred to knowledge, and every obstacle placed in the way of intellectual and moral improvement, is a triumph of their order.

All the understrappers are ready to take advantage of this disposition in their superiors, with a view to their own ease and their own gain. A fellow made haste to shut up his lion before the proper time; and when I passed, asked me, if I would not see the lion? I had seen a lion before; and if I had not, I should not have chosen that opportunity of seeing one, as I understood his fraud. I had even seen that same lion in entering, and I thought that he looked melancholy and hippish; whether because of the day, which was sufficiently gloomy; or that he was thinking of the law of succession, and fearing that the proposed alteration would not pass the Chambers; and that the lordly lion's share would not become fashionable once more.

As I returned, I met great crowds, chiefly of women, going to hear preachers, who are at present actively engaged, and frequently to a late hour in the evening; I presume they intend, that their discourses should be a substitute for the theatres, which no doubt they would gladly shut; until they can close the doors of the play-houses by force, they may preach themselves hoarse in vain. The delight of the ministers of superstition, is to interfere with the enjoyments of mankind, and to do mischief by making one man do mischief to another.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24.—At half-past eight in the morning, I got into the interior of the diligence; the coupée had been bespoken for some days; at nine we set forth, and continued our journey through a country agreeably diversified, not wanting in trees and country-seats; which, in the summer, must be pleasant for France, perhaps for any country—until five in the afternoon, when we dined very ill, and dearly, at Beauvais. The childish government examined our passports here, and how often besides I cannot say, as the conducteur took charge of them. As we had plenty of room, the vehicle being large, and were but three, I passed the night not uncomfortably; except that I suffered from thirst, and longed in vain for tea, or even coffee: on this journey the speed was not great;

the hurry greater, than in an English mail-coach; and the starvation excessive.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25.—At day-break, at five in the morning, we were permitted, as a great favour, (so strangely do passengers submit themselves unanimously to the authority of coach-proprietors and of their servants,) to snatch a cup of coffee, and to warm ourselves for a moment; we then continued our slow course to Montreuil, where, at noon, we had the luxury of a good wash, and an excellent breakfast. We came to chalky downs, which I viewed with much pleasure, as they, and the heaps of flints by the side of the road, showed me that I was near England: we also descried the channel. At Boulogne, an English colony, I saw many of my countrymen; and what interested me more, many of my countrywomen walking about the streets. Our progress was more cruelly slow than ever, chiefly because our horses were so rarely changed; one set of unhappy animals continued to drag us along, with a progress almost imperceptible, for four hours and a half. At last, at eleven o'clock at night, we reached Calais.

Our conducteur claimed eight francs a piece, under various pretexts; which we refused to pay, as being an imposition; and we were otherwise dissatisfied with the man: we tendered five—a tremendous row ensued;

the conducteur was supported by the man at the coach-office, and far more vigorously by a furious prima donna, with whose bravura style we were delighted; after enjoying the refreshing scene, which warmed us, and caused the long stagnant blood to circulate once more freely through our veins; when the lady's rage had sunk from the goddess-like and Junonian, to the pitch of a heroine, and afterwards to the mere human wrath of a tragedy-queen, we again proffered the five francs; which were accepted; and we retired, laughing, to our inn.

We were entertained over our coffee, by a stupid, vulgar, drunken, young, English sot; a disgrace to his country, and to human nature; who had come over for a few days: he attempted, in his native and only tongue, to quiz a young French bagsman, a shrewd little fellow, who, notwithstanding the inferiority in command of language, was more than a match for him. I was much fatigued; but, nevertheless, could sleep but little; because I thought with anxiety of England.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26.—We were tempted, partly perhaps by the smallness of the price, and partly from a desire to encourage competition, and, like the Romans, to side with the weaker party, to choose the French steam-packet. After being shamefully and shamelessly

plundered under various pretences, by the well-practised robbers of the place; and having seen, on our way, just enough to convince us that there is nothing to be seen in Calais, we went on board at eleven: the paddle-wheels were soon in motion; we got the start; but the English packet presently followed, passed us, left us speedily, and finally was out of sight. We remained behind to decide, whether we ought to rejoice at the public triumph of our country, or to lament our private misfortune. The day was fine; the wind, which blew directly in our teeth, was cold; the sea rough; the motion of the steam-vessel, always disagreeable, to-day was peculiarly so—as it seemed to me, who know nothing of these matters, that it was not well steered, it was not kept steady. The consequence was a general sickness: my head did not ache; but after having emptied the stomach, the nausea still continuing, I felt so weak, that I could hardly raise a finger. By our slow progress we had lost the tide, and could not enter the harbour of Dover; it seemed, as if we were never to arrive; at last, at sunset we dropped our anchor, and were immediately boarded by many boats, and the passengers were transferred to them with much rudeness and brutality.

To the young and healthy these things matter little, and may well pass for fun; to females and old persons they are by no means sport. A most exorbitant fee

of four shillings a piece was demanded for the work of ten minutes, which besides was ill-performed; it was rudely insisted upon, and could not be refused; as it was fixed by what is called the law of the greatest of all nuisances, a little separate jurisdiction, the petty corporation of a cinque port; the most worthless, wicked, and jobbing of all things; which, with many other pests, our stupid countrymen suffer to exist; because they are made to believe, that they are actually so stupid, that they cannot remove those liberties which are mischievous, without taking away those liberties also that are beneficial. A dead cat having been thrown in at my open window by a waggish boy; when I am about to apprehend it with the tongs, and to restore it to its master; another and more artful wag, emboldened by the great reputation of my folly, attempts to hoax me by saying, "Give it house-room for God's sake! do not attempt to throw it out; you cannot lift up the cat without tearing up the floor; and then, not only yourself, whom I esteem and admire, principally for your wisdom, but your amiable wife, and the dear little children, will fall through into the kitchen and perish miserably, to my great sorrow."

I was glad to set foot on my native land, but I had not much pleasure this evening; I cannot agree with the popular notion, that sea-sickness is a very fine

thing; I think it is a very foul thing; and was in a most exhausted state all the night.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27.—Whatever I had hitherto seen of superfluous rudeness and unnecessary oppression fell far short of what I here experienced at the custom-house. We had not been allowed to take any thing on shore the preceding evening, although it was by no means late when we landed; but were condemned, with gratuitous brutality, to pass the night without combs, brushes, and such little comforts as are the distinctions between men and beasts. This morning we stood like thieves at a Police-office, peeping through the bars of the mean and sordid receipt of custom, until it was our turn to have our baggage examined; we saw unhappy foreigners, especially ladies, tormented in a most abominable manner; every thing was routed out of their boxes; a foreign spoon, or tea-cup, was seized; a yard of gauze, silk, or tape measured; and family portraits taxed; the unhappy victims were kept standing all the time.

It is not easy to persuade foreigners, that the small sums thus exacted are carried to the public treasury; they naturally believe that they remain in the pockets of the persons who extort them. I was heartily ashamed of my country, when I was obliged, in the presence of strangers, to witness proceedings so disgraceful to ci-

vilization and humanity. Whatever liberties were taken with my luggage in other countries, my writing-case had always been respected; it was here only, that impudence was sufficiently hardy to require it to be opened. Why is it that in England subordinate officers conduct themselves in a more offensive manner than elsewhere? Simply, because they are under no controul; they are not appointed by the ministers; their appointments are demanded as of right for some electioneering services; and given as of course, to secure a majority; for if there be a slave in the world, the servant of servants, and the slave of slaves, it is the minister of a majority.

After being plundered with still greater audacity at Dover, than at Calais, we mounted the top of an English stage-coach, whence we admired the horses, the harness, the style of thing; the hedges and the green sward, the gardens and the pleasure-gounds of "our sea-walled garden." The day was fine; but the wind blew so cold, that we were soon glad to retire into the inside. We had hoped to have had time to have revived our recollections of St. Thomas à Beckett, by visiting the cathedral at Canterbury; but were disappointed.

At Rochester the ruined castle was neglected for a substantial dinner; for the novelties of a joint of meat,

good potatoes, and good cheese. When it grew dusk I fell asleep, and awoke upon Westminster bridge.

I found all things in my chambers, at ten o'clock, as I had left them at half past seven, on the third of August. However incredible it may appear to myself hereafter upon reflection, I thus actually completed two hundred and nine days, without having once had recourse to any one of three things, each of which daily habit had taught me to consider a prime necessary of life—law, Greek, or an English newspaper.

THE END.

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